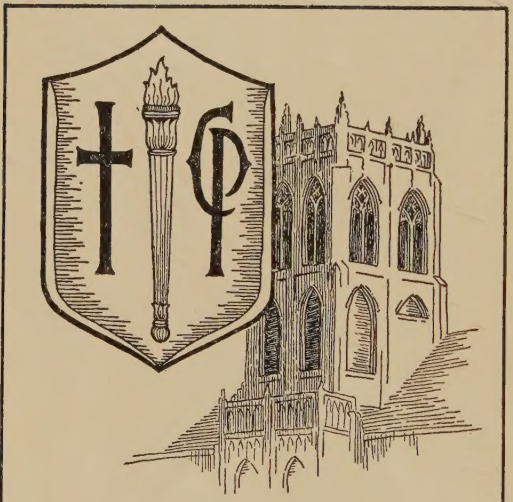
The Lonely Nietzsche



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THE LONELY NIETZSCHE

WITHDRAWN

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WITHDRAWN

FRAU FÖRSTER NIETZSCHE, 1912.

College of the Pacific
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THE LONELY NIETZSCHE

BY

FRAU FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE

TRANSLATED BY PAUL V. COHN

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

THE writing of this book, especially of the last chapters, in all their heart-breaking sadness, has been for me a most difficult task. The very title, however, compelled me to explain how it came about that in later years my brother led such a lonely life. At heart every man of genius is and remains lonely, but Nietzsche, of all men, had no need of loneliness in his relations with the world. He was always regarded as a most lovable personality, and in his youth he was surrounded by a large circle of friends, who idolised him even if they did not understand him. In order to make this plain, I have been forced to tell of much painful and unpleasant treatment suffered by my brother. I would rather have passed this over, but after all I, more than anyone, am in duty bound to repel attacks, to remove errors, and to portray the facts and experiences of my brother's life with the most scrupulous accuracy; for no one stood so near to my brother as I did. Many details of his career and individual traits will here be described for the first time. The attentive reader will remember how great a value Nietzsche set upon the recital of individual experiences, and even of traits that appeared trivial. Such things, he was convinced, gave the world a better idea of a philosopher than the subtlest expositions of his teachings.

The reason why my narrative was so detailed was that I saw how people had often formed an entirely false impression of Nietzsche. There is no doubt that such false impressions were often the result of malice afore-

thought. Some, for instance, who believe these misrepresentations, speak of "The unhappy Nietzsche"; they ignore all his priceless avowals that "he felt himself overflowing with happiness," and forget that he writes in *Zarathustra*, "They divine nothing of my roaring torrent of happiness." True, his soul possessed an inconceivable capacity for sorrow; but one who can suffer so deeply must also know the sensations of joy in their noblest and loftiest form.

Unfortunately, my brother's letters, though full of life and colour, also often give a false picture. Professor Hofmüller remarks, with great subtlety, that in Nietzsche's correspondence the addressees fade away into nothingness. My brother's most free-and-easy letters, in his later years, were those to his mother and sister, and to Peter Gast. In other cases, however, his regard for the feelings of the person addressed often alters his mode of expression. Thus he is far too considerate towards the two Overbecks, with their unpleasant suggestions and innuendoes. Once, when he was feeling happy about his convalescence, he wrote to me: "Please be very careful in writing to Overbeck. Strange to say, he seems to assume that the Bâle authorities mean to pay my pension only while I am ill; he hints here and there that if I get well I shall have to look for a post again. That would mean the loss of all that I have gained up to the present. So pray be careful! It is only on my bad days that I write to Overbeck—or, in fact, to anyone; that is why there is so much grumbling in my letters." From this passage, however, we see how seldom he complains about his bad health in his letters. He uses his frequent indisposition as a pretext against importunate or unsympathetic acquaintances. Goethe also used to go to bed and play the invalid when an unwelcome visitor was announced. This pretence of being unwell was perhaps the only mask that my brother ever wore. Otherwise I quite agree with Professor

Kaftan, that his amiability in intercourse was never a mask, but simply the natural expression of his personality.

In the present book I have also been forced to repel several attacks, yet I have not devoted much space to this feature; for those attacks of Nietzsche's last years are mainly derived from one book, Herr C. A. Bernoulli's *Overbeck-Nietzsche*, and this book has since been recognised as devoid of all significance. Nevertheless, the story of how that book came into being is not without interest, and may be told in a few words.

On October 15th, 1903, Herr C. A. Bernoulli, accompanied by Professor Dr. Rudolf Burckhardt, of Bâle, came to assist at the opening of the new rooms in the Nietzsche Archive at Weimar. Owing to a misunderstanding, I assumed that Herr C. A. Bernoulli had come at the request of Professor Overbeck of Bâle. Great was my astonishment when Herr Bernoulli, on my expressing regret that Professor Overbeck had not come himself, answered: "You have no need to regret that, for Overbeck is an enemy of Nietzsche, not a friend." On that same day, in the evening, he violently attacked Overbeck in the presence of Peter Gast and other witnesses, whereupon Gast felt himself obliged to speak warmly in Overbeck's defence. Till then, nothing had ever been said against Overbeck—let alone published—in the Nietzsche Archive. I had always expected that Overbeck would make amends for his numerous sins against Nietzsche's memory. Shortly after the above-mentioned ceremony Herr Bernoulli wrote an enthusiastic, highly poetical article about it in the leading Zurich newspaper. Two years later his whole attitude was reversed. Professor Overbeck, who had no inkling of Bernoulli's verdict upon him at the Nietzsche Archive, had meanwhile fixed upon Bernoulli as editor of the Overbeck - Nietzsche correspondence. Bernoulli now vehemently assailed the Nietzsche Archive, and extolled

Overbeck as Nietzsche's best friend. In order to prove this, he compiled the volume called *Overbeck-Nietzsche*. This book shows great fertility of invention; starting from a standpoint of utter ignorance it constantly flies in the face of fact and indulges in the most shameless libels. The son of my brother's friend, Erwin Rohde, expressly reproaches Bernoulli with coarse misrepresentations, closing his protest with the words: "I am firmly convinced that Overbeck would have severely condemned Bernoulli's disregard of truth and defamation of my father's memory!" I, too, am firmly convinced that Overbeck would have severely condemned the book not only on this account, but also on others.

Bernoulli's book gave little pleasure to its author, and unfortunately did poor Overbeck a great deal of harm. A distinguished scholar wrote to me: "Old Overbeck, for whose sake the volume was written, has lost his scientific and personal reputation through this very book." Professor R. Meyer concludes his most adverse criticism of *Overbeck-Nietzsche* with these words: "In short, the book is enough to make one weep—but not for Nietzsche's sake."

Herr Bernoulli, in fact, had suffered the same fate as the dwarf Mime in the Siegfried story; what he said in his book was quite different from what he intended to say. In two stout volumes he endeavoured to portray Overbeck's friendship for Nietzsche, yet everyone who has managed to get through those tedious volumes has discovered Bernoulli's real opinion—that Overbeck was an enemy, not a friend, of Nietzsche. Was he really an enemy? My view is different. In many respects the present book will supply an answer, although I have omitted a much documented chapter entitled "Was Overbeck a friend?" as I intend to publish it elsewhere. A kindly destiny has ordained that my brother should not live to know a deep disappointment from one in whom he reposed boundless confidence.

I am not repelling any of the attacks to which I myself have been exposed. In order to wound me, some have published so-called drafts from my brother's letters, all of which were invented or forged!

To explain the feud between the house of Overbeck and the Nietzsche Archive, I may quote the first words of Overbeck's *Reminiscences:* "Nietzsche was not a great man in the true sense of the word." Professor Rudolf Burckhardt on one occasion asked Overbeck what he really had to reproach Nietzsche's sister with, seeing that she had founded the Nietzsche Archive under great difficulties, and directed it with scrupulous conscientiousness. Overbeck was greatly disconcerted by this question. "Well, well," he answered, after some hesitation, "that is just what I reproach her with—this Nietzsche Archive! It's a ridiculous idea. She regards her brother as a genius, and thinks all his stray jottings are valuable." Rudolf reported this conversation to me, and said with a smile: "*That* reproach need not make you feel uneasy." Accordingly the main bone of contention is this—that the Overbeck party and the Nietzsche Archive set a different value upon the greatness of Friedrich Nietzsche. This explains much, if not all, of the hostility shown towards the Archive and towards myself.

During the first years after my return from Paraguay I was often asked: "What sort of a man was your brother?" As I remarked to Rohde, how absurd it was to expect me to explain that in a few words. "Yes," said Rohde, "that is impossible, but we *can* explain it by some verses of his." Then he recited:

> "Lest at his joy our gorge should rise
> He cloaks himself in devil's guise,
> Devil's wit and devil's dress.
> All in vain! For through his eyes
> Shines the ray of holiness."

"Yes," he said softly, "Nietzsche was a saint in disguise."

That was Rohde's opinion, and in some respects it is mine—but not in all, for he was far more than can be expressed in words. On August 28th, 1900, when my beloved brother was buried in our family vault at Röcken, Peter Gast addressed the dead man, whom he revered so highly, in words that will be graven in my heart for ever:

"But we, who had the supreme privilege of coming into close contact with you in your daily life, we know only too well that no written word can reproduce the spell which your nature cast over others. That spell is gone for ever.

"The message uttered by your eyes and lips was all kindness and forbearance, it was a concealment of your majesty: to quote one of your tenderest sayings, you sought to spare us shame. For the wealth of your intellect, the impulse of your heart to give joy to others —who of us could have brought you anything to match them?

"You were one of the noblest and purest spirits that ever walked this earth.

"And though this is known to friend and foe alike, I cannot think it superfluous to declare this truth at your graveside. For we know the world, we know the fate of Spinoza. Even Nietzsche's memory might be blackened by posterity. And that is why I conclude with the words: 'Peace be to your ashes! May your name be holy to all future generations!'"

ELISABETH FÖRSTER-NIETZSCHE.

WEIMAR, NIETZSCHE ARCHIVE,
October 15*th*, 1913.

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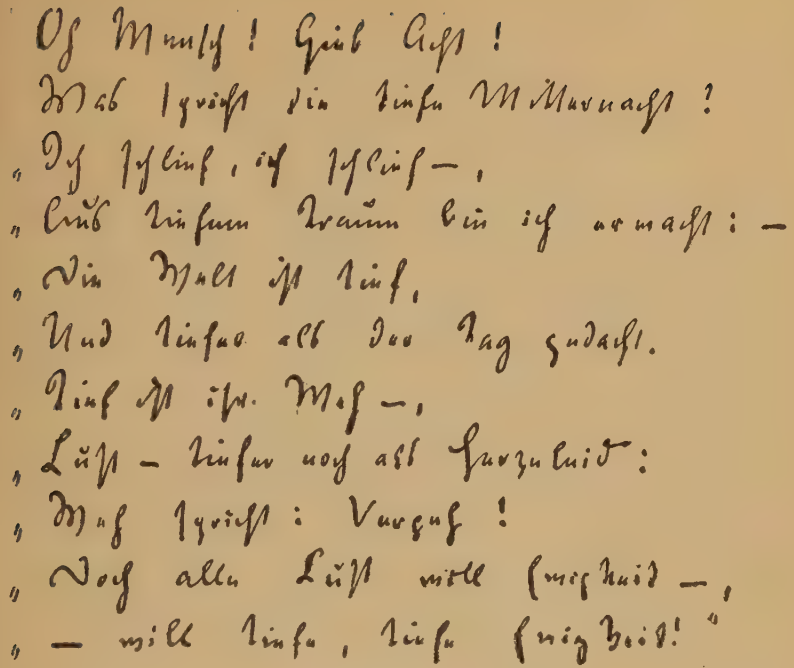


FACSIMILE OF NIETZSCHE'S HANDWRITING.

The "Drunken Song" from the Fourth Part of *Thus Spake Zarathustra.*

Translation.

O man! Take heed!
What saith deep midnight's voice indeed?
"I slept my sleep—,
"From deepest dream I've woke, and plead:—
"The world is deep,
"And deeper than the day could read.
"Deep is its woe—,
"Joy—deeper still than grief can be:
"Woe saith: Hence! Go!
"But joys all want eternity—,
"—Want deep, profound eternity!"

CHAPTER I

TRANSITIONS

When my brother left Bayreuth in August, 1876, after the performances of the "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*," he was in the strangest of moods. He kept on asking himself continually: "How was it that I suddenly felt such a boundless dissatisfaction with everything—that I was seized with disgust and ran away from it all?" In a later note this astonishment and the explanation he made to himself at the time are clearly expressed: "What really was it that came over me at this moment? I did not understand myself, but the impulse was like a command. It seems as if we were controlled by our destiny of the dim future; for a long time our lives are but riddles to us. The choice between alternatives, the grasping and sudden desiring, the rejection of what we like most or even revere most; such things terrify us, as if here and there some independent will leapt out of us, something moody, insane and volcanic. Yet it is only our higher reason, the prevision of our future task."

From his early youth an ideal, a wonderful, secret, still veiled ideal, had hovered before my brother. He looked for the ideal leader, one who might bring the type "man" to a higher stage of perfection. He had tried to mould Democritus, the pre-Socratics and especially Heraclitus into the form of his ideal leader. But it was above all in Schopenhauer and Wagner that these lofty aspirations had been centred. He never knew Schopenhauer personally, and was thus perhaps spared a disappointment. Richard Wagner, however, in the halo which surrounded him at Tribschen, far from all the petty conflicts and money troubles that robbed him of so

much of his greatness, might well have appeared as that ideal leader. We understand why Nietzsche could then say that in Wagner's presence he felt himself brought near to the divine.

For the sake of this ideal picture he had suppressed his individual tastes and, with secret sorrow, renounced many an opinion peculiarly his own; but since Bayreuth it no longer answered to his highest aspirations, and had begun to fade. From the depths of his soul his personal feelings now burst forth with a certain vehemence. The enthusiastic days of his youth were over, his gigantic life-task, with its stern challenge, stood before him, and he had no more time to squander on others.

What was it really that repelled him in Wagner's music and made him scent corruption? "The violation of all the higher laws of style"; "the degeneration of all feeling for rhythm"; "the recklessness, the lack of form and repose in every bar, the attempt to portray a passion which is really the lowest grade of æsthetic barbarism"; "the restless, fluctuating, wavering element that permeates the Wagnerian music"; "the dearth of melody"; "the continual repetition of themes and recitatives, which might reduce the most patient to despair." Much should be expunged as "arbitrary and superfluous." He considered it a piece of arrogance on Wagner's part to look upon his work as "necessary" in all its minutest details. Wagner had no right to claim for his operas that artistic necessity which allows of no omission or abridgment.

It has often been said that Nietzsche was not enough of a musician to appreciate Wagner's music properly. My brother's exaggerated praise of Gast's music has so far found no vindication, and this has been cited as a proof of his defective musical judgment. But all who have read my brother's marginal notes to the piano score of *Carmen* have retracted the above opinions with shame, and confessed that these notes prove him a musical critic of rare discernment.

My brother's violent distaste for the *Ring* was undoubtedly based to some extent on ethical and æsthetic considerations as well as upon musical grounds. Such were "the dilution of the Edda saga by perverse traits from French Romanticism," *e.g.*, in regard to Siegfried's origin, and " the tumult of the distracted senses, amid which our vision is dangerously led astray by the mists and veils of an excessive sensuality. Altogether these Wagnerian operatic figures, with their " erotic obsession," seemed to him like " wild beasts with occasional fits of tenderness and melancholy." Finally, his antipathy finds vent in the following outburst : " Wotan, wrathful disgust—a fig for the world ! Brunnhilde loves—a fig for the world ! Siegfried loves—what cares he for the means of deception ? So it is with Wotan. How I loathe it all ! "

Yet with all his essential hatred of theatricality, Nietzsche was never tired of praising isolated passages in Wagner's music as wonderfully beautiful and affecting. One of these was the scene between Siegfried and the Rhine-daughters, which we sometimes tried to sing on our lonely walks. " Fits of *beauty :* the Rhine-daughter scenes, dim lights, a wealth of colour as under an autumn sun, a brightness in the landscape, with a blending of fiery reds and purples, of melancholy yellows and greens."

Nothing, however, in the Wagnerian music could compensate Nietzsche for its root defect : the pervading atmosphere of hothouse sensuality. He delighted in strong, healthy and cheerful senses, kept within bounds by joy, pride and gladness, such gladness as the strong horseman feels in curbing a fiery steed. The music he desired was accordingly one full of happiness, pride, high spirits, *limpidezza*, a music of gigantic power, but held in restraint by the highest laws of style. He had expected such music from Wagner, the creator of Siegfried, but he had certainly not found it at Bayreuth.

He now tried to interpret to himself these conflicting emotions, and the five weeks spent in Bâle between

Bayreuth and his visit to Italy were a gloomy period. The following passage occurs in his reply to a telegram from Wagner, asking him to execute some commission in Bâle (September, 1876): "I now have time to think of the past, remote as well as recent; after my return home I was ordered atropine treatment for my eyes, and I am sitting for hours together in a darkened room. The autumn after this summer will be for me—and not for me only—more of an autumn than any previous one. Behind the great event there lies a streak of black melancholy, and one must speedily find salvation in Italy or in work—or in both."

In order to understand this melancholy to the full, we must picture to ourselves his earlier idea of a Bayreuth summer, even without a Festival: "Prospect of a Bayreuth summer: a reunion of all men who are truly alive: artists bring their art, authors their works for recitation, reformers their new ideas. It shall be a universal bath for souls: here genius shall arise, here a kingdom of pure merit shall come into being." The hope of such a Bayreuth summer he had now lost for ever.

The University of Bâle granted my brother a year's vacation from October 1st, 1876, and for the few weeks that were to elapse before his departure for Italy he moved into Overbeck's furnished lodgings. Overbeck had married, and was then away on his honeymoon. The landlady was still Frau Baumann, with whom Nietzsche had previously lived here for six years. His friends had called the house "the Baumann cave." Of the weeks before the journey to Italy my brother used to say: "I was at this time as melancholy as cave-dwellers must surely always be." He took the opportunity of undergoing treatment under Professor Schiess for his short-sightedness; for we had reverted to the theory that his extreme shortsightedness was a prime cause of his constant eye-strain and headaches. He was glad that one of his older students, Heinrich Köselitz, known later

as Peter Gast, was staying on in Bâle in spite of the vacation. Peter Gast's beautiful handwriting had already brought him under Nietzsche's notice, and in the spring of 1876 my brother had begun making him copy out parts of "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth." Nietzsche now dictated to him those notes which he had already begun at Klingenbrunn, when he fled from the Festival, and which he intended for *The Free Spirit*, the fifth of his *Thoughts Out of Season.*

Besides Peter Gast, my brother had other helpers for writing and for reading aloud. In the summer of 1874 he had made the acquaintance of Dr. Paul Rée during a visit of the latter to Bâle, without entering into intimate relations. In the course of these weeks before the journey to Italy, Dr. Rée came to Bâle and offered to give my brother any assistance that he might require. Dr. Rée was four years younger than Fritz, and looked up to him with extraordinary reverence. He was in this respect on the same footing as a large number of young men who admired my brother at close quarters or at a distance. Fritz was interested in him, as in all his friends and acquaintances. This interest grew more lively and personal after he had chanced to get hold of a little book by Dr. Rée, published anonymously; its title was *Psychological Observations, from the Remains of* ——. We can only understand my brother's delight in this little volume if we remember that for a long time he had to keep his new way of thinking to himself, since he had no friend in whose soul he could find a joyous and intelligent echo. In fact, no one could fathom why he liked this book. Cosima Wagner said to me: "Your brother knows the old French writers so well—Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues and the rest; I can't understand what he finds worth reading in these *Observations.*" The truth was that in Rée Nietzsche recognised a kindred spirit, one to whom he could speak a language that no one else understood. This made him happy, and blinded

him to the real value of the unimportant little treatise. Rée, for his part, was filled with gratitude for my brother's all too favourable verdict on his maiden effort. He dedicated a copy to Nietzsche as "the fountain for the author's future inspiration."

Later on, my brother himself clearly found it necessary to make excuses for this curious predilection. In 1878 he writes :

> "Scarcely anything ever delighted me more than Rée's *Psychological Observations*. It was purely a matter of feeling : the source of our feelings is of small moment. What Socrates held of the Sophists, I hold of the moralists. At that time I made exceptions ; in order to put the exceptions high, I put the ordinary moralists so low (and in so doing certainly misunderstood the author). How is it that we can find such enjoyment in triviality that self-love supplies the motives for all our actions? (1) Because for a long time I knew nothing about the matter (metaphysical period). (2) Because the doctrine may often be put to the test, gives scope to our sagacity, and affords us pleasure. (3) Because we feel ourselves to be in the company of all wise and experienced men throughout the ages : it is a language of honest men, even among the base. (4) Because it is a language of *men* and not of idealistic youths. (Schopenhauer found the philosophy of his youth, especially the fourth book, quite alien to him.) (5) Because it impels us to enter on the battle of life with our own weapons, and banishes false standards : it acts as a spur."

CHAPTER II

SORRENTO

At the beginning of October, 1876, my brother's vacation began, and he started at once for Italy. He was accompanied by Dr. Rée, who had realised that he could be of great help to my brother in saving him from eyestrain, and had begged the privilege of joining him. The journey from Geneva to Genoa, although he travelled by night, proved very interesting. The Baroness von Ungern-Sternberg, in her book *Nietzsche in the Mirror of His Writings*, gives a witty and racy account of this journey, on which she made my brother's acquaintance. She was then still a young girl, Isabella von der Pahlen, travelling to Italy with an elderly relative, Frau von Brevern; and her active intellect and sparkling conversation pleased my brother immensely. He spent some time with these ladies in Genoa, and the following description is given by the Baroness in the book mentioned above:

"On our arrival at Genoa, we went to the same hotel, an old palace not far from the harbour, and spent some days together in lively intercourse. This Professor from Bâle was still unknown to fame outside the Wagner circle and the company of his brother scholars. The three of us made many charming excursions, among which a long night walk through Genoa's picturesque lanes and alleys remains my most vivid recollection.

"As we listened to Nietzsche, Genoa's past in all its form and colour rose before our mental vision. He helped us to understand the art of the Renaissance and the Baroque period, which have left their peculiar mark upon 'Genova la superba,' the city of palaces, the former rival of Venice. Our delight in the picturesque surroundings was increased tenfold, when Nietzsche's eloquence conjured up the shadow of the mighty past to add to the magic of the present.

"The crowning æsthetic joy of the evening lay in a walk down the 'Via degli Orefici,' the alley of the old goldsmiths' guild, with a continuous row of open shops all shining in a airylike splendour of gold and silver filigree. After our eyes had feasted to the full upon this charming sight, the desire to buy was aroused in us daughters of Eve. Haggling with the shopkeepers, I rummaged among the dainty wares, which for fragrance and artistic design rivalled any lacework. Nietzsche asked me to choose an ornament for his sister, and I did so with all the eagerness that a girl feels on such occasions.

"This shopping gave me the opportunity of asking questions about his mode of life, and his parents and other near relatives. He spoke in most affectionate terms of his rare intimacy with his only sister Elizabeth, remarking how well she had always understood his nature."

All this sight-seeing naturally brought on severe headaches and eye-strain, and my brother had to bid the ladies farewell by letter. Meeting them again by chance in Pisa, he was asked to join them once more in sight-seeing. The Baroness gives a most interesting account of this meeting, and winds up with a sketch of Nietzsche's manner and appearance as they then impressed her:

"In Nietzsche's manner and appearance there lay something that he afterwards called 'The Pathos of Distance.' His whole person bore the marks of a life of high thinking, so that Uhland's lines,

> 'A lofty pride in every feature,
> And on his brow the trace of thought,'

recurred to my mind, when I saw him in Pisa meditatively walking towards the Cathedral. The look of pride was indeed toned down by lassitude and by a slight awkwardness in his movements, due to his being very short-sighted. In his manner, great courtesy and a pleasing address were united with simplicity and distinction—a compound which in this perfection cannot be acquired, but betokens the born aristocrat."

Of his journey to Naples he writes (October 28th):

"Here we are in Sorrento! The whole journey here from Bex took eight days: in Genoa I was ill for some time, then we had a sea-passage of about three days—and behold! we

escaped sea-sickness. I far prefer this form of travelling to those detestable railway journeys. We found Fräulein von Meysenbug at a hotel in Naples, and we all went together yesterday to the new home—Villa Rubinacci, Sorrento, near Naples. I have a large, lofty room with a balcony in front. I have just come back from my first sea-bathe: the water was warmer, says Rée, than the North Sea in July. Yesterday we were at the Wagners'—they are living in the Hotel Victoria, five minutes' walk from us, and are staying over November. Sorrento and Naples are beautiful, they have not been over-praised. We get mountain air and sea air combined, which is very good for the eyes; there's some hope for me yet. In front of my balcony I have a large green garden of trees just below (the leaves remain even in winter) and behind this the dark sea, still further back Vesuvius."

Owing to the state of his eyes, his letters at this time had to be very laconic: but he was never weary of expressing in words what a magical effect the South and the Bay of Naples had had upon him. In touching language he records his first impression: "I have not strength enough for the North: the rulers there are men of heavy, artificial souls, who must perforce always be working in accordance with the rules of prudence, like a beaver at his building. And it was among them that I spent my whole youth! This idea smote my brain when for the first time I saw the approach of evening over Naples, with its sky of satin-grey and red. You might have died without seeing this!—then came a shudder, a fit of self-pity, at the thought that I was beginning life when already old; and after that tears and joy at being rescued in the nick of time. I have intellect enough for the South."

When he is depicting the happiness and the brilliance of the South, his words become music; witness the following stanzas:

"I gaze on the ocean asleep,
On the purple sail of a boat;
On the harbours and tower steep,
On the rocks that stand out of the deep,
In the South!

"For I could no longer stay,
To crawl in the old German way;
So I called to the birds, bade the wind
Lift me up and bear me away
To the South!" [1]

Henceforth the South remained his constant place of refuge from the heavy, gloomy atmosphere of the North; yet on every occasion that he returned to Italy he remembered with a peculiar glow of feeling that first sojourn in the Bay of Naples. So late as the year 1887 he writes to Fraulein von Meysenbug: "That first quiet stay 'down there' has left me ever since with a kind of superstitious yearning, as if I had breathed more deeply there, though only for a few moments, than at any other time in my life. For instance, at that first drive in Naples, when we all went to Posilippo."

On his arrival in Naples with Dr. Rée, my brother heard that Richard Wagner was at Sorrento with his family. This gave him a shock, since he feared the necessity for explanations about the Festival of the preceding summer. Yet, strange to say, while he was with Wagner in Sorrento the Bayreuth Festival was scarcely mentioned. The reason was that the Festival had wound up with an enormous pecuniary deficit (£10,000, it was rumoured), and the Bayreuth managing committee was at its wit's end as to how it should make good the loss. Letters from the committee drove Wagner frantic, and Malwida von Meysenbug implored my brother not to bring Bayreuth into the conversation. Nietzsche was only too ready to accede to her wish, for there was no lack of other topics. Thus there was a great deal of cheerful and friendly intercourse between the two villas. Nietzsche and Wagner constantly met as if on the old footing; but at these mutual visits Wagner generally refused to admit the presence of Dr. Rée. Wagner could never overcome the dislike he

[1] From the admirable version by Miss M. D. Petre (*Joyful Wisdom*, English Edition, p. 360).—Tr.

had felt for Rée—at the very first sight of him ; he thought that my brother would come to grief through Rée—words which Nietzsche ruefully remembered later on, when they proved true. At the time, he scouted the prophecy in most emphatic terms, and so did Malwida. Both held that Wagner's judgment was warped by his excessive prejudice against Jews. None of those who had intercourse with Nietzsche at this period were allowed to know his feelings towards Wagner ; we only know that he earnestly tried to remain on a footing of genuine friendship.

We should be utterly mistaken in assuming that, because my brother was disappointed with the Wagnerian art and foresaw its corrupting influence, his personal affection for Wagner was at the same moment killed. Far from it ! If Wagner was no longer the idol of old, he was still Nietzsche's dearest friend, one to whom loyalty was still due. Since the migration to Bayreuth Nietzsche had striven hard to maintain this loyalty, although it was often difficult to reconcile his feelings of friendship with his intellectual convictions. Finally there came an incident which touched him very closely, and is mentioned again and again in his private jottings.

On the last evening they were together, Wagner and my brother took a wonderful walk along the coast and up the heights, where a glorious view of sea, island and bays is obtained. It was a fine autumn day, mild, and with that touch of gloom in the light which presages winter. "An atmosphere of farewell," said Wagner. Then he suddenly began to speak of *Parsifal*. It was the first time he had dilated upon this work, and he did so in a remarkable way, outlining it not as an artistic creation but as a religious, a Christian experience. Perhaps Wagner felt that a Festival play for the consecration of the stage, conceived and composed by such a downright atheist as he had always declared himself to my brother in Tribschen—and in fact, through his outspoken utter-

ances, to all his friends since the beginning of the 'seventies—could scarcely be credited with the requisite amount of Christian piety. Hence he began to confess to my brother various Christian emotions and experiences, such as repentance and atonement, and all manner of leanings towards Christian dogmas. He told Nietzsche, for instance, of the joy he felt in the celebration of the Eucharist—of course in its plain and unadorned Protestant form ! Had it only been the Catholic High Mass, which must make a deep impression upon every man of artistic feeling, there would have been more excuse. My brother had a great liking for upright, sincere Christians, such as he met in Bâle ; but he thought it impossible that anyone who, like Wagner, had expressed himself as an uncompromising atheist, should ever revert to a simple and genuine faith. Thus he could regard Wagner's sudden change of front only as an attempt to come to terms with the ruling powers in Germany, who had now grown pious—his sole aim being material success.

While Wagner talked on and on, the last gleam of sunshine vanished on the sea, and a slight fog, together with the growing darkness, crept over the scene. In my brother's heart, too, darkness had arisen. At last Wagner exclaimed, " Why, you don't say a word, my dear fellow ! " Nietzsche sought to explain his silence by some excuse or other, but his heart was filled to bursting with sorrow at this histrionic self-deception on Wagner's part. He wrote the following severe words : " I am quite unable to recognise any genius who is not honest towards himself. Histrionic self-deception fills me with disgust : where I detect its presence, the man's achievements weigh as nothing with me ; I know that this staginess lies at his very core."

If Wagner had said to my brother, in all simplicity and sincerity, " The Christian Middle Ages, with their intense religious feeling, give the artist plenty of scope for artistic musical treatment " ; if he had said, with a

touch of sly humour, "It's high time that I set the spirit of that age to music," then my brother would have understood and approved. But this staginess of Wagner, this pretence of having become a simple, pious Christian, was more than Nietzsche could endure. It seemed to him unutterably sad that Wagner, who with untiring energy had once held himself erect "to face the whole world's hooting," now lay prostrate, a slave to the fashionable notions of the day, and had become a reviler of life.

For all that, I am inclined to raise a doubt as to what were the fundamental ideas lying at the back of Wagner's mind. Were they his atheistical ideas—or those of a Christian pessimism, thirsting for redemption? *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* favour the latter view.

In this sense Anselm Feuerbach's mother tried later to explain Wagner's *volte-face*: "*Parsifal* is a religious achievement, a redemption for sinners, such as Wagner sorely needed after the wild and unedifying life he himself had so often led." This verdict was repeated to me by Erwin Rohde, who had heard it from Frau Ribbeck; he added, half jestingly: "That was just the difference between Wagner and Nietzsche. Nietzsche had no need to yearn for redemption; in fact, I can't see what there was in him to redeem—he was so incredibly good."

My brother did not speak of this melancholy last walk until much later. What really happened on that evening? Two passionately loved ideals suddenly faced each other in fierce conflict: the one, that of Parsifal, Roman Catholic, saying "no" to life; the other that powerful figure of Siegfried, saying "yea" to life, defying, transfiguring life. And Nietzsche had held Wagner's ideal to be the latter! What a disillusionment! Malwida could only remember that my brother was much depressed all that evening and retired to his room early. He had a presentiment that Wagner and he would never meet again.

Although time passed cheerfully enough for the four occupants of the Villa Rubinacci—Malwida von Meysenbug, Nietzsche, Dr. Rée, and Albertus Brenner, a young student sent abroad for his health and invited here by Malwida—things did not go altogether smoothly with my brother. The members of the party were widely sundered, not only in age (Malwida was sixty, Brenner twenty), but in opinions ; and considerate as my brother was, he could never go very deeply into anything, since he wished to offend neither young Brenner, nor our dear idealistic Malwida, nor the sceptical Rée. The last-named in particular, in spite of his really touching kindness towards my brother, proved somewhat trying. Rée's frequent assumption that he held the same views as Nietzsche sometimes made my brother impatient; although in justice to Rée I must add that he often told me he did not share or even understand the greater part of my brother's ideas. Malwida, with all her noble, motherly character, which one could not but revere, was a less disconcerting companion ; yet even she had some qualities which made her hard to get on with, for instance, her incapacity to distinguish between man and man, her kindly fashion of putting people of utterly different moral and intellectual powers on the same level. At the time, my brother found this fault of Malwida's rather pathetic. Later, when it often caused him many unpleasant *contretemps*, his verdict was less favourable.

The winter was spent in walks, charming excursions to Massa and Capri, dictation and reading aloud. The range of authors was very varied : Voltaire, Diderot, Michelet, Thucydides and others. Apart from these studies pursued in common, each of the four inmates had his own task, and was writing a book : Fräulein von Meysenbug was writing *Reminiscences of an Old Woman*, my brother *Human, All Too Human*, Rée *On the Origin of Moral Emotions*, and Brenner some short stories, including an excellent one, *The Flaming Heart*, which appeared in

the *Deutsche Rundschau* [*German Review*] for July, 1877. Unfortunately, this gifted young man died a year later. My brother had entertained great hopes of this pupil. Brenner himself declared that *The Flaming Heart* owed its merit to its having been written under Nietzsche's influence. Rée held the same view about his *Origin of the Moral Emotions:* in the dedicatory copy which he gave my brother he wrote, "From the mother of this book to its father, in grateful remembrance." These two instances serve to show what an uncommon influence my brother exercised on those around him: his presence acted as a powerful spur to their energy and productivity.

Furthermore, all manner of splendid projects were outlined, and an idea Nietzsche had had in his youth once more fired his brain. He wrote to me: "The 'school for teachers' (also called the modern monastery, the colony of ideas, the free university) is once more in the air—who knows what may come of it? We have already appointed you (in the spirit) manager of all domestic affairs for our institution of forty members." This time the site of this training-college for teachers was shifted from Switzerland to Italy, and several prospective members were included in addition to the old circle: for instance, Freiherr von Seydlitz and his wife, who had come to Sorrento for the winter at my brother's request, and whom he liked very much. But this noble scheme, like that projected in 1873, remained a beautiful vision: nothing was done towards its realisation.

Those magical walks in Sorrento were always a delightful memory for my brother. In 1877, Peter Gast writes, in an essay on *Human, All Too Human:*

> "I remember, among other things, a hymnal composition of about two quarto pages, where Nietzsche had significantly expressed his own relation to the Allegretto of Beethoven's Symphony in A major. Every morning he used to walk above Sorrento, past cypresses and wild roses, wrapped in thought; it

was the shadow-spirit of these meditative walks which sounded for him in that weird Allegretto, and which he mystically expressed in words. . . . Since I came across the hymn in the autumn of 1877—unfortunately I read it in too cursory fashion—I have always seen Nietzsche, when I think of him at Sorrento, in the light of this piece. I figure him like Beethoven, driven by his spirit, roaming the mountain-side; gazing into the world with a colder, yet keener vision, and, intoxicated by this new aspect, fashioning a complementary world of new vistas, new concepts. What he sees up there is a new picture of humanity, especially of the wise man, who may raise himself above the morality of good and evil (that is, *our* morality), because he is of too noble stock and is too intellectual and too sure of himself to need any longer the narrow outlook and the fanaticism of the man who must fetter and train himself by morality."

Unfortunately, in spite of all this happiness, Nietzsche's health underwent no change for the better. The worst of it was that the doctors all diagnosed his case differently —and all wrongly. Some treated him for his nerves, others for his digestion: one advised him "to get a nice Italian sweetheart." What my brother really needed was the strict oculist who dictatorially ordered him to do no writing or reading for a whole year. He would have been spared many a year of the pain that was caused in particular by the so-called accommodative spasms of the ciliary muscles. My brother once said with great truth: "If I were blind, I should be healthy."

If he did not regain complete health in Sorrento, at any rate he found the joyful conviction that he was on the right way towards intellectual emancipation and towards himself. Such thoughts as the following may often have occupied his mind: "Were I already free, I should not need all this struggling, but should apply myself to a work or an occupation in which I could put my full powers to the test. Now I can only hope gradually to become free; and at present I feel that I am

constantly moving towards that goal. Soon the day for my real work will surely come : the preliminary training for the Olympic Games is over.

"My aim is to restore to mankind that repose, without which no culture can arise or endure. Repose, simplicity and majesty ! Even in my style I wish to give a reflection of this endeavour, as the result of the concentrated forces of my personality."

CHAPTER III

RETURN TO SWITZERLAND

Towards spring his eye trouble began to grow worse. The oppressive scirocco air also induced him to return to Switzerland, in order first to undergo a cure at Pfäffers and Ragaz, and then, in the hot weather, to revisit his belovèd mountains. Wishing once more to avoid travelling by train, he took ship to Genoa.

In a long letter from Lugano to Fräulein von Meysenbug, he gives a lively account of his "Odyssean wanderings" back to Switzerland:

"Sea-sickness is terrible and yet really ridiculous. . . . All that held me back from suicide was a doubt as to where the sea was deepest—for one does not want to be fished out again and pay one's rescuers an appalling sum as a grateful reward. . . . Arrived at Genoa, I went straight to the Hotel de Londres and retired to bed, in great pain. On Friday, a dull, rainy day, I plucked up courage about noon, and went to the picture-gallery of the Palazzo Brignole. Wonderful how the sight of those family portraits restored and inspired me! There's a Brignole on horseback—and in the eye of that powerful war-horse you see the whole pride of the family: that was something for my depressed state! Personally, I rate Van Dyck and Rubens higher than any other painters. The other pictures left me cold, except a Dying Cleopatra by Guercino.

"Thus I came back to life, and the rest of the day I sat, calm and courageous, in my hotel. Next day there was a fresh distraction. I made the whole journey from Genoa to Milan in the company of a very charming young ballet-dancer from a Milan theatre; *Camilla era molto simpatica*, oh, you should have heard my Italian! Had I been a Pasha, I should have taken her with me to Pfäffers; seeing that brain work is forbidden me, she might have entertained me with her dancing.

I am still at times a little vexed with myself for not having stayed a few days at Milan for her sake. From Como to Lugano I went by the St. Gothard line, which is now finished. How did I reach Lugano? Really I did not want to go, but now I am there. As I crossed the Swiss frontier it was raining hard, and we had a short but sharp thunderstorm. I took this as a good omen: nor can I deny that the nearer I drew to the mountains, the better I felt. At Chiasso my luggage was split up between two different trains—what with this and the Customs, it was a hopeless muddle. Even my two umbrellas went in opposite directions. Then a kind porter came to my rescue; he spoke the first Swiss-German I heard. You can imagine that it moved me somewhat; I suddenly observed that I would far rather live among Swiss-Germans than among Germans. The man looked after me so well—ran about in so fatherly a fashion (all fathers have a touch of clumsiness)—that at last everything was set right again, and I went on to Lugano. The carriage from the Hotel du Parc was waiting for me, and I was fairly overjoyed; it must be the best hotel in the world. I have got into touch with some of the Mecklenburg landed nobility; this is a type of German which suits my taste. In the evening I looked on at an informal ball of the most innocent sort; nothing but English people—it was all so funny. That night I had my first sound sleep, and this morning I see all my beloved mountains before me—each mountain a memory."

Although Nietzsche ended this letter by saying "You gave me a big dose of motherly treatment, and I shall never forget it," Malwida was somewhat nettled at this "Report of Odysseus." Our dear Malwida had little sense of humour, and was liable to take very seriously what my brother meant only in fun. At Genoa Nietzsche wrote, in a postcard to Freiherr von Seydlitz: "To-day I am in all respects a broken man, even morally: for I am terribly suspicious, count my money every minute, distrust my fellow-creatures and feel that I do not deserve to have the sun shining upon me: and it isn't shining!" Malwida read this postcard in a tragic spirit, and wrote to various people that Nietzsche was quite broken with

pain on his journey out of Italy. The misunderstanding was cleared up during Malwida's visit to Bâle, but my brother sighed at the thought that Malwida so easily mistook his meaning when he "talked a little nonsense." In any case she had felt offended at Nietzsche's jubilation over his return to Switzerland.

Malwida and my brother had taken the opportunity while at Sorrento of making plans for his future career, especially with regard to his marriage. Fräulein von Meysenbug had only one object in view—to make him pecuniarily independent and to release him from his Bâle professorship; accordingly, to find a young lady whose highest ambition it would be to afford the philosopher an opportunity of carrying out his great life-work. But as Wagner once said, in the course of a similar discussion: "How is one to take without stealing? Such young ladies are hard to find!" During the winter Malwida wrote to me, asking whether, among the girls whom my brother liked, I did not know one who would be specially suited for this task. I could not help treating the whole affair as something of a joke, although I did not refuse to make suggestions. My brother writes to me on April 25th:

> "Nothing, dearest sister, could have been more cheerful than your letter, which at every point hit the nail on the head. I was very unwell. . . . As soon as I got up Fräulein von M. took to her bed for three days, owing to rheumatism. Amid all our misery we laughed heartily together when I read her some chosen passages from your letter. The plan which Fräulein von M. regards as unalterable, and in the execution of which you must help, is as follows. We are convinced that my professorial career in Bâle cannot be a permanent one; that I could only go on with it at the expense of all my more important projects, and even then at the risk of completely sacrificing my health. Next winter, indeed, I shall have to continue my work at Bâle, but after Easter, 1878, it will be all over, *if* the other combination succeeds—that is to say, my marriage. The lady will have to suit my taste, but

she must be well off—that is an essential. 'Good, but rich,' as Fräulein von M. said, and we laughed loudly at that 'but.' If I married, I should live the next few years in Rome—a most convenient place for health, for society and for my studies. The matter is to be taken in hand this summer, in Switzerland, so that I can return as a married man to Bâle."

Yet the further away from Malwida my brother went the more impracticable her schemes appeared to him, and very soon afterwards he wrote to me: "The proposed marriage is indeed an excellent idea, but most unlikely to be realised—of that I am certain."

From Lugano he had gone to Ragaz, but finding the place not high enough he went on to Rosenlaui, near Meiringen, in the Bernese Oberland. He proposed that I should join him at Lucerne early in July, and if possible accompany him to Rosenlaui. We did in fact meet at Lucerne on July 9th, and spent two pleasant weeks at Pension Felsenegg, near Zug. We discussed Malwida's marriage projects, also the "colony of ideas," which had already been definitely planned for the following winter. The scheme fell through, partly owing to the evil effects of the past spring in Italy on my brother's health, but also because Erwin Rohde never wearied of urging Nietzsche not to leave Bâle. One objection my brother had to the "colony" was that he could not endure to live and eat in a large company of intimates: ordinary "gregarious boarding-house animals" were better, he said, because they made no pretence of understanding him. Even in that cheerful party of four at Sorrento he found two companions at a time quite enough.

From Felsenegg he returned to Rosenlauibad, whence he gives a curious sketch of his state of mind in a letter to Rohde, who had just got married:

"Dear, dear friend, how shall I put it?—whenever I think of you, I am overcome with emotion; and when someone wrote to me the other day 'Rohde's young wife, a most charm-

ing lady, whose noble soul shines out in every feature,' I went so far as to shed tears, though I can give no adequate reason for so doing. We will ask the psychologists: they will end by discovering that this is envy, that I grudge you your happiness; or anger at the thought that someone has seduced my friend from me, and now keeps him hidden somewhere, God knows where—on the Rhine or in Paris—and will not give him back! The other day, when I was mentally singing to myself my 'Hymn to Solitude,'[1] the thought suddenly came over me that you did not care a bit for my music, and were very anxious to have a song on 'The Companionship of Two.'[1] That same evening I played the song, and succeeded—so that all the angels would gladly have listened, especially the human angels. But it was a dark room, with no one to hear; thus I had to keep all my happiness and tears to myself.

"Shall I tell you about myself? How I am always on the march, from two hours before sunrise, and especially when afternoon and evening lengthen the shadows? How many things I have thought out for myself, and how rich I feel myself, now that this year has at last allowed me to clear away the lumber of those days when I had to teach and think in one groove? As I live here, I can put up with all my bodily ills; they have indeed followed me even into the mountains, but there are so many happy intervals of thinking and feeling."

My brother's remark that his improvisations on the piano had not been heard was, however, a mistake. It turned out afterwards that the door was ajar, and that a very remarkable listener had stood on the other side, namely, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who is said to have been deeply moved by the wonderful playing. Some days later they met on a tour in the mountains, without my brother's having any idea who his acquaintance was. The unknown expressed his thanks to Nietzsche for the wonderful playing, and this gave rise to a long and interesting conversation. My brother had noticed that the stranger was treated with great respect, but it was

[1] There is here an untranslatable play on words: Einsamkeit (one-someness) and Zweisamkeit (two-someness).—Tr.

not until they had separated that he learnt it was Dom Pedro.

Another little episode is worth recording. On his walks my brother had seen a little invalid boy sitting in front of a cottage. The boy seemed rather deserted, since his parents were occupied with the hay-harvest. Finally Nietzsche fell into the habit of passing the child almost every day and giving him sweets. He even took with him a little cloth, which he moistened at a neighbouring spring, to wipe the child's face. The parents said that the boy was happy all day in the anticipation that "the kind gentleman" would come. My brother made inquiries as to the nature of his malady, and promised that, if the child were taken to Bâle, it should be cured at his expense. Immediately after his arrival in Bâle Nietzsche actually made arrangements for placing the boy in an infirmary. He learnt, however, to his sorrow that the poor little fellow had died in the interim, saying all the time, "I shall soon be going to the kind gentleman."

It was now decided that we should return to Bâle for the winter. I should have preferred him to resign his post there and then, but he was not to be persuaded. Accordingly he writes to Malwida: "I am resolved to go back to Bâle in October and resume my old activities. I cannot endure to live without the idea of being *useful;* and the people of Bâle are the only people who make me feel that I am of any use. My meditations and literary efforts, questionable as they are, have always made me ill; so long as I was really a *scholar,* I was in good health; but then came nerve-shattering music and metaphysical philosophy, and worrying about a thousand matters that do not concern me in the least. Hence I want to be a *teacher* once more; even if I cannot stand the work, I shall at least die at my post. I have told you Plato's conception of these matters."

These feelings, as has already been remarked, were

subject to many fluctuations; for, to quote the words of *Zarathustra*, his feet were still trembling on the new path. Yet often he exulted in the thought that he was now on the right track for his own loftiest aim. Thus on August 30th he writes to Frau Marie Baumgartner from Rosenlaui:

> "Here, dear lady, is a short note as fore-runner of my arrival at Bâle—not as an answer to your kind and, as always, sympathetic letter! If I often shuddered at the thought of my twilight life at Bâle in the coming winter, yet I was always comforted by the anticipation of your cosy room and cordial welcome. 'Renounce thou shalt, renounce thou must' is true everywhere, of every human life: hence good friends must keep close together, so that there may be at least one snug corner in the world where the bleakness of renunciation cannot penetrate. It is becoming clearer and clearer to me that the cause of my ultimate illness was the excessive constraint I had to put upon myself at Bâle; in the end, my power of resistance was broken. I know, I feel that there awaits me a higher mission than is embodied in my post at Bâle, honourable though it is; however much I may be able to use even classical scholarship for my higher task, I am something more than a classical scholar. 'I hanker after myself,' that is really the continual refrain of my last ten years. Now that through a year's communion with myself all has become clear and well-defined to me (I cannot express how rich, how joyously creative I feel, in spite of all my physical suffering, as soon as I am left alone)—now I tell you, as one who knows, that I am not returning to Bâle in order to stay there for good. How things will turn out, I cannot say; but my freedom—for which the outward conditions shall be as modest as possible—my freedom I shall certainly gain."

Thus we waited to see if the whole question as to resigning the professorship or not would be finally decided one way or another. At the beginning of September Fritz returned to Bâle, and after his many months of travel his home, nay even his professional duties, did him good. I remember many remarks of his

at the time, setting a high value upon a definite vocation, a post that took up one's whole time. Regarding his return to Bâle he writes to Fräulein von Meysenbug, whose visit we were expecting: "My house, my environment, my dear sister—everything around me is charming, attractive, fascinating. Yet many a canker of care gnaws at my heart.

"For two nights I slept so well, so well! . . . In Rosenlaui I spent a sleepless night, revelling in delightful pictures of Nature and considering whether I could not somehow live up at Anacapri. But I constantly sighed at the thought that Italy made me discouraged, enfeebled (how you got to know me last May! I am ashamed; I was never like that before). In Switzerland I was more myself; and as I base my ethics upon the highest possible expression of self, not upon mystifying generalisations, I am impregnable in the Alps, especially when I am alone, and have no other enemy than myself. I have taken up my studies on Greek literature—who knows if anything will come of them?"

We had found a charming residence in Bâle, 22 Gellerstrasse, with a glorious view over the Black Forest and the Jura Mountains. Among our many visitors was our dear Fräulein von Meysenbug, who stayed some time in Bâle. By his chivalrous championship of Malwida, Nietzsche was led into a long quarrel with his bosom friend Freiherr von Gersdorff, whom he had known for seventeen years. Through Malwida's agency Gersdorff had come to know a young Italian lady, of whose character and circumstances Malwida, with her above-mentioned ignorance of the world, had given an entirely false representation. The lady came of a distinguished but somewhat degenerate Italian family; and in reliance on Malwida's judgment, Gersdorff had become engaged to her. The situation grew complicated: Gersdorff saw the force of his parents' objections, yet was genuinely in love, and felt bound to marry the girl; and finally poor

Malwida was subjected to reproach. My brother, who rather undervalued the power of love and the influence of a wife, wrote a long letter to Gersdorff, defending Fräulein von Meysenbug and warning his friend against this utterly unsuitable match. Gersdorff was much hurt by this letter, and, as my brother afterwards admitted, with justice; for in the heat of the moment my brother had used rather strong language. Although Gersdorff said "I wouldn't stand such a letter from anyone but Nietzsche," both felt that it was better to give up personal intercourse for some time. Malwida, of course, had only wished for the best, and was very unhappy at the annoyance to which Gersdorff had been subjected. Later on, when the luckless engagement had been cancelled, the two friends discussed the matter by letter, and were reconciled, but for six years Nietzsche had to forego the company of this most loyal and helpful comrade. In this interval Gersdorff had lost touch with my brother's philosophical development, and could not follow it step by step. How great a loss this was, Nietzsche did not realise till later. Looking back, we sometimes said: "Here began that isolation, which, like a dark shadow, was destined to spread further and further over Nietzsche's life."

CHAPTER IV

HUMAN, ALL TOO HUMAN

It is significant that *Human, All Too Human*, was begun just at the time of the Bayreuth Festival. This period was specially suitable for the study of human beings from the highest type down to the ordinary gregarious animal. The Baroness von W. told me that she realised why it was at Bayreuth that my brother had been driven to a complete inner revolution. One often put oneself the question there: "Who really believes in ideals?" Even the best types at Bayreuth were so absorbingly occupied with themselves, with their love affairs and the vanities of the great world, while others flaunted their enthusiasm in such a crude, obtrusive fashion, that the great ideal of the Festival seemed to be almost forgotten, or at least was regarded as a mere side issue.

Remembering all this (it is no pleasant memory), we can understand the bitter irony with which Nietzsche, in the introduction to *Ecce Homo* (1888), recalls the genesis of his *Human, All Too Human:*

> "The origin of this book goes back to the time of the first Bayreuth Festival; a violent reaction against my whole environment there is one of its basic conditions. Not only did the entirely unimportant and illusory nature of the Wagnerian 'ideal' then become clearly manifest to me, but above all I saw that even for those most nearly concerned 'the ideal' was not the chief thing—that quite different matters were handled with more seriousness, more passion. Then, too, the pitiable company of male and female patrons, all very much in love, extremely bored, and unmusical to a sickening degree. . . .
>
> "The whole leisured rabble of Europe had foregathered

there, and anyone who pleased went in and out of Wagner's house, as if Bayreuth meant one more form of sport. And at bottom that was all it *did* mean. To the old pretexts for idleness a new artistic pretext was now added, a grand opera as a sort of steeplechase; Wagner's music, with its secret appeal to sexuality, seemed a bond of union for a society in which each person followed his own diversions. The remainder—perhaps the innocent element—were the idiots, the Nohls, Pohls and Kohls,[1] the last-named being the *genius loci* at Bayreuth. . . . Well, in the midst of it all I went off for a few weeks, quite suddenly, saving myself from any decisive pronouncement by a mere telegram to Wagner. At Klingenbrunn, a little place in the Böhmerwald, hidden deep in the woods, I carried my melancholy about with me like a disease—and from time to time, under the general title of 'The Ploughshare,' wrote maxims in my note-books, nothing but stern psychological sayings, which may perhaps be found again in *Human, All Too Human*."

Just as we could readily understand how the beginning of this book fell within the period of the Bayreuth Festival, so we found it curious that the main portion had been written at Sorrento. Later, my brother writes to Malwida, "Strange, strange—just in your honoured company," and, he might have added, in one of the most intoxicating places in the world, these unimpassioned notes were taken, as if in contrast to Malwida's idealism and to the scenery. Much was added at Rosenlaui, so that a perfect mountain of manuscript had to be set in order and formed into a whole.

My brother had begun the winter full of hope and courage, for in the Bernese Oberland he had come to know an excellent physician, Dr. Otto Eiser, of Frankfort. Eiser had become a real friend of his, and good results were expected from his treatment. At the beginning of the winter Nietzsche was fairly well, and in consequence threw himself into his various tasks with such ardour, that the symptoms of January, 1876,

[1] Nohl and Pohl were writers on music: Kohl is a facetious name, the word being used in colloquial German for "bosh."—Tr.

recurred. His headaches and eye-aches were so severe and so lasting, that we were at our wits' end to know what to do and where to find help. We tried at least to relieve Fritz of part of his teaching duties. He addressed the following request to the educational authorities: "My bad state of health compels me to ask for a temporary relief in my teaching work, that is, a release from oral lessons for the rest of the term. My violent and periodically recurring headaches and eye-aches have lately reached such a pitch, that some such relief has become an urgent necessity, and it is only through the favour I request that I can hope to bring my university lectures to completion. I have discussed the matter with Professor Burckhardt, and beg for favourable consideration of my request."

The authorities met my brother's wishes with their usual kindness, and released him for ever from his oral lessons. For the rest of the winter things accordingly went somewhat better, but for all that we took the firm resolve to consider henceforth the ultimate abandonment of his career at Bâle. The work upon *Human, All Too Human,* made less demands on his eyesight than his university duties. Fortunately, Peter Gast was again in residence at Bâle, and proved of the greatest assistance; without him, the book would never have been finished. Fritz dictated, and let Gast copy and arrange. In *Ecce Homo* he says slyly that Gast was the real writer of *Human, All Too Human,* while he was only the author.

We lived quite a retired life that winter. We seldom saw the Overbecks, as they lived at the other end of the town, half-an-hour's journey distant. Overbeck had been married for more than a year before we made the acquaintance of his wife. I cannot disguise the fact that my brother at once conceived a certain dislike for her. He found her manner unattractive and her appearance unpleasing, since her complexion was uncommonly bad. Whenever he talked to her, he removed his spectacles.

Just as Wagner had warned my brother against Dr. Rée, so Frau Cosima had warned us against Frau Overbeck, if in more measured terms. Whether Overbeck had heard of this first impression and of the warnings, I do not know, but at any rate he was pathetically anxious to display his wife in the best possible light, and especially to laud her shrewd intelligence. A favourite phrase of his was "Among a hundred women you'll hardly find one like her"—on which Rohde afterwards remarked, "I hope there are none like her among a thousand women—or this world would be a vale of tears." Her "sour nihilism" was utterly repugnant to him. Still, after a time we grew accustomed to her defects and recognised the real merits of her intellect—a fact which my brother recorded in some jesting verses.

In the midst of the composition of *Human, All Too Human,* Wagner sent his *Parsifal,* which was already bound, with the dedication: "Hearty greetings and best wishes to my dear friend Friedrich Nietzsche. Richard Wagner." My brother relates in *Ecce Homo* that the despatch of *Parsifal* crossed that of *Human, All Too Human.* This is a mistake: he probably confused this with the forwarding of a part of the manuscript to his publisher. Altogether, his memory for facts was defective, and this explains many an error. His mind was continually engaged on such momentous problems that everyday occurrences did not impress themselves on his brain. These he left to me, as he often jokingly declared, because my memory for everyday occurrences was said to be excellent.

We read *Parsifal* with mingled feelings. On January 4th, 1878, he writes to Freiherr von Seydlitz:

> "Yesterday I got *Parsifal,* sent me by Wagner. Impressions of a first reading: more Liszt than Wagner, the spirit of the Counter-Reformation; for me, too much accustomed as I am to the Greek, the universally human spirit, every thing in it is excessively limited, outwardly and inwardly, by Christianity;

nothing but fantastic psychology; no flesh, and far too much blood (especially at the Last Supper it becomes all too full-blooded); then, I don't care for hysterical womenfolk: much that is endurable to the mental eye will be scarcely tolerable when it is put on the stage; think of our actors praying, trembling and with necks craned in ecstasy. The interior of the Grail-Castle simply *cannot* be effective on the stage, any more than the wounded swan. All these fine inventions belong to epic poetry, and, as I say, to the mental eye. The language sounds like a translation from a foreign tongue. But the situations and their sequence—is that not in the highest vein of poetry? Is it not a last defiance of music?"

As soon as the manuscript of *Human, All Too Human*, was ready, and the lectures at Bâle University came to an end, my brother went to Baden-Baden, in order to undergo a course of treatment at a sanatorium there. As he spent almost the whole day in bathing, gymnastics and walks, his poor tortured eyes got a rest, and the terrible pains began to vanish. When the proof-sheets came, the improvement was less marked, but all the same he made a great recovery at Baden-Baden, and on a visit there I found him in the best of spirits.

The whole manuscript had been sent to the publisher Schmeitzner at the end of January, 1878, with the request that the printing should be kept entirely secret. In the meantime my brother had had the idea of letting the book appear under another name, so that his friends, especially Wagner, could express a totally unbiassed opinion on its merits. He looked on the whole affair as a sort of test for ascertaining "the effect of his writings" as apart from his personality. "On the other hand, I was very sceptical. I saw factions. . . . 'I will wait,' I said, 'until Wagner recognises a book that is directed *against* him.'" A mythical account of the new author, "Herr Bernhard Cron," had already been concocted.

"Herr Bernhard Cron is, so far as is known, a German from the Russian Baltic provinces, who of late years has been a continual traveller. In Italy, where among other things he

devoted himself to philological and antiquarian studies, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Paul Rée. Through the latter's agency he came into contact with Herr Schmeitzner. As his address for the next few years is subject to constant changes, letters should be forwarded to Herr Cron's publisher. Herr Schmeitzner has never seen him personally."

Unfortunately, this scheme was frustrated through the opposition of the publisher, who did not want to give up my brother's name and, as it seems, was not sorry at the prospect of a little scandal. Scandal was just what Fritz would gladly have avoided, but in the end he said that, after all, the truth would come out sooner or later, and concealment would only postpone the conflict over his new philosophy—he had better plunge into the fray at once. Moreover, he conceived it his duty to acknowledge his former errors as such: "Whoever allows himself to speak in public is obliged also to contradict himself in public, as soon as he changes his opinions."

At the time I deeply regretted that *Human, All Too Human* could not appear anonymously—my brother would have been spared a great deal; and perhaps I regret it still. It seems to me that under a pseudonym the book would have been more "personal" in many places; as soon as he put his own name to it, he naturally had to consider people's feelings. As it is, many a thought may have been lost altogether or weakened by being put in impersonal form.

The book appeared on May 30th, 1878, the centenary of Voltaire's death; that it was dedicated to Voltaire was in some degree accidental. Peter Gast is quite right when he writes: "How came it, though, that Nietzsche inscribed Voltaire's name on his book, seeing that Nietzsche had shaken off so many of the fetters that still bound the French thinker?

"Answer: The name of Voltaire, who is connected with one of the most extensive intellectual movements of Europe, and who, as has been mentioned, again stood in

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.
Statuette by Arnold Kramer.
Modelled in 1898 from life.

See page 408.

the forefront of public interest at the time when this book was mentioned, served Nietzsche merely as a *badge.* This name protects one from being confounded with obscurantists: it is the bugbear of all romantics and mystics! Compare, in this connection, Aphorism 211 in the second volume of *Human, All Too Human.*"

On the very date mentioned a remarkable incident occurred. A bust of Voltaire was sent us from Paris, accompanied solely by the words: "The soul of Voltaire pays its respects to Friedrich Nietzsche." We could never discover who was the sender. The bust had been placed on the writing table; Fritz sat in front of it and gazed at it intently. I stood by his side, and as I first studied Voltaire's face, with the hard, mocking lines about the mouth, and then glanced at my brother, in whose eyes an earnest yet soft expression lay, I felt a deep concern. As if to protect him, I flung my arms about his dear head and my tears fell on his face. "Why do you cry, Lisbeth?" asked Fritz, gently. "He was better armed to fight against a world of prejudice, he was made of sterner stuff," I answered, sobbing. Fritz took my hand and pressed it tenderly, and was silent for a space. At last he said, with forced gaiety, "I am much stronger than you think; in my breast, too, Wotan has put a stern heart." I shook my head violently, smiled and recovered my composure. Both of us hated emotional scenes; but at that moment I could not control myself, I seemed to be clairvoyant, the whole tragedy of a genius who is called to a task almost too great for a human life and for his soft heart was unrolled before my eyes. My brother had the same feeling. In remembrance of this scene he writes (June, 1878): "The destiny of a man, about whom even after a hundred years only party verdicts are formed, rose up before my eyes as a dreadful symbol; it is towards the liberator of the mind that men are most implacable in hate, most unjust in love. Yet in spite of all, I will quietly go my way

and renounce everything that might hinder my progress. The crisis of my life is at hand: if I did not realise the tremendous fruitfulness of my new philosophy, my heart might well quail. But I am at one with myself."

Yet when the book had to wander forth into the world, my brother felt grave qualms as to its reception by his friends. In order to let the crisis appear less serious to them, and to make the book more digestible, he added dedicatory verses, grave and gay, for each recipient. These have been published in the little volume *Poems and Epigrams*. So as to reconcile Malwida to the fact that the book had mainly been written while he was staying at her villa, he wrote as a dedication to her:

> "Lingers no trace here of Sorrento's fragrance?
> Is all a wild and sunless mountain scene,
> Scarce autumn's warmth, and not a sign of love?
> Then but a part of me this book enshrines:
> The better part to her I dedicate
> Who was to me, physician, mother, friend."

His greatest anxiety was, how Wagner would take the book. Would he fully appreciate its greatness? Would he, though with pain, at least attempt to be just to my brother, and grant him his personal freedom without renouncing his friendship? We have discovered the draft of a letter to Wagner which Fritz had written while the idea of letting the book appear anonymously was still being mooted. The Master was to be let into the secret, but to his following the author was to remain unknown. The draft runs:

> "In sending you *Human, All Too Human*, I am confidently placing my secret in your and your wife's hands, and assume that it will be faithfully kept. The authorship is mine: in it I have revealed my most intimate impressions of men and things, and for the first time have completed the circle of my own thought. During a period that was full of physical suffering, this book was a solace that never failed where other

solaces failed. Perhaps I am only alive to-day because I was capable of writing it.

"A pseudonym had to be chosen: first, because I did not wish to hamper the effect of my earlier writings; secondly, because I want to be saved from public and private mudthrowing (my health can no longer stand that sort of thing); lastly, and most of all, because I hope to give food for an *impersonal* discussion, in which my intellectual friends of all sorts can take part without being hindered by any delicacy of feeling. I know none amongst them who would agree with the views contained in this book, but I am very curious to learn the objections they may be able to raise.

"I feel like an officer who has stormed a redoubt. Wounded, indeed—but there he is on top, and he unfurls his flag. Although, as I have said, I know no one who shares my views, I have the impression of having thought not as an individual but as an aggregate—the strangest blend of solitude and multitude. A herald who has run on in front, and does not know if the knights are following him, or if they still exist."

Now that the idea of anonymity had been given up, Fritz addressed Wagner in a pathetic, almost childlike, dedicatory poem, alluding to Wagner's old paternal friendship for him:

"Herewith Friedrich, the free-thinker,
Happy in his new-born bantling,
Sends from Bâle a cheery greeting
To the Master and his lady.
Will they, in a kindly spirit
Test with careful hand the infant,
See if it is like its daddy,
Even has the same mustachio,
And on two legs or on four legs
Crawls and tumbles round the world?
It saw the light amid the mountains,
And at once began its hopping.
Well, howe'er its earthly journey
May befall, its present object
Is to please—not many, merely
Some fifteen or so; to others
'Twill be mockery or torment.
But before we send it roaming

May the Master's eye give blessing
And Master's lady, wise and gracious,
Help its progress with her favour."

The only answer from Bayreuth was a stony silence. Alas, the Master's eye had anything but a blessing in it, and the favour of the Master's lady was lost for ever!

CHAPTER V

CRISIS AND SEPARATION

Human, All Too Human was received by Nietzsche's friends with mingled feelings of surprise and regret. Their attitude is described by Erwin Rohde in a letter of June 16th, 1878:

"My astonishment at this latest performance of Nietzsche's was, as you may imagine, supreme; one felt as if led from the hot to the cold room of a Turkish bath! I must say candidly, my dear fellow, that this astonishment was not without an element of pain. How *can* a man strip off his own soul in this fashion and put on another—in short, become a Rée instead of a Nietzsche? I still stand amazed before this miracle; and can neither rejoice over it nor have any definite opinion at all; for I do not really understand. . . . All these speculations on man as a creature concerned, like other animals, purely with himself—not only thinking solely of himself, but destined by nature to do so—appear to me neither particularly acute nor in any way convincing. And if we *are* all hateful egotists (I know, my dear friend, how far more egotistical I am than you!), surely no one should try to remove the sting which warns us that we *ought* not to be egotists. . . . In making this frank avowal, I am only thinking of the general tone of your book. For the great amount of valuable matter it contains I can only tender you my heartfelt thanks. I enjoy individual passages piecemeal; in so many places I find the old Nietzsche unchanged, untainted by Rée's fads. What you say of the Greeks, in particular, throws a searchlight into the innermost soul of that wonderful people."

My brother answered as follows:

"All this is very right and proper, my dear fellow: we two do not yet stand on a clay pedestal that can be overthrown

by one book. This time I am quietly waiting until the waves, in which my poor friends are floundering, gradually subside. If it is I who flung them into those waves—well, there's no danger to life, that I know from experience; and if here and there friendship is imperilled, we'll do a service to truth and say, 'What we loved in one another till now was a cloud.' I could say a great deal, and think still more that must be left unsaid: I will just venture, by way of a joke, to compare myself to a man who gives a big dinner and sees all his guests run away without tasting the fine dishes put before them. If one or two guests *do* take a few bites and enjoy them (as you do, my dear good fellow, in praising my Greeks), the host feels highly honoured.

"Don't puzzle your brains as to how such a book could have been written, but go on extracting this and that morsel for yourself. Perhaps the day will come when you, with your fine constructive imagination, will see the whole as a whole, and share in the great happiness that has been mine. In the meantime, you must look only for *me* in my book, and not for friend Rée. I am proud to have discovered his lofty qualities and aims, but he had no influence whatever on my 'philosophy in a nutshell,' which was ready and for a good part committed to paper by the autumn of 1876, when I made his acquaintance. We found ourselves on the same plane; our conversations were a source of great enjoyment and of much mutual profit. . . . I suppose this makes me seem still stranger to you, still more incomprehensible? If you only felt what I feel, now that I have set up my life's ideal—you would indeed rejoice in your friend. And the day will come."

Here arises the question, how we came to make Dr. Rée to some extent responsible for my brother's new philosophy. The reason is a very natural one: we found the new views unsympathetic (new things are always uncomfortable). It comforted us to imagine that our beloved Fritz could not have hit upon such unpleasant ideas by himself, and thus we tacitly blamed Dr. Rée. When a child has done something wrong, the mother flies out like a lioness and scolds her neighbour's boy for leading hers astray. Poor Dr. Rée quite

undeservedly became "the neighbour's naughty boy." Richard Wagner now found his prejudice against Rée confirmed, and mentioned the fact. The anti-Semites started a theory that Rée was the evil Semitic principle which had diverted Nietzsche, the honest Aryan visionary, into verbal hair-splitting. People entirely overlooked the warm under-current of humanity in the book (a current directly opposed to Rée's arid views); they did not see below the surface. Even the loyal Rohde made this mistake, but Nietzsche quite forgave him; he was only sorry that he made his friend suffer. But many another friend of Wagner had to suffer likewise.

In a letter to Fräulein Mathilde Maier, a great friend of Wagner's, he writes (July 15th, 1878):

"I cannot help it: I am bound to cause all my friends distress, for I must at last declare how I freed myself from my own distress. There were two things that were making me more and more ill, and had almost robbed me of character and capacity: the metaphysical cloud enveloping all that was true and simple, the struggle *with* reason *against* reason, the attempt to see a wonder and a portent in everything; and the corresponding baroque art of exaggeration and glorified unrestraint, I mean the art of Wagner. If you could realise in what a pure mountain air I am now living, how gently I am inclined towards those who still dwell in the mists of the valleys, how far more than ever I am drawn towards all that is good and efficient, a hundred times nearer the Greeks than before; how in every detail of life I strive after wisdom, while formerly I merely honoured and extolled the wise—in short, if you could only grasp this change and crisis, how eager you would be to undergo a similar experience!

"During the Bayreuth summer I became quite conscious of this, and fled after the first performances. . . . Now I shake off whatever does not belong to me, friends and foes, habits, conveniences, books; for years I shall live in solitude, until, as philosopher of life, ripe and ready, I feel it my right (and probably my duty) to commune once more with the world of men. Will you—can you—in spite of all, remain as good friends with me as you have always been? You

see I have reached a point of honesty where I can endure only the purest human relations. I abjure all half-friendships and partisanships, and I want no disciples. Let every man and woman be his or her *own* sole disciple!"

All the unpleasant things that were said or written to my brother left him quite unmoved. In thought he had long prepared himself for this crisis; perhaps he recognised his usual fate: "It went badly, but much better than I expected!" A rough draft for the splendid preface which he wrote for the book in 1886 shows most clearly by what unconscious but tempestuous longings he was driven forward, when he no longer found satisfaction for his highest ideals in the guides of his youth.

"This book, which has found its readers in a wide circle of countries and nations, and must possess some art of winning over even cold and refractory minds, was least understood by my intimate friends. To them, when it appeared, it was a source of fear and questioning, and it raised a barrier of misgiving between them and me. The circumstances out of which it arose had, indeed, a sufficient element of the enigmatic and contradictory; I was then very happy and very sad, proudly conscious of a victory I had just won over myself—but it was one of those victories that bring ruin in their train. One day, in the summer of 1876, came a sudden contempt and insight into myself; pitilessly I cast off the glorious desires and dreams which my youth had known, pitilessly I went forward on my journey, a journey of 'knowledge at all costs,' and I did this with a cruelty, an impatient curiosity, and also with an arrogance, which shattered my health for years to come.

"A great and ever increasing emancipation, an arbitrary departure abroad, a tendency to become foreign, cold, sober—such were my sole aims at that period. I tested everything to which my heart had previously clung. I turned over the best and most beloved things and examined their reverse side. I took whatever had been subjected to the most trenchant abuse and calumny and treated it in the opposite fashion. With a cautious, almost loving curiosity I handled much that had hitherto been alien to me; I learnt to take a juster view of

our age and of everything 'modern.' It may have been a risky game to play, and it often made me ill. But I held firmly to my resolve; I made the best of a bad job, and guarded myself sternly against any resolution in which sickness or solitude or weariness might have a share. 'Forward!' I said to myself, 'to-morrow you will be well, it is enough for to-day to appear well.' I then became master of all the pessimistic element in me: the will to health, the simulation of health was my remedy. These words express intelligibly and speciously enough what I then felt and desired as 'health': 'a well-fortified, serene and fundamentally cheerful soul, a temperament that need not be on its guard against ambuscades and sudden outbreaks, and in its outward expression betrays no snarling or crabbed tone (those notorious attributes of old dogs and of men who have long lain in fetters).' The most desirable state seemed to me 'a free and fearless flight above men, customs, laws and the traditional valuations.' In short, a kind of bird-freedom and bird's-eye-view, a blend of curiosity and contempt such as is known to all who gaze disinterestedly over a vast multitude—that was the new position which I had reached, and in which I long remained. 'A free spirit'—in such an eyrie that chill phrase does one good, it almost warms one; one becomes the opposite of those who trouble about matters that do not concern them; the free spirit is concerned with things that no longer trouble him.'

"The subjective result of all this was, as I remarked in the book, a negation of the world; that is, the conclusion that the world, so far as it concerns us in any way, is false. Not the world as thing in itself—that is empty, meaningless, and worthy of Homeric laughter!—but the world as *error* is so significant, deep, wonderful, it carries so much happiness and sorrow in its womb: that was my pronouncement at the time. The 'conquest of metaphysics' 'a feat demanding the highest effort of human reflection'—seemed to me to have been achieved. . . . But in the background there stood the will to a much wider curiosity, nay, to a colossal experiment. It dawned upon me to ask whether all values might not be transvalued, and I was always confronted by the question what, after all, is the meaning of all human valuations? What do they show of the conditions of life, of your life, of human life, and of life altogether?"

No one at the time had the slightest inkling of all this background to *Human, All Too Human,* and my brother was satisfied if isolated details were approved by his friends. Few there were who genuinely enjoyed the new book. My brother writes on this point to Peter Gast: "If I add to you the two who have really shown themselves pleased with my book, Rée and Burckhardt (who has repeatedly called it 'the sovereign book'), I get a pretty clear hint as to how men would have to be constituted before the work could produce a rapid effect."

During this period Jakob Burckhardt often came to see us, and his verdicts greatly cheered my brother, who was beginning to feel so isolated with his new ideas. For some years Burckhardt and Nietzsche had seen little of each other, owing to a curious dislike that the former had for Overbeck. Even now, when calling on us, he would always ask our servant if Overbeck was in; and when this proved the case on one occasion, he turned sharply on his heel and walked away. My brother was at great pains to convince Burckhardt of Overbeck's excellent qualities, and finally he seems to have succeeded in some measure. Peter Gast is no more in a position than Overbeck to say anything of Burckhardt's relations with Nietzsche; for Buckhardt also refused to meet Gast, who had offended him by an indiscreet criticism of the Music Director Bagge. Burckhardt delighted my brother by his recognition of the merits of "the sovereign book." He often declared that this book would contribute much to "the increase of independence in the world." My brother was most grateful for all such kindly overtures, for every effort of others to get into touch with his new ideas—and that too when even his friends generally expressed such peculiar views about *Human, All Too Human.*

But in all this medley of opinions, it was really only Wagner's that lay near to his heart. Nietzsche, as we know, had sought to make things easy for Wagner and let the book appear under an assumed name. When

this idea was abandoned, he went to the trouble of altering several aphorisms and inserting "the artist" in place of Wagner's name in the mansucript. Hence in the whole volume there is nothing directly aimed at Wagner or his art. By making the attack impersonal, Nietzsche had done all he could to soften the blow, and he hoped that Wagner could rise to the full height of a noble character and say to him: "Friend—there is now no connecting link between us, but we find joy in each other to such a degree that each furthers the other's progress, even when it goes in a direction diametrically opposed to his own."

Yet no word came from Bayreuth, and what we at length heard did not sound encouraging. My brother's publisher at the time, Herr Schmeitzner, of Chemnitz, was publishing the *Bayreuther Blätter* [*Bayreuth News*] in 1878, and for that reason often went to Wagner's house. I should have far preferred it if he had not repeated to us the talk that went on there (Wagner, for instance, is said to have remarked, "Oh, Nietzsche, you know—people only read *him* for what he has to say about *our* cause"). Later on, however, I came to the conclusion that Schmeitzner had only told us what he was expressly meant to repeat. True, Fritz was not irritated by these reports, but they made him very sad, for he had hoped for different treatment. He writes to Gast: "A sort of excommunication has been decreed from Bayreuth, and this seems to include the author as well as the book. They are trying to drop me, but keep my friends; I hear of a host of intrigues that are going on behind my back.—Wagner has missed a splendid opportunity for showing greatness of soul. I must not let this warp my judgment either about him or about myself."

Perhaps my brother never felt more affection for Wagner than in these years of separation, for in 1879 he writes: "When we part from a friend because our feeling and our judgment no longer go hand in hand, we

feel most strongly drawn to him; we batter at the wall that Nature has raised between him and us." He was extremely anxious that his own friends should not turn their backs on Wagner, as we see from a letter of June 11th, 1878, to Freiherr von Seydlitz: "I am very glad indeed that one of my friends has shown kindness to Wagner; for I myself am less and less in a position to please him; he is an old man and cannot change."

I have often been asked in what way Nietzsche had imagined Wagner would or should take *Human, All Too Human.* My brother furnishes the answer in one of the aphorisms of this book: "*Humanity of Friendship and Mastery.* 'Do thou go east, and I will go west'—to feel thus is the highest token of humanity in close intercourse: without this feeling every friendship, every discipleship becomes at some time or other a piece of hypocrisy."

In those months of June and July, 1878, my brother found great happiness in being freed from the constraint of bringing his views into line with Wagner's, in being able to express his opinions, whether final or transitional, without reserve. "I feel as if I were cured of an illness: with inexpressible joy I think of Mozart's *Requiem*, and simple dishes are once more to my taste." This sense of well-being triumphed for the moment over his pain at losing Wagner's friendship, especially as my brother still secretly hoped that the remarks attributed to Wagner had, after all, been exaggerated or misunderstood. In this cheerful spirit he writes to Freiherr von Seydlitz: "If you can understand my incomparable sensation of recognising my ideal and my goal for the first time—a feeling which no one else has, which hardly anyone can grasp, and for which only one poor human life can suffice—you will also understand why for this year, so soon as I am free from my professional duties, I need solitude. I want no one—solitude is *necessary.* Please accept this without discussion."

The fact that I left Bâle in the summer of 1878 has given rise to much misconception. As for the idea that my brother's remarks on Wagner's art drove me away from him, I can only say that I did not then seriously believe in a breach with Wagner—nor did my brother, who had also assumed that Wagner would allow him full freedom of opinion. Moreover, to the aphorisms against women in *Human, All Too Human,* I never raised the slightest objection. To someone who questioned him on this point my brother replied with some heat that these remarks had nothing whatever to do with me. "My sister is not a woman at all," he said, "she is a friend"—a remark which seemed in laughable contrast to my extremely feminine appearance. As a matter of fact, however, life has demanded of me those "manly" virtues which Nietzsche prized in his "Lama." He entrusted me with many of his affairs, especially the most troublesome, and used to say: "The Lama is brave, it is accessible to logical argument, it can run after an idea with great zeal, without consideration of self or of what people will say, it is upright and truth-loving to excess."

Yet there is a grain of truth in the rumours that I had personal reasons for leaving Bâle. When opinions differ widely, it is difficult for any but coarse natures to live under the same roof without quarrelling. The chief reason why my brother's new views did not arouse the old jubilant echo in me was my love for Christianity, which harmonised quite well with the theories of Schopenhauer and Wagner. This curious mixture may be found even to-day in Bayreuth and among Wagnerians. A clergyman in Naumburg, with whose family our mother was great friends, confessed to her that he was a passionate devotee of Schopenhauer. Now in my brother's philosophy there was no longer any place for Christianity, and I foresaw difficulties between mother and son. As fate had assigned me a middle place

between two extreme views—Fritz's and our mother's—my main object was to avoid further estrangement between these two. Although we still had so much in common, I felt also that I myself was a sort of drag on Fritz, and thought it better that we should not be together the whole year. We discussed the matter with perfect frankness.

My brother was making a last effort to combine his official duties with his private work. As the doctors had ordered him a change of air, he determined to take a small house outside Bâle. Accordingly, in July, 1878, I settled my brother in pretty, cosy, rooms, some way out of Bâle, in the Bachletten, while I went myself to the Frohburg, a charming health resort in the Jura Mountains. Here my brother stayed with me every Saturday to Monday. On one of these visits he remarked that it was his duty to show his friends exactly where he now stood in relation to the old teachers of his youth. He set to work at once, went into the woods that Sunday morning, and there wrote nearly half a little volume, to which he gave the title of *The New Outlook.* From the notes which he continued at Bâle it appears that the purport of this book is contained in the following words: "One can speak without bias both of Wagner and of Schopenhauer, even during their lifetime; their greatness will always outweigh whatever we may have to throw in the other scale of the balance. All the more reason for warning against the *dangers* of their influence."

It is a great pity that *The New Outlook* was never finished. An article by Richard Wagner, published in the *Bayreuther Blätter* for August, 1878, completely changed the situation. The article was called *Popularity and the Public,* and contained a series of vague but heated attacks on my brother, which lost none of their sting by not mentioning his name. This attack clearly made it impossible for my brother to finish the little

book in which he took such pains to be just and gentle; while on the other hand he was too sad to answer in a sharp, irritable tone. Now really came the final breach between my brother and Wagner, the last farewell, the most painful disappointment as to Wagner's character.

My brother was deeply wounded and embittered by this disappointment. The summer of 1876 had brought the great disillusionment as to Wagner's art; now he was tormented by the disillusionment as to Wagner's greatness of soul, and by the distressing thought that so vast a gulf separated him from one whom he had loved more than any of his friends. The feeling of having lost in Wagner the only being whom he could still venerate preyed day and night upon his bodily and spiritual health. Many years later he writes: "As I went forward alone, I trembled; not long afterwards I was ill, nay, more than ill—weary: weary from my ceaseless disappointment with everything that still inspires enthusiasm in us moderns, with the strength, labour, hope, youth, love everywhere *squandered;* weary from disgust at all the idealistic lying and softening of conscience, which here once more had won a victory over one of the bravest; last, but not least, weary from the torture of an inexorable suspicion, that I was henceforth condemned to distrust more thoroughly, to suspect more thoroughly, to be alone more thoroughly, than ever before. For I had had no one but Richard Wagner . . . My lot has always been cast among Germans. . . ."

Wagner also suffered through the separation, but it must not be forgotten that Wagner had quite another meaning for Nietzsche than Nietzsche could have for Wagner. When the Master met my brother, he himself was an old man with a career that was drawing to its close. For Wagner, therefore, the Nietzsche affair was but an episode of his latter days, one that could have no great influence or future. My brother, on the other hand, was then in the morning glow of his youth and

strength ; he surrounded this friendship with a most glorious halo, and transformed the Master's figure into something that far surpassed all human proportions. Now his ideal was shattered, and Wagner's every action made the ruin more complete.

Although Nietzsche's attitude towards Wagner was greatly affected by the article in the *Bayreuther Blätter*, he still strove to be moderate and just. He wrote to Freiherr von Seydlitz :

"My feelings towards Wagner are quite impartial. The split was bound to come ; it is good for me, and my emancipation from Wagner will do much to further my intellectual development. 'The caricaturist of Bayreuth,' some one said to me, 'is a fool, and an ungrateful fool.' 'As regards the middle-class virtue of gratitude,' I answered, 'men of so high a destiny must be measured by the standard of their destiny.' What is more, I am perhaps no more grateful than Wagner is—and so far as foolishness is concerned—— But perhaps I have already said enough, the 'Wagnerian' in you is bestirring himself and looking for stones to throw. . . . No, my dear fellow, you will not throw any at me, that I know. . . . But do me the favour of never *defending* me. My position, if I may say so, is too proud for that. I think my friends ought to share my pride."

My brother had to hear many unpleasant things at this time, and I must still marvel at his patience. Occasionally he cannot help a groan. Thus, in thanking Frau Marie Baumgartner for a letter of hers (September 10th, 1878) : "If you only knew what an exception your letter was to those I have been receiving for months ! The rest disown me three times in one breath, and crow over it like cocks."

At the beginning of August, 1878, my brother went off for a holiday, first to Grindelwald and then to Interlaken, but his state of health was decidedly poor. Wagner's article had greatly affected him, especially as

he received "horrible letters" on the subject. He also wrote far too much again, and the glittering clearness of the Swiss landscape hurt his overstrained eyes, so that he began to dislike even the mountain air, since it did him no good. Moreover, he was very anxious to have a talk with me about the change in the situation caused by Wagner's article. He came, therefore, on September 24th to Naumburg, and stayed with us until the beginning of his university term. He soon got better, and was comforted by the fact that I made Wagner's associates responsible for the unpleasant tone of the article and—in order to get at the truth—proposed to discuss the matter myself with Cosima. He had great faith in my "power of reconciling contrasts."

The attempt at reconciliation, however, was an utter failure; its only advantage was that it cleared up the situation. Cosima spoke of *Human, All Too Human*, in a simply withering tone; she found it "intellectually so very insignificant, morally so very lamentable," she called my brother's style "at once pretentious and slipshod," she thought she could "convict the author of superficiality and childish sophistry in almost every sentence of the book," and so forth. It is not too much to say that she betrayed not the faintest understanding either of the author or of the value of the book. Finally she even spoke of treachery; my brother "had flown to a well-fortified hostile camp"; and she expressed a sarcastic wish that "the treachery might bear good fruit for its author." I should not indeed have thought it possible that my brother could be so completely misunderstood; and I believe that Cosima was voicing the opinion, not of Wagner, but of some crazy Wagnerians, which she herself had put into even stronger language. This was also the view of Heinrich von Stein.

Luckily, I was able to hold back Cosima's letter until my brother had resigned himself to the irreparable nature of the breach. Still, I cannot conceal the fact that this

letter of Cosima's was a great solace to him, since it was on Cosima that he now laid the entire blame for Wagner's attitude. This is evident from various attacks on Cosima contained in his private notes. It seems to be a consolation to men in trying times, if they can throw the chief blame on women ; and my brother forms no exception to this universal male characteristic. At the same time, they find it easy to pardon woman for her passionate and even unfair defence of the loved one ; the thought makes them quite cheerful. Later on, when my brother was in good health, we could not help being amused at the idea that the wife of Richard Wagner, who with his unhappy style had exercised a positively disastrous influence on the writing of a whole generation, should have had the audacity to accuse Nietzsche of "slipshod" writing. So completely can love make a woman blind !

The only reproach I had to make against Wagner was that he lost my brother with an apparently light heart. We thought we saw clearly that for him Nietzsche had been nothing but a tool—a precious, well-loved, tenderly-handled tool, but still one that could be dispensed with. Perhaps this view of ours was mistaken. When I went to Bayreuth for *Parsifal* in 1882, Wagner asked for a special interview with me, of which more anon. As I was going, Wagner said softly : "Tell your brother that since he left me I have been alone." If only Wagner—but here is no place for "ifs," Wagner was Wagner and Nietzsche was Nietzsche—it could not be helped ! A higher law, a law of iron, held sway over both. Nietzsche, recalling those glorious days of their loving friendship, gave the most sublime expression to this idea in the aphorism "Star-Friendship," which he inserted in the book he was writing in 1882 :

> "We were friends and have become strangers. But that is as it should be, and we will not hide it from ourselves or obscure it, as if we ought to be ashamed. We are two ships,

each with her own course and her own goal; we may pass each other and hold a festival with each other, as we did—and then the good ships lay so calm in one haven and in one ray of sunshine, so that it might have seemed as if they were already at their goal and had one goal. But after that the almighty power of our task drove us apart again, into different seas and climes, and perhaps we shall never meet again—or meet indeed but never recognise each other; the different seas and climes have changed us! It was a law unto us that we must become strangers: and for that very reason we shall become more honourable towards each other! For that very reason the thought of our former friendship shall become holy! It seems there is some huge invisible curve and star-track, in which our so varied roads and goals are comprised as tiny distances—let us raise ourselves to the height of that conception! But our life is too short and our vision too limited for us to be anything more than friends in the sense of that sublime possibility.—So we will believe in our star-friendship, even if we have to be earthly enemies." (*Joyful Wisdom*, Aphorism 279.)

CHAPTER VI

FAREWELL TO BÂLE

In the foregoing chapter I anticipated somewhat, and I now return to the autumn of 1878. I should like to begin this chapter with a lament over our blindness in not keeping our Fritz in Naumburg or inducing him to go South, but letting him go back to his post at Bâle. By Rohde's advice he had gone to the famous oculist Herr Geheimrat Gräfe at Halle on Saale, in order to have his eyes examined. This excellent specialist gave a most discouraging verdict on the state of his eyes, declaring after examination that the truth would be painful for his patient to hear. "Your eyes are a striking example of the extent to which scholars can ruin their sight. I really ought to advise you not to read or write a single word for several years. But I suppose I might as well tell you not to breathe." At that time it was not yet known that headaches like my brother's were principally due to eye-strain ; the other doctors whom I consulted always assumed that the eye-aches and failing vision were the consequence of another malady, not yet diagnosed. Through this fatal mistake the following years, especially the winters of 1878-79 and 1879-80 were the most painful and unbearable years of Nietzsche's life. I am quite ready to believe that his delicate nervous system, the strong emotions of his intellectual development, and the sensitiveness of his soul had a great deal to do with his condition : but his suffering could have been greatly lessened had it then been known what a tremendous influence the misuse of his overworked optical nerves had upon the rest of his system. New discoveries and careful investigations have (alas, too late !) revealed the

truth. Where the chief trouble lay can be seen from the fact that a short period, in which he did nothing but chat and go for walks, effected an amazingly rapid recovery.

In that autumn too, he had got much better while staying with us, and went back to work at Bâle with a stout heart. Yet this return had most evil effects in other ways, for it brought him under the influence of the Overbecks. No one has ever had any idea how fatal this influence became. All the facts which I adduce here, and about which nothing has been said hitherto, come from reports by Frau Marie Baumgartner and Professor Erwin Rohde. They have made these reports to others besides me, and at first I thought them misleading—at any rate, so far as Overbeck is concerned. Overbeck's *Reminiscences of Friedrich Nietzsche* (published in the winter of 1905-06 by Herr C. A. Bernoulli in the *Neuer Rundschau*), together with later evidence from Herr Bernoulli himself and from Dr. Burckhardt, have made it clear to me that our loyal, upright friends, Rohde and Frau Baumgartner, were perfectly right—that almost all the base calumnies against my brother originated in the Overbecks' house, as will be proved in a later chapter.

When my brother returned to Bâle for the winter of 1878 our worthy old friend Overbeck was no longer himself. The spiritual change was then only beginning, but he was already very much under the influence of his wife. If after so many false charges the truth is to be spoken, it must here be stated emphatically that Frau Overbeck, through her husband—whom she unfortunately ruled more and more completely as the years went on—exerted a most malign influence upon all my brother's connections, so far as she was able to get at his friends, and thus shake their mutual confidence. Only the friends who were not in relation with the Overbecks—Deussen, Gersdoff, Seydlitz—could remain loyal to Nietzsche. In a conversation, long, and for

me very painful, which we had in September, 1895, Frau Baumgartner said: "None of Nietzsche's friends would ever have proved false to him if Frau Overbeck had not come between them and Nietzsche." "But surely," I objected, "Overbeck himself remained loyal!" "No," answered Frau Baumgartner, indignantly, "he was the most disloyal of them all—you ought to have heard him speak. Through his wife he became a changed man." Those who have read Overbeck's *Reminiscences* will readily understand Frau Baumgartner's indignation. Among all my brother's tragedies of friendship, this Overbeck affair was the most lamentable; for Nietzsche never suspected how Overbeck had wronged him, thinking on the contrary that Overbeck and his wife were the only true friends who still remained faithful when all the rest had flown. As Frau Baumgartner justly remarked, it will always be a riddle how Nietzsche, after his early antipathy to Frau Overbeck, could come to rate her as high as her husband and—if only for a few years—could repose confidence in this woman.

The baneful influence which the Overbecks now began to exert on Nietzsche would have been impossible if the breach with Wagner had not altered his whole way of thinking, and opened the door to mistrust. In this deeply wounded soul Frau Overbeck, either herself or through the agency of her husband, now sowed the seeds of discord and suspicion. Once, for instance, when my brother mentioned Rohde in their presence, they shrugged their shoulders and exchanged meaning looks: while to Rohde they actually spoke against Nietzsche. In the spring of 1879, my brother made a remark implying that he could no longer rely on Rohde's friendship. He was deeply moved on receiving at the end of that year a warm letter from Rohde, proving that he had been utterly mistaken. But the sting remained. The final rupture with Rohde would never have come but for the vague, disquieting talk in which the Overbecks indulged

for years. As Frau Baumgartner admirably phrased it: "The Overbecks robbed Nietzsche of his belief in his friends, and his friends of their belief in his greatness!"

There is no doubt that Overbeck before his marriage was a loyal and sincere friend to Nietzsche, and would have remained so but for his wife's influence. Rohde spoke of this influence as "a worm gnawing at Overbeck's soul"; and in the *Reminiscences* I can detect a sort of dialogue between the old and the new Overbeck, an attempt to take back things said about Nietzsche in the presence of his wife. It is clear, then, that Frau Overbeck was the chief villain of the piece: and the question arises, what were her motives? From what Frau Baumgartner has said and from my own observations, it seems clear that so soon as she came to Bâle she strove to make her husband Nietzsche's only friend and herself Nietzsche's "soul-sister." To this end, two persons had to be removed: Rohde, whom (except Wagner, of course) my brother valued most highly among all the friends of his youth, and I, who held the first place in his confidence. Rohde and I were thus the victims of Frau Overbeck's ambition, but the chief victim, after all, was my poor brother; for all who had any connection with the Overbecks and had previously cherished a sincere veneration for Nietzsche—Professor Adolf Baumgartner, for instance, Frau Baumgartner's son, who had been an enthusiastic pupil of his—now lost their reverence for Nietzsche's greatness and for his character, and came to look upon him with shy circumspection. The old veneration for my brother's personality, such as was paid him, for instance, in the Engadine by many old acquaintances from Bâle, was now only to be found among those who stood entirely outside the Overbeck circle.

It was against me, however, that Frau Overbeck principally tried to set my brother—at first by mildly disparaging remarks, but later on by open back-biting.

On this subject Frau Baumgartner has a whole heap of stories to tell, which might be called amusing if they had not had such grievous consequences. In the winter of 1878-79 Frau Baumgartner saw a good deal of my brother, for this self-sacrificing woman, whose handwriting was quite beautiful, wrote out the manuscript of *Miscellaneous Maxims and Opinions*.[1] My brother, she relates, complained to her once that the Overbecks were pressing him too hard to get rid of his sister, saying: "An old maid readily clings to her only brother, and thus later on sometimes becomes a terrible burden." Frau Baumgartner laughed outright at these complaints, and ventured to answer that up to now it seemed as if Nietzsche had thrown a pretty heavy burden on his sister, rather than the other way about. Nietzsche thoroughly agreed with this remark; he was quite certain, he added, that simply for the sake of looking after him, I had refused advantageous proposals of marriage.

Shortly afterwards, when his departure from Bâle was discussed, and it seemed doubtful whether the University would grant him a sufficient pension—the Swiss Universities are not bound to give pensions at all—I put my whole fortune at his disposal and said that I would try to earn my own living. My brother had told Frau Baumgartner of this, whereupon she cried, "So you see yourself how little there is in what Frau Overbeck says!" If, indeed, these first slanders failed in their object, still Frau Overbeck persevered, and constant dropping will wear away a stone. Her depreciatory remarks were directed not only against me, but also against our mother. She professed to pity my brother for having relatives who suited him so little; how insignificant, how imperfect we were, was her constant theme. The ultimate result might almost be called ludicrous. My brother was still most devoted to us, but tried to hide the fact from the

[1] This forms a section of *Human, All Too Human*, Vol. II.—Tr.

Overbecks. He did not always succeed, and thus caused Frau Overbeck some unpleasant surprises.

I have been anticipating again, and now return to the winter of 1878-79. After his holiday at Naumburg Fritz was relatively in a fit condition when he entered on the winter term at Bâle. He gave his lectures and lived a very solitary life almost outside the town, where the workmen's quarter of Binnigen now extends. At that time there were hardly any houses there, and he could enjoy pleasant walks from home without having to pass through streets. He had arranged to live on a system prescribed by the Italian Cornaro—with what evil results the end of the winter showed, as he relates himself in *The Twilight of the Gods*. He lived entirely on fruit, rusks, vegetable soups as specially made for invalids, and cold roast meat, daintily prepared for him by a *Delikatessen* shop. There is no doubt that my brother was trying at this time to imitate Diogenes in the tub a little ; he wanted to find out the minimum required to satisfy a philosopher's wants. These four months, however (for the system lasted no longer than that), have been tricked out by malicious romancers with all manner of legends. Seeking to belittle my brother or even to make him ridiculous, they turn his dried fruits, figs and dates, and his apples, pears and dates into cabbages and leeks, which, they say, he bought himself and brought with him into the class-room. Why he did so, these fools cannot say ; nor is this strange, seeing that he never ate cabbages or leeks in his life, and certainly had no idea of giving such things to his students. He saw no friends at this period, but Professor Overbeck came to read to him, and altogether showed a kindly anxiety for his welfare. Nietzsche rarely returned these visits, and otherwise avoided meeting acquaintances.

The chief reason for such a complete retirement must be found in the remark he used to make to me, " I am not in sufficiently good health to fight continually with the

unspoken thoughts and secret opposition of my friends." Great indeed are the contradictions of the human heart, even in a philosopher! Fritz allowed his friends perfect freedom as to their own opinions, whether they remained faithful to Wagner and Schopenhauer or were ready to listen to new doctrines; but for all that, it annoyed him to see our personal convictions so firmly attached to the old gods.

On his life at the time he writes to Freiherr von Seydlitz (November, 1878):

> "My dear friend, I am always thinking of you. Bless your kind soul! But I am no longer up to writing letters, my oldest friends can no more expect this of me than my latest. I must live for my professional work and for my own task—for a master and for a divine mistress at once: far too much for my feeble powers and my broken health. Seen from outside, it is the life of a greybeard and a hermit: a complete absence of intercourse, even with friends, is essential. In spite of this I am full of courage; forward, *excelsior!*"

With what feelings he faced even the possibility of going blind is shown by a pathetic aphorism of this period:

> "Ay, the favour of the Muses!—What Homer says of it grips the very heart, so true, so terrible it is: 'With all her heart the Muse loved him, and vouchsafed him good and evil: for she reft him of eyesight and gave him the gift of sweet song.' An endless text for the thinker: good and evil she vouchsafes, that is her way of loving with all her heart! And everyone will interpret specially for himself, why we thinkers and poets must give up our eyes in her service."

He had at first intended to go away every week-end, but nothing came of the idea, for work upon his lectures and his new book took up his whole time. Instead of taking a rest at week-ends, he continued working with unabated energy, or ran over to Lörrach, in Baden, where his excellent friend Frau Marie Baumgartner, as was mentioned above, was copying the manuscript of his new,

but not altogether newly composed, book. In the two collections of aphorisms which make up the second volume of *Human, All Too Human*, there is much that owes its conception and first draft to the summer and autumn of 1877 and the following winter. In particular, a great part comes from those notes written at Sorrento, for which he had not found space in the first volume. Of course he overworked himself again this winter, and with more serious results than ever before, on account of his insufficient nourishment. In March, 1879, the *Miscellaneous Maxims and Opinions* appeared, and afforded my brother little pleasure; for his friends either said nothing or expressed themselves in tortuous fashion—except, as in the case of the first volume, Jakob Burckhardt, Dr. Paul Rée and Peter Gast.

For the Easter holidays Fritz went to Geneva, without any benefit to his health. After his return there came a terrible crisis, violent headaches, eye-aches in constant succession, with vomiting that lasted all day—all his patience, all his courage was at an end! I was urgently requested by Overbeck to come to Bâle at once. When I arrived I had a dreadful shock; I hardly recognised my dear brother—a weary man, prematurely aged, gave me his hand with deep emotion. He had never looked like this; formerly, everyone had been amazed to see how Fritz, in spite of all his suffering, looked better and was more robust than many persons in permanent good health. The extraordinary regimen above described accounted for his fearful loss of strength in the previous winter. He had no idea how carefully I had looked after his digestion in the former bad winter in Bâle, so that during the long days of pain he never ceased to take sufficient food. I violently reproached myself with not having laid enough stress on this point. It was now clear that only this careful treatment had enabled him to go through the earlier winters in Bâle. I must confess, however, that his own regimen for a time suited him very well in the South.

To continue his professorial work at Bâle, however, was now out of the question. Fritz handed in his resignation, addressing the following letter to the educational authorities:

"The state of my health, which has frequently caused me to ask for special favours at your hands, allows me now to take the final step and to request that I may be permitted to give up my teaching post at the University. In recent years I have, to my great regret, been guilty of frequent irregularity in the execution of my duties; and my ever-increasing tendency to painful headaches, the continual loss of time caused by my frequent illness, and the repeated certainty that my sight has become considerably impaired—all this has now reached a point where I cannot satisfactorily fulfil those duties or, in fact, perform them at all. I see no prospect of being able to count on any rapid improvement in a condition which has now become chronic, seeing that for years I have made attempt after attempt to get cured, and have regulated my life to that end with the sternest self-denial—in vain, as I must now confess; so that I have in fact lost all hope of being able to resist my suffering much longer.

"It would be detrimental to our University and to classical studies in general, if I continued to fill a post to which I am no longer suited. All that remains for me is to express, with deep regret, the wish that I may be permitted to resign, and at the same time to tender my thanks for the many proofs of kindly consideration which the authorities have given me from the day of my appointment."

The resignation was sanctioned, and he was granted a pension of £120 a year, paid partly by the Government and partly by the University. The answering letter of the authorities ran as follows:

"In forwarding you the document whereby Government sanctions your resignation, we express for our part our sincere thanks for the faithful devotion you have shown in your teaching work at our University, so long and so far as was possible. We also venture to hope that the illness, which to our great regret has caused a temporary cessation of your activities, may

reasonably soon yield to the silent influence of time and repose. May your patience not be put to too severe a test!

"Pray accept, Professor, the assurance of our genuine esteem.

"In the name of the Board of Education,

"The President."

My brother was Professor at Bâle for ten years, and during this period his lectures included the following subjects: Greek Literature, Greek Religion, Greek Lyric Poetry, Fragments of Greek Lyric Poets, Ancient Rhetoric, Greek Metres, Latin Grammar, Roman Inscriptions, the Pre-Socratic Philosophers, Hesiod, Theognis, the *Choephoroe* of Æschylus, the *Œdipus Rex* of Sophocles, Plato's Life and Writings, the Platonic Dialogues (introductory), Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, Plato's *Apology* and *Phaedo*, Thucydides, Diogenes Laertius, Cicero, Cicero's *Academica*. Those who know Nietzsche's numerous writings of this period and now see this long list of lectures may well imagine that my brother took his professional work easily. Recently, however, the three volumes of his *Philologica* have appeared, and caused great astonishment among all scholars, for they show that even in the execution of these duties my brother was conscientiousness personified, and that pride forced him to fulfil his teaching functions as well as possible and to do the best he could for the instruction of his students. An excellent scholar wrote to me, after a perusal of the recently published *Philologica*: "In the fulfilment of his professional duties Nietzsche's personality appears as great as it does in his work as thinker and artist. Just as his classical researches are marked by penetrating acumen and fertile synthesis, so do his lectures display a care in preparation that was then almost without parallel, and a mastery of his subject-matter that places them by the side of those of Jakob Burckhardt."

Yet this conscientiousness may in a sense be called his misfortune, for it put such a strain on his already defective eyesight, and contributed to his terrible sufferings.

It was a signal injustice towards himself that he did not decide earlier to end his professional career and leave Bâle ; the last years had meant a useless expenditure of strength, and the damage they caused was almost irreparable. But as I have said before, everything in my brother's life developed slowly, most slowly of all his belief in himself and in his highest vocation. In Guyau's *Sketch of a Morality without Obligation or Sanction* we came upon a passage which my brother had heavily marked in the margin : "Let us suppose, for instance, an artist who realises that he has genius, and finds himself all his life condemned to manual labour ; this feeling of a wasted existence, of a task unfulfilled, of an ideal unrealised, will obsess his brain in the same way as if it were the consciousness of a moral weakness." My brother makes a pathetic marginal comment : "Such was my own existence at Bâle."

With what emotions my brother, in all the *amor fati* of his later life, looked back at that tragic period and all the changes it brought about, may be gathered from the following note written in the autumn of 1888 :

> "At that time my instinct proclaimed an irrevocable decree that I should no longer give in, go with the stream, and stifle my own nature. Any imaginable mode of life, the most unfavourable conditions, sickness, poverty—anything seemed better than that unworthy altruism, into which I had fallen, at first from ignorance and youth, and to which I afterwards clung from indolence and a so-called 'sense of duty.' And now, in the nick of time—I can never marvel enough at this piece of good fortune—that evil legacy from my father came to my aid. It really meant the predestination to an early death. Illness slowly pulled me out of the mire ; it saved me from any rupture, from any violent or outrageous step. I lost no goodwill at the time, and indeed gained a good deal afterwards. Illness gave me a right to a complete revolution in all my habits ; it allowed me, nay, commanded me, to forget ; it involved the need of lying still, of idleness, of patient waiting —in other words, it compelled me to *think !* My eye trouble

alone made an end of all bookwormery—'philology we Germans call it. I was released from 'books,' for years I read no more—and that is the greatest blessing I ever procured myself! My inmost self had been crushed or silenced, as it were, by the continual necessity of listening to other selves (for that is all that 'reading' means); now it awoke—slowly, shyly, dubiously, but at last it did speak again. Never did I take so much pleasure in myself as in the most sickly and painful period of my life. One need only glance at *Dawn of Day* or *The Wanderer and His Shadow* to realise what this 'return to myself' meant: the most glorious form of convalescence! The rest followed only by a natural sequence."

Still, there was as yet no idea of improvement or convalescence; Fritz had lost all belief that he would get well. His torments were all the more intense in that they were never interrupted by any stupor in the daytime or by a few consecutive hours of sleep at night. Yet in spite of the agony, his brain went on working.

In *Ecce Homo* he describes his condition in the worst years of his illness (1879-80):

"In the midst of my torments, which included an uninterrupted three days' headache and painful nausea, my reasoning powers were wonderfully clear. With perfect calmness I thought out matters for which in a healthier state I am not sufficiently aspiring or subtle or cool. Perhaps my readers know to what extent I regard dialectics as a symptom of decadence; as for instance in the most celebrated case, that of Socrates. Feverish derangement of the intellect, even the semi-stupor which fever brings on—from all such symptoms I have been entirely free to this day, and as to their nature and frequency I have had to inform myself from books."

After my arrival we remained only one day at Bâle, Fritz instructing me what to do with his books and manuscripts. Some of his books he had already given away or sold, but the bulk of his library was still there. The books were to be packed in cases and housed with friends, with the exception of two trunks full, which he intended to take with him on his travels. It gave me

quite a shock to hear what he meant to do with his manuscripts. It was his habit to write all preliminary matter in stiff-bound notebooks. He now made two heaps of these on the floor; one heap was to be packed, the other to be burnt. "What do I want with all these notebooks?" he said; "I shall soon be either blind or dead!" I was horror-stricken at the thought that these books in his dear handwriting were to be burnt. "Fritz," I said, hesitatingly, "how can these stiff-bound notebooks be burnt?" "Of course they won't burn with the covers on," he replied; then he took a penknife and ripped off the covers. "Look here, Fritz," I said, "I've already found something that ought not to go in the fire—you must let me sort the whole lot out." "Just as you please," answered Fritz, "only take the stuff out of my sight—have it packed away, or burnt, I leave everything in your loving and capable hands." The heap of notebooks which my brother was ready to commit to the flames comprised a large part of volumes IX. and X. in the Complete edition of his works, and of the three volumes of his classical writings. Needless to say, I did not burn a single line. In all the wealth of his intellect, my brother had quite forgotten what priceless treasures were stored up in these manuscripts.

From Bâle we went to Schloss Bremgarten, near Berne, and stayed there nearly three weeks. The whole period, with its infinite melancholy, is indelibly graven in my memory. Near the castle there are long stretches of lovely woodland, and a garden with gigantic old trees, lying high above the Aar and forming a peninsula in that river. After the departure from Bâle the worst symptoms of Fritz's illness were over, but he always had the feeling that they might recur. Besides, he was half-blind, and so exhausted that we dared not hope for much; still, we walked about a good deal. The surroundings of Schloss Bremgarten are wonderfully picturesque, and I can still see the touching look with

which my brother viewed the whole glorious landscape, as if he were bidding farewell for ever. One evening we rested on a high plateau; it was a wide, lonely space fringed with dark firs, which stood out in sharp relief against the cold blue sky. Birds of prey seemed to be holding a meeting on the tree-tops; as they came and flew away with shrill, hoarse cries, and we looked at the wild, silent scenery and shivered in the cool evening airs we were seized with the impression of an unending loneliness; we seemed to be cut off from all living things, as if in a place of death, whence even the birds of prey flew with mocking screams. "Lisbeth," said my brother, solemnly, "promise me that, when I die, only my friends shall stand about my coffin—no inquisitive crowd. See that no priest or anyone else utters falsehoods at my graveside, when I can no longer defend myself, and let me descend into my tomb as an honest pagan." I raised my hand as if for an oath, and swore to do as he asked.

When I had put his affairs in order in Bâle, and had given away or sold his furniture, I packed the manuscripts in my trunk and sent it to Naumburg—contrary to the injunctions of Professor Overbeck, who strongly urged me to burn "the old rubbish." I still see him before me, contemptuously setting his foot upon the heap of manuscripts. I must add, however, that Overbeck was somewhat hurt because my brother had emphatically refused his and his wife's kind offer to put his affairs in order. "I am glad to know that you, and no one else, will take charge of all my things," he said to me, and afterwards praised me for arranging everything by myself, and that, too, after his own heart. It is one of the saddest times I have lived through. To break up this little household and work alone among the ruins was a melancholy task. One day an unknown admirer of my brother came from North Germany; he must have thought that I was preparing for an imminent death. I should like to point out, however, that in spite of his

slight annoyance Overbeck behaved as a real friend and was extremely helpful. However much his expression of his feelings may have changed, I believe that in his innermost heart he never loved anyone as he loved my brother. It was only later that this friendship was marred, and we must not draw conclusions for the earlier period from the later.

After all, my brother made some recovery during the three weeks that we spent together at Schloss Bremgarten, and the clearest sign of this was that we had again begun to make all sorts of plans for the future. He next went on to Zürich, where for a fortnight a kind, motherly friend looked after him and cheered him up. From Zürich he travelled to Wiesen, and thence at the end of June to St. Moritz. For the first time his wounded spirit was cheered by the brightness of the Engadine sky, the noble, heroic contours of its scenery, the whole splendid colour-scheme of its lakes and flowery meadows and slopes. How delighted he was, how closely akin with his surroundings he felt, is shown by two aphorisms in the little book he wrote there, a book which exhales all the mountain-air of his mood—*The Wanderer and His Shadow*. The aphorisms run as follows :

> "*Finding one's Double in Nature.*—In many a stretch of country we discover ourselves again, with a pleasant thrill; it is the most delightful way of finding one's double. What capacity for happiness there must be in one who has this feeling just here, in this sunny October atmosphere, in this roguish, merry play of the breeze from morning till evening, in this most pure clearness and most moderate coolness, in all the graceful, stately hill, lake and forest scenery of this high plateau, fearlessly planting itself near the terrors of the eternal snows—here, where Italy and Finland join hands, and the home of the all silvery hues of Nature seems to be. How happy must he be who can say 'No doubt there are many grander and more beautiful places in Nature, but this is intimate and familiar to me, in blood-kinship with me—nay, more than that!'"

"*Et in Arcadia ego.*—I looked down, over the billowy hills, towards a milky-green lake, through firs and pines solemn with age; fragments of rock were all around me, and the soil was gay with flowers and grasses. A straggling herd of cattle was moving before me; single cows and groups in the distance, in the clearest evening light, near the pine-forest; others nearer, darker; all in repose and evening contentment. My watch showed me that the time was nearly half-past five. The bull of the herd had entered the white, foaming stream, and was slowly following its tumultuous course, now resisting, now yielding; that, no doubt, was his form of savage comfort. Two dark-brown creatures from Bergamo were the cow-herds; the girl was dressed almost like a boy. On the left, rocky slopes and stretches of snow above broad belts of woodland, on the right, two enormous ice-bound peaks, high above me, swimming in the veil of the sun-haze.—All was grand, silent and bright. The beauty of the whole moved one to awe and to mute adoration of the moment that revealed it. Involuntarily, as if nothing were more natural, one put Greek heroes into this pure, clear world of light, which had no element of yearning, expecting, looking before and after: so must Poussin and his pupils have felt; at once heroic and idyllic.—So, too, isolated men have lived, continually feeling the world in themselves and themselves in the world; and among these was one of the greatest of mankind, the discoverer of a heroic and idyllic form of philosophy—Epicurus."

Later, Fritz used to say, "The Engadine gave me back my life." Once more he was filled with cheerful sentiments about life, as may be seen from his naive, childlike letters of July, 1879:

"This morning I wanted to write the birthday letter, and behold, the little box comes, and it is *I* who get a present on *your* birthday! How funny! I shall certainly make up to you for this, only you must wait till I feel a bit more at home here. At present I have no idea *what* one can get here.—So for to-day nothing but fondest love and thanks for the present, the past and the future, dear sister. You have helped me as only a good sister can help.—Again I see to-day how everything has been chosen after my own heart, down to the very dish-cloth—I meant to ask you for one. How nice the 'brown college'

loaves are—couldn't one bake oneself something in the barley line? The bakers here are dreadfully dear. . . . In fact, prices run high for everything! . . . Still, St. Moritz suits me down to the ground. I am often ill, have already spent four days in bed, and every day brings its jeremiad, yet in spite of all I can stand it better here than anywhere else. I feel as if I had been searching for a long time and had at last found what I want. Improvement is no longer to be thought of—much less recovery. But it is a great deal to be able to endure—you know what I mean. . . ."

He had now formed the resolution of going to Naumburg for the autumn. Near our mother's house, on the old city rampart, was a tower formerly used for defensive purposes, with a large garden. This piece of ground belonged to the city, and we had had the idea that Fritz should rent this tower with the garden, live there, and do a little gardening by way of physical exercise. As he now felt in better health, he found this plan very attractive, and writes eagerly to my mother, who had gone into the matter: "The idea of cultivating vegetables is very much to my liking, and is by no means unworthy of a future 'sage.' You know that I have a fancy for a simple, natural mode of life, it always makes me stronger —in fact, there is for me no other way of keeping fit. What I need is real *work*, which takes time and gives me trouble, without involving any mental exertion. Didn't Father say that I was sure to become a gardener some day? True, I am quite inexperienced, but otherwise I am not a fool. At first you will have to coach me a bit."

In September Fritz and I met at Chur. I was perfectly astounded to see what a recovery he had made. He was so fresh and elastic, had such a healthy complexion, and had so completely regained his firm, upright carriage, that I could find no words for my joy and surprise. It came out that he had not seen himself in the looking-glass for months, and he was now quite

astonished himself at the change in his appearance. These were happy days, when we even hoped that he might become well again. Eight years later he thought longingly of those days. "Do you remember, my dear Lama, how we once breakfasted together on the Hill of Roses at Chur? It was the autumn of 1879. You had the worthy George Eliot's 'Middlemarch' with you. Just there it is that your brother is living now, at a teacher's house, waiting to see if the weather will at last allow of the ascent to the Engadine." In another letter of the same period: "What a contrast between the present and those happy days! Good God, how lonely I am now! I no longer have anyone to laugh with, to drink tea with, to cheer me up affectionately."

Fritz went to Naumburg without me—I was called away on a visit—and at first wrote very cheerfully about his stay there, telling me that his new book, *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, would very soon be published. A fortnight later, however, he wrote that he was trying to get rid of the tower and garden as soon as possible; with his weak eyes, gardening proved exhausting work, and in fact he did not think he could stand life in Northern Europe much longer. When winter came on, the old misery began again. The year January, 1879–January, 1880 was the worst of his life for pain and suffering. Once he writes: "A heavy burden lies upon me—on 118 days this year I have had severe attacks." In his recollections (1880) he says of this period: "In my thirty-sixth year my vitality reached its nadir—I lived, but without seeing three steps in front of me. Then (it was 1879) I resigned my professorship at Bâle, lived through the summer like a shadow at St. Moritz, and the following winter—the most sunless I have known—like a shadow at Naumburg. This was my low-water mark. It was now that my *Wanderer and His Shadow* appeared—well I certainly knew all about shadows."

The above mentioned book was published about

Christmas time, and was again received with great delight by his old friends, except of course the Wagners, who had no longer read anything of Nietzsche's since the first volume of *Human, All Too Human.* Rohde was the first to give voice to these impressions, and this pleased my brother very much. Fritz writes to him :

> " A thousand thanks, dear friend ! Your old affection with a new seal upon it—that was the most precious gift upon the eve of the presentation. Seldom have I been so fortunate : as a rule the result of a publication for me personally has been that some friend or other left me in a huff (as my shadow does in this book). I know so well the feeling of joyless isolation, and this testimony to your loyalty has touched me deeply. My state of health is again horrible—*sustineo, abstineo,* and I marvel at it myself. Your devoted F. N."

His agonies gradually reached a pitch they had never reached before, and now he had no professional duties to perform, and no book to write. He lost all patience, wrote frantically about life in Northern Europe in general (henceforth he conceived a violent dislike for Naumburg), he was desperate, hopeless. Formerly he had always said, " I must not die yet, I still have much to do " ; but now for the first time he was seized with a passionate longing for death, for the torment was beyond all bearing. He said farewell to all whom he loved, even to me. On December 31st, 1879, he writes : " The most dreadful year of my life is drawing to an end—but if it is to be my last year, I shall depart without regret, and with head unbowed. Farewell, dearest sister. I have only two words for you : heartfelt thanks ! Your brother."

On January 16th he continues to describe his sufferings, but in this letter there already shines a ray of new hope for the future :

> " This is just to send you fondest love, my dear sister ; they are the first lines I have been able to write this year. Since

Christmas the attacks have been very bad—worse than ever. I felt as if I had to say good-bye before it was night, and utter my heartfelt thanks to all who have shown me love and kindness. And to whom more than to you, dear sister—to you, my comforter and helper in all my troubles!—I think I have done my life's work—true, as one who has not been allowed enough time. There was so much I could still have said, and at every hour that is free from pain I feel so rich! So I suppose I must go on suffering these torments and, in spite of all, hope for improvement? Well, if I can only endure—that's already a great deal!

"As soon as possible I will go to some place where I can once more enjoy my walks, which have now become impossible: probably to Lake Garda. I shall always think of you most gratefully. Your brother.

"Why, oh why did I come to this dreadful, gloomy North? How my health has deteriorated since those dear happy days at Chur!—in spite of the care and attention of our dear mother."

CHAPTER VII

FRESH PATHS

The winter of 1879-80 at Naumburg was the period of my brother's greatest physical depression, and accordingly he had no pleasant memories of this good city, with its charming situation and its glorious walks, which might have called up such delightful associations of his younger days. Later, when there was talk of a meeting, he writes: "Not at Naumburg, please—you know how little the place suits me, and that it touches no chord in my heart. I don't seem like a 'native' there, and it has never made me feel 'at home.'" What he missed particularly that winter was a companion for his thoughts and for the hopes that were once more shyly emerging: a companion who would have strengthened and encouraged him on the fresh path of his development, which he was entering with fear and trembling. For, as he writes very aptly to a timorous young friend: "It is curious to notice how anyone who soon leaves the traditional highway in order to travel on his own proper path always has more or less the sense of being an exile, a condemned criminal, a fugitive from mankind. This form of bad conscience is the burden of good men who stand alone. The remedy is—what do you think?—a striking success in the eyes of those whose path one has left." But it was just this success that was lacking, more and more lacking from year to year. The one gleam of light in the whole winter was the publication of *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, which at least brought him some letters from his old friends, written with the old warmth and intimacy and trying delicately to ignore the essential barrier that had arisen.

Our dear mother, in spite of her great love and care, was not exactly an encouraging influence for her son. She did not like his occupying himself with ideas that could only make him enemies, and was constantly saying, "Why don't you keep to your Greeks?" His interest in the Greeks she considered quite harmless. It seems touching to me now that my brother actually complied with this request to some extent. He classified his earlier Greek studies and examined the treatise on "Philosophy in the Tragic Age of Greece," begun in 1873, to see if he might complete it, without too much trouble, on the basis of later notes he had written. As I was compelled to be away in Switzerland all this winter, my brother began dictating to my mother; and, to please her, he dictated a preface to this work on the Greek Philosophers. Yet he never finished the treatise, for he saw weakness and spiritual retrogression in this return to the old work, this halt in mid-career. Afterwards he excused himself by saying that at the time he really believed death was near, and accordingly thought it right to set his literary work in order with a view to posthumous publication.

Although at Naumburg my brother was outwardly fairly cheerful, except on his days of pain, he could never quite get over a certain feeling of depression. This he attributed mainly to the climatic conditions there, the dampness of the air, etc., assuming that these peculiarities had a lowering influence upon him and upon other men of his stamp. He writes accordingly to Peter Gast: "The climate of these towns tends to thwart our creative faculties, and this continual worry makes us ill." There seems to be just springing up a science which designates the nature of the soil and the atmosphere as highly important, nay as the determining factor, for mental as well as physical health. As we can see from my brother's books and letters, he was already taking a keen interest in investigations of this kind. What an

extraordinary influence the climate and the state of the barometer exercised upon Nietzsche has been shown by an excellent physician, Dr. Paul Cohn, in a series of penetrating studies in the *Medizinische Wochenschrift* [*Medical Weekly*]. I shall come back to this point later.

Even a visit from Dr. Paul Rée in February, 1880, could not hold my brother back, although he then found Rée's company much to his liking. On February 12th he started for the South, stayed a few days at Bozen, but found the weather still so raw there that he went on to Riva. He was at once greatly taken with this attractive spot and its environs, and it quite came up to the ideas he had had of it for years. In the previous winter (1877-8), when we were together at Bâle, I had read to him Stifter's charming tale, *The Two Sisters*, the scene of which is laid by Lake Garda. Even then we had formed the plan of spending a year at Riva. He at once took a boat trip on Lake Garda, such as Stifter so enchantingly describes.

My brother was soon fortunate enough to have his amanuensis Peter Gast with him once more; they lived together in the Villa Tempe. Although the state of his health compelled him to be much alone, at any rate he now had some one to whom he could utter his thoughts and also occasionally dictate. He did not, however, stay long at Riva; for the description Gast gave him of Venice attracted him to that city, especially as he did not feel so well during the last weeks at Riva. So on March 12th, 1880, he went to Venice, which he had never seen before, but which was henceforth destined to be one of his favourite places of residence. This permanent preference for Venice seems to me to prove that a dry atmosphere, which my brother always considered indispensable for his well-being, was not the only climatic condition that did him good.

My brother writes on March 15th: "Two evenings ago

I arrived in Venice ; the last weeks in Riva I was very ill. Here I have pleasant, quiet lodgings, with a warm stove ; the Piazza San Marco is quite near. Yesterday was fine, but cold ; still in the afternoon I was able to drink my coffee in the open, to the sound of music. The whole place was decorated with flags, and the doves of St. Mark flew peacefully all around." These first lodgings were only provisional ; on March 27th he writes : " To-day I move to my new lodgings. They have a sea view (it was too oppressive for me in the city). My room is 22 feet in length, height and breadth ; it is decorated with fine marble, and has a gorgeous staircase leading up to it ; and with all that, it is amazingly bare." He was greatly delighted with his stay in Venice. On April 2nd he writes : " This is the first rainy day in Venice, and I feel it a bit—but on the whole the place suits me much better than Riva. One lives very comfortably here, and I expect I shall stay the whole summer. Gast reads to me for two or three hours a day. The lofty rooms and the quiet make me sleep much better, and what is more I have the sea air at first hand, not yet tainted by passing through Venice." My brother says that Gast read to him, but really these hours were devoted more to dictation.

His favourable reports about his health show that the creative mood, already awakened at Riva, was now full upon him. This period in Venice, from March to June 1880, makes an important step in the upward movement of his new intellectual tendencies. The dictated work, called *Ombra di Venezia*, serves as a proof. The notes for *Dawn of Day* were now begun. Here we see, in its first faint outlines, the doctrine of the instincts which control the intellectual as well as the moral faculties ; we note the appearance of the theory that all truth is purely relative ; and there are even embryonic signs of the doctrine of the Will to Power, as the nucleus of the whole system of Nature's laws. In Venice, too, he was often inspired to

write poetry. Small wonder, then, that my brother's mental associations with Venice were always of a delightful character, as with a place where he had first conceived those fundamental ideas which he was destined incessantly to build up until the end of 1888. It was Venice that always lured him with its magic.

"Once more, St. Mark, thy pigeons meet my gaze,
The Square lies still, in drowsy morning mood:
In soft, cool air I fashion idle lays,
Speeding them skyward like a pigeon's brood:
And then recall my minions
To tie fresh rhymes upon their willing pinions.
My bliss! My bliss!

"Calm heavenly roof of azure silkiness,
Guarding with shimmering haze yon house divine!
Thee, house, I love, fear—envy, I'll confess,
And gladly would suck out that soul of thine!
Would I give back the prize?
Ask not, great pasture-ground for human eyes!
My bliss! My bliss!"

Meanwhile the plan of spending the summer in Venice could not be carried out, for the weather soon became very hot, and the mosquitoes grew troublesome. In the second half of June, accordingly, he prepared to go north again and look for a wooded spot with plenty of shade. One of his acquaintances, or it may have been a doctor, had advised him to try Marienbad. My brother, to his own regret, was only too easily inclined to follow such advice, and hence, after many fruitless attempts to find something else, he went to the Bohemian watering-place. Probably it was quite the wrong sort of treatment for him; at any rate, he did not feel so well there as in Venice, and afterwards made all sorts of jokes about his stupidity in choosing this resort. To his recent companion in Venice, Peter Gast, he writes in July: "Every day my thoughts still often recur to those pleasant days when I was spoilt in Venice, and to the pleasant person who spoilt me. I can only say, in fact, that one ought not to be comfortable for so long, and that it is a very

good thing for me to be a hermit again and go for solitary walks ten hours a day, drink these unspeakable waters, and await results. At the same time I am eagerly digging in my moral mine, and sometimes feel quite a subterranean sort of person. I think I have now discovered the right path and the way out—but no doubt I shall believe this, and find I am wrong, a hundred times before I reach the light."

On completing his cure at Marienbad, Fritz came after all to Naumburg. He had intended to go to the Thuringian Forest, but he knew that in the autumn even Naumburg suited him quite well. The preparations for *Dawn of Day* were in active progress. Not that my brother had said anything about a new book, but during our walks together he had a look of quiet satisfaction which I knew of old as a sign that he was engaged in creative work. The great admiration I expressed for his new ideas obviously gave him pleasure. True, in my whole development (not in years) I was far too young and inexperienced to have any inkling of the tremendous results to which the problems he was considering would lead, but instinct told me that entirely new vistas were now being opened up, and that the goal towards which my brother was striving was greater than could yet be realised. At times he hinted at the truth, by saying that an unconscious impulse was driving him on, often against his own will, and often, at any rate, against all the principles to which his reverent soul would so gladly have clung. These feelings, and his longing for a sympathetic environment, are described by him towards the end of his stay at Marienbad in a letter to Peter Gast :

> "For my part I suffer terribly when I am deprived of sympathy : nothing, for instance, can compensate me for having forfeited Wagner's sympathy during the last few years. How often I dream of him, and always in the spirit of our former intimate companionship ! Never did a cross word pass between us, even in my dreams, but many were the cheerful

and encouraging talks we had, and there is perhaps no one with whom I have laughed so much. But that is all over now—and what is the use of knowing that in some points I have the best of the argument with him? As if that could make me forget the sympathy that has vanished for ever!—I have had similar experiences before, and shall probably have them again. These are the most cruel sacrifices that my way of life and thought has demanded of me. Even now, my whole philosophy is shaken after an hour's sympathetic conversation with some entire stranger; it seems so foolish to want to be right at the expense of human love, and to be unable to communicate one's most precious thoughts, for fear of disturbing sympathetic relations. *Hinc meae lacrimae.*"

My brother needed all his courage to avoid going astray and being led into concessions which his heart, with all its need of love, felt to be desirable, but which would have prevented him from ever reaching his goal. When he calls his new departures "conquests," this is no mere sounding phrase, on the contrary, it is far too mild a term for the suffering he had to endure. "When we compare the sufferings of a thinker with physical pain," observes Henri Lichtenberger very justly, "we are tempted to regard them with a certain scepticism, and when we contrast the hazards of intellectual adventure with the perilous enterprises of real life, we are apt not to take the former very seriously. For all that, I am strongly inclined to believe that there are exceptional —or, if you will, abnormal—natures, for which these lonely battles of thought, with their hidden agonies and unseen dangers, form quite as serious, quite as painful a reality as the struggles of actual life; and that in order to face these battles calmly and fight them to the bitter end, such men need that very will-power which, directed towards other objects, produces the heroism of the soldier or the sailor. I am convinced that Nietzsche was amply justified, and was uttering no vain boast, when he chose that fine saying of Turenne as the motto for the fifth book of his *Joyful Wisdom*: 'Thou

tremblest, my vile body ? How much more wouldst thou tremble if thou knewest whither I am taking thee ! ' "

On October 8th my brother left Naumburg, and after a journey (chequered by bad weather and ill-health) through Frankfort, Heidelberg and Locarno, reached Lake Maggiore. Here, though really against his own will, he stayed for some weeks, in order to await the trunks of books which were sent later. He writes on October 14th : "The weather here is nothing but rain and scirocco. It is extraordinary how little of the South there is about this Lake—how different from Lake Garda !" All his reports from there sound unsatisfactory : "I still feel far from happy, yet the day before yesterday I took a very quiet walk, without joy, but without pain. It is cool and foggy." A little later : "So I go on, melancholy but patient, bad days with a few good ones now and then. I find it always too cold, I dread the winter more than ever. Yesterday, with a strong west wind and a clear sky, the Lake was really Southern (like Lake Garda in February), but not so far as warmth is concerned." A note written about this time gives a very clear idea of his mood while at Stresa : "One gets older, and it is hard for me to be quite satisfied with a place, however famous a name it may bear. The anæmic beauty of the Lago Maggiore in late autumn, a beauty which spiritualises all the contours and makes the countryside almost a vision, does not enchant me, but speaks to me in a tone of appealing sadness—I know such tones elsewhere than in Nature."

On November 11th he left Stresa, and on November 12th reached Genoa, where he resolved to pass the winter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GENESIS OF *THE DAWN OF DAY*

As the melancholy reports from Stresa had caused us anxiety, I wrote to ask him whether he would not like one of his friends to come and join him. He simply would not hear of this, writing on November 24th :—

> "I am trying once more to find a plan of life in which I am at harmony with myself. In this direction, I think, lies the road to health ; at any rate, on all other roads that I have traversed my health has suffered. I intend to be my own doctor, and for this purpose I must be true to myself in the fullest sense, and must listen to no outside influence. I can find no words to express how much good *solitude* does me. Pray don't imagine that this is inconsistent with my love for you. Help me rather to keep my hermit-life a secret ; for it is only by this means that I can advance in every sense of the word (and finally, perhaps, be of use to many others). This big, lively port, at which more than 10,000 ships touch every year, gives me peace, gives me time for myself. By the way, I have an attic, with an excellent bed : plain, wholesome fare (I have gone in for simpler ways in everything), sea air—which is essential for my head—splendidly paved roads, and, for November, delightful warmth ! (Unfortunately, a good deal of rain.)"

This attic, of which he writes in such glowing terms, he had only found after four changes of residence ; it lay in the Salita della Battistine, 8. He describes the way up to his little room (December 5th) : "Yes, there's a lot of walking ! And climbing ! For in order to get up to my room I have to climb 164 stairs in the house, and the house itself lies very high, in a steep street of palaces. This street, being so steep and

ending in a great flight of steps, is very quiet, and there's grass growing between the stones." The house was very well chosen, the people who lived there were quiet and respectable ; and close by was the beautiful city park of Villeta Dinegro, with splendid level paths, which by easy windings led to a magnificent view over the whole city. Even when he was ill, he could soon get fresh air in the neighbourhood of the park.

Genoese life delighted him more and more every week, especially since he could devote himself to a study of the masses. During the last years in Bâle he had already been constantly complaining that he knew so little about humanity, and least of all about the lower strata of the people. In the autumn of 1880, when he was at Naumburg, he was always saying to our mother : " How do the masses really live ? I should like some time to live in that way myself." Our mother was always much amused at this, for she thought that the tastes of the masses in food and other matters were diametrically opposed to those of our Fritz. The populace, she said, ate potatoes and greasy meat, and all day long drank bad coffee or, very likely, brandy. " Oh, that's only in Germany ! " Fritz retorted. It was only natural, therefore, that he found the ways of the Genoese populace and its favourite dishes (except, of course, onions and garlic) very much to his liking. For instance, he approved of the various methods of preparing *risotto*, macaroni and the numerous southern vegetables, such as tomato, fennel, artichoke, which were then little known in Germany. He often lived for days chiefly on dried fruits, as in the last winter at Bâle, but with happier results. He also used to do a little cooking on a spirit-stove, and was very proud of his domestic accomplishments, since this was his first opportunity of doing anything of the kind. Thus he writes : " Yesterday, under my landlady's directions, I cooked a Genoese dish on my spirit-stove—and the result was admirable ! The

chief ingredients were artichokes and eggs." His Genoese landlady still relates on what friendly terms he was with all the other people in the house, and how kindly he shared in all their little joys and sorrows. They used to call him "il santo" [the Saint] or "il piccolo santo" [the little Saint], thinking no doubt of one of those friendly go-betweens, to whom they were accustomed to unburden their souls—and not of those great, rigid, inexorable saints who threaten with hell-fire. My brother was greatly delighted at being looked upon as a holy mediator, but he remarks in his note-book: "I think that a great many of us moderns, if with our temperance, our sober morals, our gentleness, our sense of justice, we were transplanted into the semi-barbarism of the early Middle Ages, would be revered as saints."

Nietzsche on his side was able to tell many a little story of his house-mates, of the little delicate attentions they paid him, in the belief that he was a poor saint; for instance, they gave him consecrated tapers for his quiet evenings. What impressed them most, perhaps, was the patient and uncomplaining way in which he endured his sufferings. His landlady tells how he used always to answer enquiries as to his health with "sono contento" (I am content). The simple confidence and affection of these people, in fact the whole way of life, was as balm to his spirit. In his private jottings of the time he describes his ideal as it then was: "An independence that does not offend the eye, a veiled and softened pride, a pride which communicates itself to others, because it does not compete for their honours and pleasures and can endure mockery. In this way I can make my life nobler: never mean, and always affable; not covetous, but always quietly striving and soaring upwards; simple, nay niggardly towards myself, gentle towards others. Sound sleep, a free, firm gait, no alcohol, no royalties or other celebrities, no women, no newspapers, no honours; no intercourse save with the

greatest minds and now and then with the lower classes (this is just as indispensable as is the sight of healthy, strong vegetation); easily procurable dishes, which we can get without joining a lascivious mob of diners—dishes which so far as possible are home-made or need no preparation." In the *trattorie* he always ate at times when he could be alone.

It is significant that just at the time when he was living in the midst of the populace my brother paid special attention to the problems of socialism. In *The Dawn of Day*, especially in the aphorisms added in the fifth volume of the Pocket Edition, he deals with this subject in a perfectly friendly spirit. At the same time he adheres firmly to the main theory which he had already formulated, viz., that the value of a nation, nay of all humanity, lies in its loftiest types. In spite of all his personal goodwill towards workmen and humble folk in general, he could not help being an enemy of socialism, especially of its leaders. Not only was he repelled by the ever manifest vulgarity of their sentiments and aims, which are in active opposition to all beauty and power, all higher culture; but above all he reproached them with making the populace unhappy and discontented, in that they fed it with hopes that could never be fulfilled, and aroused a craving for conditions that were neither attainable nor in any way desirable. The past, especially classical antiquity, proves to us in various ways that, in Nietzsche's words, "poverty, cheerfulness and slavery" (and perhaps everyone who does mental or manual work for wages must be called a slave) "can very well go together"; and in Genoa he was delighted to see a fresh confirmation of this truth. Hence he considered that the workers of to-day might well afford an instance of the happiness and pride of a life without wants; whereas, in his opinion, the socialistic leaders had done nothing but ruin this joyous, wantless disposition of the people, and rob them of that cheerful

equability which had so often been envied by those whose culture was higher, whose duties were of a more exalted nature. My brother was exasperated to see that these leaders of socialism had not even the courage to fight tooth and nail against that excessive indulgence in alcohol which was so far more deadly an enemy to the workers and their families than all the evils deplored by socialists. It is true that in the last few years this reproach against socialism has to some extent been removed.

The situation of Genoa, the whole way in which it is built, its proud, valiant past, to which its splendid palaces still bear witness—all this interested and enchanted Nietzsche. He writes in *The Joyful Wisdom* :—

"For some time I have been contemplating this city of Genoa, with its villas and pleasure-gardens, the wide circumference of its inhabited heights and slopes; and my final verdict is that I see *faces* of past generations, and that the place is peopled with the portraits of a bold, masterful race. They have *lived*, and want to go on living—so much they tell me through their houses, built and decorated for centuries and not for the passing hour. They were on good terms with life, however cruel they may often have been towards themselves. I see the builder, glancing at all that has been built around him, far and near, and sweeping the contours of city, sea and mountain with one imperious, conquering look. All these things he must work into *his* plan and incorporate in *his* building, so that they finally become his own. The whole region is rife with this glorious, insatiable selfishness, this lust for plunder and possession. Just as abroad these men recognised no limits, and in their thirst for novelty set up a new world by the side of the old, so at home every man's hand was against every other, and each discovered some way of expressing his superiority and throwing the shadow of his infinite personality in his neighbour's path. Each citizen once more won his native city for himself, dominating it with his constructive thought, and transfusing its beauty into the stones of his own house."

Gradually he began to look upon Genoa and all its environs not merely with admiration, but with real love. Early in the morning he would set out with a little satchel containing a few books, note-books, bread and fruit. He had found several secluded spots, with wide views, excellent for resting and thinking: "When the sun shines, I always go to a lonely cliff near the sea and lie there in the open under my umbrella, motionless as a lizard . . . sea and clear sky." Often he would remain lying there in the afternoon until the sun sank, and the profound peace of evening spread over the whole Gulf of Genoa. How he enjoyed this deep silence! "Here is the sea, here we can forget the city. True, its chimes are still sounding the Ave Maria—that gloomy and foolish yet sweet music that marks the meeting of day and night—but only for a moment more! Now all is still! The sea lies there pale and shimmering—it cannot speak. The sky is playing its eternal evening game with red, yellow and green colours—it cannot speak. The little cliffs and rocks running out into the sea, as if to find the place where it is loneliest—none of them can speak. This vast muteness that suddenly envelops us is beautiful and terrifying, it makes the heart swell."

The winter months of December, January and February, 1880—81, belong to the most productive and therefore the happiest period of his life. Not that his health was entirely restored, but the attacks were less frequent and left long enough intervals for him to think out things thoroughly, to work up his ideas and write them down, so that the joy of creation outweighed everything else. In November, 1880, he writes to Overbeck: "I have just got up after a very severe attack; hardly has the pain been shaken off two days, but my foolish brain is once more in full pursuit of incredible objects. I do not think that any attic-dweller has seen more lovely and desirable things lit up by the dawn of day." In these words we see a world of

heartfelt happiness, in spite of all suffering. He sees his path and his goal more clearly, and with feelings quite different from those of the previous years ; he is not yet quite sure, but feels with a delicious thrill that, notwithstanding all perils, he has unconsciously struck the right road. "This course is so dangerous ! I dare not even call to myself, just as a somnambulist walking upon the roofs has a sacred right not to be called by his name. This is the only comforting voice that I want to hear."

Thus it is with a sort of astonishment that he looks at himself and the way his philosophy is going, and asks himself : "What point does this philosophy, with all its detours, really want to reach ? Is it trying to do anything more than, as it were, translate a strong and continuous impulse into reason—an impulse towards mild sunshine, clear and breezy air, southern vegetation, sea ozone, light meals of meat, eggs and fruit, hot water to drink, quiet all-day walks, scanty conversation, infrequent and careful reading, solitary living, clean and almost soldierly habits —in a word towards all that best suits my taste and does me most good ? A philosophy which at bottom is an instinct for an independent regimen ? An instinct that through all the twists and turns of my brain looks for *my* air, *my* mountain-heights, *my* weather, *my* kind of health ?"

These months saw the composition of *The Dawn of Day*, the first book that shows us Nietzsche in the fulness of his individuality. *The Wanderer and His Shadow* had already struck notes which had not yet died away in *Human, All Too Human*, but now in *The Dawn of Day* we first hear the chords which will always be associated with Nietzsche's name. On January 26th he sent his loyal friend and disciple Peter Gast (then at Venice) a book bound in violet, with a request that he would copy out the manuscript contained therein. It soon came back from Venice, beautifully written, so that my brother was quite delighted with "the beauty and

manly grace" of this manuscript. "I read and went for a few hours' walk, thinking a great deal of you and of Nature. It seems to me a book rich in matter, but it is *difficult*. In the morning hours of this glorious February I have written a supplement." As Gast declared himself perfectly ready to copy this supplement, my brother answers somewhat hesitatingly: "My dear friend, pray forgive me! The manuscript of the supplement has become bulkier than is reasonable, so far as you are concerned. I earnestly beg you to help me just this once more, and not to bear me a grudge for doing what looks like a piece of impertinence. I had to put a good deal into the book, it had to be rounded off, and I was just in the right mood this glorious spring! Thus I have done what perhaps for our friendship's sake I ought to have left undone!"

On March 13th, 1881, he sends the manuscript of *The Dawn of Day* to his publisher for the time being, E. Schmeitzner, of Chemnitz, and writes: "Here is the manuscript; it needs great determination on my part to let it go out my hands. . . . Pray do not print it too closely! The drawback of the book already is that the most important ideas are too densely packed together. But now, hurry, hurry, hurry! I don't want to leave Genoa before the book is ready, and until then I am on tenterhooks. Help in the work yourself! Drive Herr Oschatz hard! Can he not give me a written promise to deliver the book into my hands, ready and perfect, by the end of April at the latest? . . . Dear Herr Schmeitzner, this time we must all do our level best. The contents of my book are so important. It must be a point of honour with us to spare no trouble, to publish it in a worthy and faultless form. I implore you, for the sake of my good name, to issue no advertisements. Many other things will go without saying, as soon as you have read the book yourself."

For some time he kept the printing of *The Dawn of*

Day a secret from everyone except his assistant, Peter Gast. Even Freiherr von Gersdorff, who was then in Venice, but, in consequence of the quarrel mentioned in a former chapter, had had no correspondence with my brother since 1877, heard nothing from Gast about the forthcoming publication. At last he writes to me on April 10th, 1881 : "My dear dear Lisbeth, so charming a letter as yours deserves some good news by way of an answer. Well, here is the news : I have written a new, fairly long book ! The manuscript has been out of my hands for two months past, the printing will take a good part of the summer and will necessitate my joining Herr Gast (but not in Venice !). This is a *decisive* book, I cannot think of it without deep emotion." He calls *The Dawn of Day* "a book that says 'yea' to life, deep, but clear and kindly," and *Ecce Homo* (1888) gives the following account of what it contains and how it came to be written :—

"This book marks the opening of my campaign against morality. Not that there is the faintest smell of gunpowder about it : the reader, if he has a fairly subtle sense of smell, will detect very different and far more pleasant odours. The book carries neither light nor heavy artillery ; however negative its effect may be, its methods are far from negative—they are methods from which the effect follows like a logical conclusion, *not* like a cannon-shot. True, when you have read this book through, you will look very shyly and circumspectly at all that has been hitherto honoured and almost worshipped under the name of morality. For all that, there is not a single negative word in the whole book, it contains nothing combative or spiteful. One may say rather that it lies in the sunshine, curled up and happy, like some beast of the sea that basks among the rocks. Ultimately I myself was that beast of the sea, for almost every sentence of the book was thought out—or shall I say slipped out ?—in that labyrinth of rocks near Genoa, where I was alone and still shared secrets with the ocean. Even now, when I chance to dip into its pages, nearly every sentence seems to me like a hook with which I am once more drawing up some incomparable capture from

the deep: its whole skin quivers with tender thrills of memory. With no little deftness, the book manages for a while to pin down things that flit past swiftly and noiselessly, moments that I call godlike lizards. It pins them down, not, indeed, with the cruelty of that young Greek god, who simply speared the poor little lizard—but still with a pointed weapon, with a pen. . . . 'There are so many dawns that have not yet risen'—this Indian inscription is written over the portals of *The Dawn of Day*. Where does its author look for that new morning, that yet undiscovered gleam of red, that shall herald another day—ah, a whole procession, a whole world of days? In a *transvaluation of all values*, an emancipation from all moral values, in a confident cry of 'Yea!' to all that has hitherto been forbidden, despised and execrated. This book cries 'Yea!'; it showers light and love and tenderness upon a host of evil things, it restores to them their soul, their good conscience, their right—nay, their *prior* right—to exist. Morality is not attacked, it simply ceases to be considered. The book closes with an 'or?'—it is the only book that closes with an 'or?'"

We must not forget that in this exultant passage the author is ten years removed from the time at which he writes. While he was actually engaged upon the book he had very gloomy forebodings as to its effect. On March 20th he writes to Peter Gast: "At any rate the book will have no *injurious* effect—except that I shall have to smart for it!" This presentiment was fulfilled far more thoroughly than others then expected; for nothing caused my brother to be more misunderstood and misinterpreted, nothing involved him in greater difficulties, than his criticism of morality. Professor Georg Simmel justly observes:—

"They regard him as a preacher of blind self-indulgence—and he teaches us that all mere enjoyment must be despised, that greatness can only be attained through suffering. Anarchistic lawlessness seeks to justify itself through his doctrines—and for him no discipline is hard enough. He is reproached with indifference towards humanity apart from the *ego*—and as a matter of fact, his strongest, his all-absorbing

interest is the development of our species, the elevation of the human type.

"All this would never have happened if he had not called himself 'an immoralist,' thereby actually giving currency to the very blunder with which he taunts his adversaries: the blunder of regarding the morality of our present age as morality in the absolute sense. He is by no means an immoralist of the sort that denies the binding character of fixed duties and the value of the will—that releases man from his 'thou shalt!' It is only the morality now prevailing that he repudiates. For in its Christian, democratic ideals—altruism, humility, renunciation, tenderness towards degenerates, outcasts and weaklings—he sees the most deadly peril for the development of our species."

One is simply bewildered at the amount of misunderstanding that has arisen—at the foolish conclusions drawn from the fact that my brother took up a critical position towards the morality at present accepted. Professor Alois Riehl refutes these misunderstandings in the happiest fashion:

"The passionate seriousness with which Nietzsche faces the problem of morality should alone have saved him from being looked upon as a sceptic in regard to morals, as one whose free-thinking or strong-minded propensities lead him to question the validity of moral laws. Still greater inability to draw distinctions is betrayed by those who set him beside the author of *The Ego and His Own*—Max Stirner, the unconscious parodist of Fichte. Such critics are simply comparing writings of almost unparalleled power of style and portentous force of genius with what is merely a literary curiosity. Men of classical training claim to have discovered his ancient counterpart—if not the source of his theories—in the Sophists' friend Callicles and his speech (in Plato's *Gorgias*) on behalf of the privilege of the stronger. They never thought of a model that lay nearer to hand—the *uomo singulare*, the 'great individual' of the Italian Renaissance. If ever a philosophical problem, necessary as an organic structure, proceeded from the character and development of the thinker himself, presenting itself to the thinker and not arbitrarily laid down by him, it is this revolutionary moral problem of Nietzsche's—this 'fated

task,' as he calls it. Nietzsche suffered under this problem, it was his personal torment, and only became his crowning happiness after he thought he had made himself its master. 'The great problems,' he declares, 'all require great love, such love as can only be felt by strong, consistent, resolute minds which rest upon firm foundations.'"

The question will now be asked, why did Nietzsche suffer so under this problem? The reason lies in his love of his forbears, who had been so happy in following the accepted precepts of morality. From them he had inherited this cheerful acquiescence, it was part of his very blood. He says, in *The Dawn of Day*: "A mere grain too much of gratitude and piety tortures us like a vice, and with all our independence and sincerity we come to have a bad conscience."

My brother asked us not to read the new book. Our mother was quite ready to comply with this request, but I was not, and after all he was not altogether displeased with my attitude. He writes to me:

"I shall scarcely be able to prevent you from reading *The Dawn of Day*, so I have thought of a way of turning this to the best account for both of us. Let me ask you to read it from a standpoint which I should recommend to no other reader: from a purely personal point of view (sisters after all also have their privileges). Look for all that can show you what your brother most lacks and requires, what he intends and what he does not intend. Study in particular the fifth book, where there is much scope for reading between the lines. The goal to which all my energies are still directed cannot be stated in one phrase, and if I had that phrase I should keep it secret. My best friends really know nothing about me, and probably have never puzzled their brains on the subject: I have always been very reticent about the matters of most importance to me, although I have not given people that impression."

In sending a copy of the book to Rohde, on July 4th, 1881, he writes: "Well, my trusty old friend, here comes

my *alter ego*, and you may talk with me to your heart's content, scold me, grumble at me, make merry with me and join me in a journey above all the clouds. It would be a pity if this were not a book meant just for you—otherwise, I should hardly know how to succeed in pleasing anyone at all. You will find here all my ingredients; leave out of count all that hurts your feelings, and seize on all that inspires you—just you—with courage."

Rohde, however, could not find the right words to say, and therefore said nothing. In fact, my brother's qualms in giving this book to the world and to his friends had been only too well justified. Its reception was decidedly discouraging. No one understood it, and in the end he writes in a somewhat injured and pessimistic tone on this point to Peter Gast (August 14th, 1881): "Well—if I could not rely on myself, if I had to wait till I was acclaimed, encouraged and consoled by others, where should I be? What should I be? True, there have been moments and whole periods in my life (for instance, the year 1878) when I should have welcomed a word of encouragement, a friendly handgrip, as balm to my soul; and it was just then that all those who could have done me this service, all on whom I thought I could rely, left me in the lurch. Now I no longer expect anything of the sort, and I only feel a sort of grim astonishment when, for instance, I think of the letters I get—they are all so insignificant, no one owes me any experience, no one has entered into my thought—they are all kind and respectful, but so distant, distant, distant."

As the book was so little understood, he had not the heart to dip into it for a long time. When, however, it came into his hands again, by chance so to speak, in January, 1882, he rejoiced in it, and wrote to Gast: "To-day, for the first time since last summer, I dipped into my *The Dawn of Day*, and found pleasure in doing so. Considering how very abstract these matters are,

the lively manner in which they are treated is quite remarkable. Just read *any* book on morality by way of comparison—you will own that my book is unique in its leaps and gambols. What also attracted me was its wealth in unexpressed thoughts—for me, at least: every now and again I see hidden doors, leading far into unexplored chambers."

It was just because he recognised how many unexpressed thoughts there were in *The Dawn of Day*, and how no one could know where these "doors" led to, that he came to think less harshly of the friends who failed to understand. He writes from Genoa to Rohde, in all the warmth and fulness of his sincere friendship (October 21st, 1881): "As you have not written since I sent you the book, I gather that you find a certain difficulty in writing. To-day, therefore, I ask you in all good faith, and without any unpleasant *arrière-pensée*, not to write to me now! Your silence will not make any change in our relations; what I could not endure would be the idea that I had put a sort of *constraint* upon a friend by sending him a book. What does this one book matter? I have more important things yet to do—were it not so, I don't know why I should go on living. For I am hard put to it—I suffer a great deal." Rohde's answer to this letter unfortunately went astray, but as Rohde had already been adversely influenced through Overbeck, I doubt whether his reply would have pleased my brother.

I return to July, 1881. The final revision of *The Dawn of Day* had been made by my brother with Peter Gast at Recoaro, near Vicenza. At the end of April he had left Genoa in order to join Gast at this beautiful spot, but the result was most unfortunate. His health suffered a relapse, and every week he had violent pains in the head and eyes for two to three days at a time; even in the intervals he did not feel so "light and wingèd" as at Genoa. He was of the opinion that, accustomed as he

now was to the life of a hermit, the long talks he now had were too exhausting, although he had been looking forward to them all the winter. Since he embraced his philosophy with all the ardour that lay in his soul, and since every new idea was for him a new experience that convulsed every fibre of his being, he could not converse upon such matters without great emotional stress. Then, too, the weather was most unfavourable. The spring was unusually stormy, so that the air, charged as it was with electricity, might alone have been enough to make him feel ill. But of course the relapse was also partly due to his work on his new book and the attendant eyestrain. My brother had thought that recovery was at hand, and for the first time he became impatient. Never did he complain so much and in such vehement terms as during this spring at Recoaro. Towards the end of his stay he began to feel rather better, so that he could after all to some extent appreciate the beauties of the place. He writes to Gast, who had meanwhile returned to Venice: "So far as scenery is concerned, Recoaro is one of the finest places I know; I have been investigating its beauty with great energy and enthusiasm. The beauty of Nature, like all other beauty, is very jealous, and will not let us serve any other mistress."

At the beginning of July, 1881, my brother left Recoaro, never to return.

CHAPTER IX

THE ETERNAL RECURRENCE

Recoaro was the last occasion on which, for any length of time, my brother's sufferings put his patience to the proof. After a most unpleasant journey he at last reached the Engadine. But St. Moritz, where he had stayed two years before, was this time utterly repugnant to him, and he was on the point of leaving the Engadine altogether. "Thanks to a kindly, serious-minded Swiss who was my travelling companion through the night and was returning home from Naples, I have taken up quarters in the most delightful nook in the world. I have never had it so quiet, and all the requirements of my poor life seem to be satisfied here. I look upon this find as a gift no less unexpected than undeserved." He calls Sils-Maria a "heroic idyll," and adds: "This is no Switzerland, no Recoaro, but quite different, something much more Southern; I should have to go to the plateaus of Mexico, near the Pacific—Oaxaca, for instance—in order to find anything like it. True, in Mexico, there would be the tropical vegetation. Well, I will try to keep this Sils-Maria."

This 1881 summer stay at Sils-Maria must rank as the most important of all my brother's sojourns in the Engadine. It was in this summer that the idea of the eternal recurrence first came to him, and the first notes for *Zarathustra* were written. Later, he never wearied of describing how he almost shouted for joy as he roamed over this glorious countryside that summer; and we realise that, although in the years of his fullest development he was lonely, misunderstood, almost ignored or else maltreated by ignorant, spiteful critics, he nevertheless experienced

so much happiness that all the happiness that can ordinarily be spread over the whole of a long human life seems trifling in comparison. Those mighty visions of a future for humanity, visions he hoped to solidify through his imagination, that idea of being a leader of humanity, one "who has whole æons in his grasp"—all this gave him hours of ecstasy such as are granted only to the highest type of genius. As Leo Berg once said: "Such exalted moods and emotions are the compensation for all that a genius has to suffer in conflict with the dull world."

I have been at pains to find out what were the scientific works which paved the way for the idea of the eternal recurrence. I remember that already in the autumn of 1880 he was much occupied with physics, physiology and mathematics; and that he remarked now and then with a sigh how the specialists retarded all progress in science, because even in their later years they abided firmly by the results of their work, and thought they had to defend the theories of their youth as unalterable truths. During the winter in Genoa the preliminary work on *Dawn of Day* took up all his time, so that he can scarcely have returned to the studies in question before the end of the winter. Unfortunately I cannot state what authorities and what books he then studied and rejected. All that we know for certain is that he mentioned with hearty approval the names of Helmholtz, Wundt (in his earlier writings) and the mathematician Riemann. It seems also that in the spring of 1881 he eagerly studied other books and—as marginal notes show—also agreed with their theories; three examples are O. Schmitz-Dumont's *Mathematical Elements of the Theory of Cognition* and *The Unity of Cognition*, and O. Caspari's *The Connexion of Objects*. The last-named book was sent direct to him at Recoaro as soon as it was published. At the beginning of July he writes to me: "For my part I want no more books; I hardly know how I am to finish those I have already. This is obscurely spoken, but not obscurely thought."

From these lines it will be seen that he was now engaged in co-ordinating large, new ideas. Other evidence—such as statements by Peter Gast and by people with whom he talked a great deal then, *e.g.*, the vicar and the schoolmaster at Sils-Maria—who were deeply interested in such topics—seems to prove that in those months (April to July, 1881) he was chiefly occupied with problems of physics. We can therefore assume with certainty that the ancient Pythagorean idea of eternal recurrence now began to appear to him as a physical problem, and that an exhaustive study of the subject led him to be convinced of this fact, so far as his way of thinking admitted of conviction on such a point. In July he asks me to send him Dühring's *Course of Philosophy*, and adds: "For me the book is simply laughable!" It seems that his investigations had led him to views diametrically opposed to those of Dühring, and that he now wanted to confirm his theories. For some time this conception of eternal recurrence as a physical problem held sway; but when he brought it into relation with the rest of his philosophy, it flashed upon him as a lofty, ethical, educative problem, and then he was filled with that ecstasy which inspired him to the most sublime poetic expression of his philosophy, to *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Thus the idea did not come to him like a bolt from the blue, as some naïve admirers appear to think. Nor was it first conceived and then verified by long scientific study; the careful study led up to it, even if the structure that my brother built upon it was the result of a lightning-like intuition.

He writes significantly to Peter Gast (August 14th, 1881):

> "Well, the August sun is overhead, the year is hastening to its close, it grows calmer and more peaceful on the mountains and in the forests. Thoughts the like of which I never knew before have dawned upon my horizon—I will not say a word about them, and will keep in an imperturbable state of rest.

It looks as if I should have to live *some* years more! Ah, my friend, sometimes the thought comes into my head that I am really leading a very dangerous life, for I am one of those machines that may *burst!* The intensity of my emotions makes me both laugh and shudder. Once or twice I have been unable to leave my room, for the ridiculous reason that my eyes were inflamed—and why? Each time I had wept too much on my wanderings the day before, and that not sentimental tears, but tears of joy. I sang and talked nonsense, filled with a new vision which has reached me before all other men." . . . .

It was the realisation and consequences of the idea of eternal recurrence which affected him so deeply. . . .

"Everything recurs, the wheel of existence is for ever turning. *This* life—our eternal life.

"Whoever thou mayest be, beloved stranger, whom I am here meeting for the first time: enjoy this glad hour and the silence around us and above us, and let me tell thee of a thought which has risen up before me like a star and would fain shine down upon thee and upon every man, as is the way of light.

"The world of forces suffers no diminution; otherwise, in the endlessness of time, it would have grown weak and perished. The world of forces suffers no stoppage; otherwise it would have been perfected, and the clock of existence would have ceased ticking. Hence the world of forces never falls into an equilibrium, it never has a moment's rest, its power and its movement are at all times equally great. Whatever condition this world is *able* to reach it must have reached before, and that not once, but times without number. This very moment has existed many times before and in the same way will recur, with all forces divided exactly as at present; so it is with the moment that gave it birth and with the moment that is its child. Man! Thy whole life is ever being turned round and ever running out like the sands in an hour-glass—with a great minute of time in between, until all the conditions that went to thy making come together again in the world-cycle. And then thou wilt once more find every pain and every pleasure and every pleasure and every friend and foe and every hope and every mistake and every blade of

grass and every ray of sunshine, the whole chain of things as before. This ring, in which thou art a speck of gold-dust, is ever flashing anew. And in every ring of human existence there is always an hour when first on one, then on many, then on all there bursts the mightiest idea, the idea of the eternal recurrence :—this is always for humanity the hour of *noon*.

" Our whole world is the ash-heap of countless living creatures ; and however little the living may be in comparison with the whole, still everything has once been transplanted, and so the process goes on. Let us assume an eternal duration, and consequently an eternal change in matter.

" How shall we give weight to the inner life, without making it cruel and fanatical towards those who do not share our views ? Religious faith is declining, and man is learning to look upon himself as transient and inessential, he is finally becoming weak through this attitude ; he does not strive so hard or endure so bravely, he wants the pleasure of the moment, he takes things easily—and, in doing so, perhaps uses much mental effort.

" The political illusion, which makes me smile as much as my contemporaries smile over the religious illusion of past ages, is above all a *secularisation*, a belief in the world and a total indifference towards the ' beyond ' and the ' other world.' It has for its aim the well-being of the *transitory* individual. Hence socialism, its fruit, that is to say the transitory individuals want to snatch their happiness for themselves, through social organisation ; they have no reason to wait, like the men of eternal souls, eternal growth and improvement. My teaching says : live so that you must *wish* to live again, for that will be your lot in any case ! If a man finds his highest expression in striving, let him strive ; if in reposing, let him repose ; if in arranging, following and obeying, let him obey. Only he must become quite certain *wherein* he finds his highest expression, and must shun no means to his end ! Eternity is at stake !

" But if everything is inevitable, how can I have any control over my actions ? That thought and belief is a burden that oppresses thee more than any other burden. Thou sayest that food, locality, air, society alter and influence thee ? Well, thy opinions do so still more, for they influence thee in the direction of this food, locality, air and society. If thou lettest the thought of thoughts penetrate thy being, it will

change thy nature. The question arising before every action, 'Is it such that I want to perform it time and time again?' is the *greatest* burden.

"Let us engrave the image of eternity upon our lives! There is more in this idea than in all religions, which despised this life as transient, and taught men to look towards an uncertain after-life.

"Let us not turn our gaze upon distant, unknown ecstasies and blessings and favours, but let us so live that we wish to live again and live thus in eternity! Every moment we are at the beck and call of our duty.

"Ye think ye have a long respite before re-birth—but do not deceive yourselves! Between the last moment of consciousness and the first gleam of the new life there is no perceptible time-interval—it passes like a flash of lightning, even if living beings measure it by millions of years or cannot measure it at all. Timelessness and succession get on very well together, so soon as the intellect is gone!

"This teaching is gentle to those who do not believe in it, it has no threats or hell. He who does not believe has a *transient* life in his consciousness.

"Why did the Alexandrine culture perish? With all its useful discoveries and its joy in the study of this world, it was never able to attach the highest importance to this world, to this life, the Beyond remained more important. The chief thing is, perhaps, to alter our way of thinking on this point:—possibly metaphysics may come to lay the heaviest stress on *this* life—as a result of my teachings!

"This life—thy eternal life. . . .

"Let us beware of teaching such a doctrine as a suddenly revealed religion! It must filter in slowly, whole generations must cultivate it and grow fruitful from it, so that it may become a great tree to overshadow the whole coming race of man. What are the couple of thousand years during which Christianity has held its own? The mightiest idea needs many thousands of years—for a very long time it must be small and feeble!

"Are ye prepared? Ye must have lived through every stage of scepticism, ye must have bathed exultingly in ice-cold streams—otherwise ye have no right to this idea. Assuredly I will defend myself against the credulous and the fanatical! I will champion my idea beforehand! It

is to be the religion of the freest, most cheerful and most lofty souls—a lovely meadowland between gilded ice and clear sky!

"Thou feelest that thou must say farewell, soon perhaps—and the evening glow of this feeling irradiates thy happiness. Mark this sign; it means that thou lovest life and thyself—life as it has seized thee and moulded thee up to now—and that thou dost aspire to make it eternal. *Non alia sed haec vita sempiterna!* Yet know, too, that ever and anon transience sings its brief song again, and that when we hear the first verse we almost die of yearning, at the thought that it might pass away for ever."

It has been assumed that Nietzsche forgot how in earlier ideas he had already known and almost jestingly repudiated this idea of eternal recurrence. This I must stigmatise as a mistake; for when he was at Naumburg in the spring of 1882—that is, before his first words on the eternal recurrence were in print—he made me read him the second of his *Thoughts Out of Season*, and accompanied the reading with all manner of critical remarks. I can, of course, no longer remember whether he made any comment on the passage about the eternal recurrence and the cycle of the universe. There is no doubt, however, that on this occasion he remembered his former remark on the subject. He would certainly not have later on styled himself, in *Zarathustra* and in his private jottings, the first teacher of eternal recurrence, if he had set the tentative theories of the Pythagoreans on the same plane as his own conception. What specially fascinated and delighted him, however, was not so much the thought itself as its deep meaning for his philosophy of glorifying and deifying the world, and its anticipated effect upon humanity. The vast range of this idea suddenly dawned upon him, impressed him enormously, and seemed to him something new and overwhelming. We see and feel this in all his writings! In a work on the Greeks planned by him he expressly emphasised the connection of this idea with the Greeks; he even assumed

that eternal recurrence was the creed of the Greek mysteries.

As the preceding notes show, he thought at first that the idea of eternal recurrence needed no eloquence in order to be effective, but could be stated baldly. Soon, however, he must have felt that an idea that is to reshape humanity is compelled to speak to men in new and alluring tones. He sought and found a new species of solemn rhythms, which gave expression to the thoughts that had been dipped in his heart's blood. And if we cannot even yet understand and estimate the value of the idea of eternal recurrence, we can at any rate gratefully recognise one fact—that we owe *Thus Spake Zarathustra* to this idea, on which the first conception of that book is entirely based. Even the more scientific expositions of that period appear only as soliloquies on the ideas underlying *Zarathustra*. In this sense my brother describes the experiences of August, 1881, in *Ecce Homo*: "I will now relate the history of *Zarathustra*. The root idea of the book, the idea of eternal recurrence, the highest formula of yea-saying that can ever be achieved, belongs to the August of the year 1881. I jotted it down upon a piece of paper, and at the foot I wrote: 'Six thousand feet beyond Man and Time.' That day I walked through the woods by the lake of Silvaplana, and halted not far from Surlei, by a towering block of stone shaped like a pyramid. It was then that this idea came to me." What a great part it plays in the genesis of *Zarathustra* will be detailed in a later chapter, where all the preliminary notes, written for that book in the summer of 1881, will also be found.

All this exaltation of spirit was accompanied by an improvement in his health. He was like a man who has advanced upon a perilous track, half in darkness and uncertain of his ground, but has now reached the right path, feels the soil firm beneath his feet, and sees before

THE SHORE OF ZARATHUSTRA, NEAR SURLEI, AUGUST, 1881.

him a land full of beauty, wealth and fertility. In answer to a rather long-winded letter from our mother, who had reproached him with not looking after his health sufficiently, he gives a glowing account of his physical condition: "There never was a man to whom the word 'depressed' applied less. Those friends of mine who have a fairly clear notion of my lifework and its unceasing demands upon me, consider that I am, if not the happiest, at least the most courageous of men. I have more weighty matters to think of than my health, and shall manage to endure any bodily affliction that may befall me. My appearance, by the way, is excellent; my muscles, in consequence of my continual walking, are almost those of a soldier, and my digestion is in perfect order. My nervous system, considering the tremendous strain to which it is exposed, is splendid, very delicate and yet very strong. Even my long and severe illness, an unsuitable occupation and the most unskilful treatment have not seriously damaged my nerves, in fact, during the last year they have become stronger."

Now that Nietzsche was soaring, as it were, a thousand miles above all the ordinary aims of humanity, he not unnaturally felt it strange when friends and acquaintances, in their cautious, hesitating, uncertain way, doled out praise or blame in their letters on *Dawn of Day*. For him every word of this book had already acquired a new meaning both for the present and for the future. I doubt whether anyone at that time pronounced a just verdict on the book. Nietzsche held that even Dr. Rée, who expressed himself in most flattering terms, had failed to understand it properly. And when Rée went on to send my brother a message through me, saying that he would like to pay him a visit, the news proved a real shock to Fritz. As a rule he was so grateful when a friend offered to sacrifice his time to him, but at this period his chief desire was to be left alone. He writes to me quite indignantly: "I have not the heart to send Dr. Rée a

telegram putting him off, but I can't help seeing an enemy in anyone who breaks in upon my *working* summer in the Engadine, who interrupts the progress of my task. The idea that any person should intrude upon the web of thought I am spinning all around me is simply appalling ; and if I can't make sure of absolute solitude, I'm hanged if I won't leave Europe altogether for years and years ! I have no more time to lose—as it is, I have lost far too much already ; unless I am *stingy* with my precious half-hours, I shall have a bad conscience. You can't realise how I have to tax my energies." He was really, however, the most grateful of men, and never liked to discourage anyone's efforts to give him pleasure, even if the efforts were ill-timed. Accordingly, a few days later, he tried to conquer his terror of being robbed of his solitude, although he did not feel at all comfortable about it. " My dread of seeing my solitude disturbed made me ill for four days, it seemed as if all my good angels had left me and the whole work of the summer had been lost. Well, I will put matters to rights, and at any rate friend Rée shall be treated better. From certain points of view a meeting with him seems to me quite important just now." In spite of this I wrote to Dr. Rée asking him to abandon the visit.

This summer of 1881 in Sils-Maria had restored his courage, his cheerfulness and his confidence in himself and in his health. There is abundant evidence to show that now, in the middle of his life, he feels genuinely happy and sees before him his path, from which nothing can any longer turn him aside. A complete recovery was, of course, out of the question, but those peculiarly severe and intolerable pains, which the doctors called " accommodative spasms of the eye-muscles," had left off this summer, probably because my brother was at last himself convinced that he could read or write only for a quarter of an hour at a time. Several relapses still occurred, and he was particularly liable to attacks of

influenza. His icy cold rooms in the Engadine as well as in Italy, to which he came back after getting heated on long walks, often exposed him to this complaint. Still, he himself dates his recovery from the summer of 1881, when he wrote his first notes for *The Joyful Wisdom.*

From my brother's manuscripts it appears that henceforth he occupied himself comparatively little with the physically possible problem of eternal recurrence. He knew well enough that there are grades of truth, but no "absolute truth"; for if we understand his philosophy aright, it seems that in all scientific investigations and conclusions he saw no settled or final truths, but only items of knowledge which we may put to good use, because they are perhaps basic assumptions for the changing conditions of human life. Such truths are of the highest value if they contribute to the improvement of the type "man," and it was just this value which my brother ascribed to the idea of eternal recurrence. If this life of ours is our sole and eternal life, what a vast importance and responsibility attaches to all our actions! Every moment acquires an eternity-value. How we shall strive to make this life our noblest and best, summoning all our forces to the task—and that, too, in the teeth of all difficulties and suffering, for the very reason that suffering may act as a spur to the highest development of our powers!

Why, it may be asked, did my brother later on so rarely mention the eternal recurrence in conversation? Was he deterred by the memory of those sacred hours that he spent then between the blooming splendour of the Alpine roses and the plashing wavelets of the green lake, between the gloomy fir-trees and the foam-flecked brook, between the snow and ice and the beetling crags—there, where "Italy and Finland have joined hands"? Or was it a tinge of scepticism, such as well befits so honest a philosopher? We know that he mistrusted all

ideas conceived under the stress of intense emotion. "Musicians and ideas that 'strike one all of a heap' should be regarded with the deepest distrust," he used to say jestingly, and afterwards he tried to make this clear by adducing the examples of Richard Wagner and St. Paul. "We mistrust all those extreme and ecstatic states of mind, in which we think we are grasping truth with our hands." Now he was far too honest and truth-loving not to confess that he had once allowed himself to be "struck all of a heap," and that too by this very idea of eternal recurrence, which he looked upon as the final link in the chain of his philosophy, as the highest form of "yea-saying" to life. This gives us a hint as to the reason for his silence.

He never shut his eyes to the fact that this idea might involve most serious dangers if once it became victorious. "Fear of the consequences of the doctrine: it might perhaps prove the undoing of the best types, and be accepted by the worst.

"The mob, which is cold and has little need of spiritual things, will at first smile at the doctrine of recurrence. The lowest impulse to life is the first to give its assent. A great truth finds its *last* adherents in the highest men: this is the misfortune of the truthful."

Finally he consoled himself with the reflection: "The effect cannot be foreseen! The greater an idea is, the more slowly it works and the longer its results are deferred!

"Its immediate effect is to make amends for the loss of the belief in immortality: it increases our goodwill towards life!

"Perhaps it is not true: let others wrestle with it!"

Later on, however, he did not blink the fact that this dogma would become an extreme form of fatalism, and would therefore cripple, instead of increasing, human activity. Nevertheless there is one utterance that must have come from his very inmost soul—where he

hints that we can influence the future by our present actions, in other words, can creatively mould our future existence.

"Beatification *sub specie aeterni*. An extreme fatalism, yet consistent with chance and the creative faculty. (No repetition in things: first comes creation.)"

CHAPTER X

THE JOYFUL WISDOM

In the autumn of 1881 my brother did not go to Germany, as he had intended, but straight from the Engadine to Genoa. His journey and his first few weeks in Genoa were marred by a violent attack of influenza, but an unusually delightful November, with weeks of cloudless skies, soon restored him to his glorious creative mood. He writes to me: "I now feel myself like one who has learnt to trim his ship to every wind—and has found *his* path! To-day I have my Genoese courage, and really don't know how I am to bring out all that is in me—it seems as if life were too narrow for me, and as if I must discover or create a new existence. I need *space*, a great, wide, unknown, unexplored world, otherwise I shall get sick of it all." And on November 29th: "Here in Genoa I am proud and happy—quite a Doria magnate—or a Columbus? As in the Engadine, I roam about the mountains in transports of joy, and with such a glance at the future as no one before me has dared to take. My success in fulfilling my great task depends on circumstances over which I have no control, especially on 'the nature of things.' Believe me, I am now the leading moral—and not only moral—thinker and worker in Europe. There may yet come a time when the very eagles must look up timidly towards me, as in that picture of St. John which we liked so much when we were children.—Occasionally, too, I get something good from outside: the day before yesterday I heard *Carmen*, an opera by a Frenchman named Bizet, and was greatly impressed. It is so strong, so impassioned, so graceful, so Southern." It is curious that my brother first heard

the notes of *Carmen*, to him always so entrancing, during this very happy winter of 1881-82. He also writes to Peter Gast on the subject (November 28th) : " Hurrah, friend ! Again I've come across a good thing—*Carmen*, an opera by Georges Bizet (who is he ?). It sounded like a short story of Mérimée's : clever, strong, here and there profoundly moving. This Bizet has a genuinely French talent for comic opera : he has not been in the least led astray by Wagner, and on the other hand is a true disciple of Hector Berlioz. I thought something of the sort was possible ! In dramatic music, the French seem to be on a better track than the Germans, and they have an advantage over the Germans in one cardinal point—their passion is not so far-fetched (as are all the passions in Wagner)." A few days later he adds : " At last I remember—my memory sometimes goes wool-gathering —that there really is a short story by Mérimée called *Carmen*, and that Mérimée's scheme, idea and tragic conclusion are embodied in the opera of this artist. (The libretto, by the way, is amazingly good.) I am almost inclined to think that *Carmen* is the best opera in existence : and so long as we live, it will remain on every *répertoire* in Europe."

The weather remained remarkably bright and pleasant till the end of November : " This month has been very fine here : every evening I sit in a vineyard, with sea, mountains and villas beneath me. I also bathe in the sea, from my *Dawn of Day* grotto." On December 18th he writes to Peter Gast : " Wish me luck and clear weather ! I take pen in hand to write my last manuscript. . . . It is to be a continuation of *Dawn of Day* (books 6—10). It's high time I did this, or I shall forget my experience (or ' ideas ')."

This continuation of *Dawn of Day*, developed, however, into a separate book, *The Joyful Wisdom*. For a long time it was meant to be his " last book." This needs explanation. Since the idea of " eternal recurrence " had

flashed upon him in August, 1881, my brother's mind had always been occupied with that great poetic work which he intended some day to produce. Hence the book he wrote in the winter of 1881-82 was to bring his aphoristic literature to a conclusion. It is true that he carried the aphorism to the highest pitch of development, and prided himself on packing into an aphorism as much matter as others put into long treatises; but it must always be remembered that this aphoristic method was for him a virtue that sprang from necessity. Nothing but his bad state of health had prevented him from rounding off these works in such a way as the general plan, ever present to his mind, demanded. Since the summer of 1881, when he felt his health to be improving and had less and less need to spare his eyes, he had considered himself once more strong to carry out works that suited the vast, comprehensive projects he had conceived. Accordingly the book which he was now writing, and which he called the second part of *Dawn of Day*, was to some extent meant only as a transition from the more cold and sceptical period to *Zarathustra*, which was to glorify the highest yea-saying to life. Yet he wished to leave himself ample time for so great an undertaking as *Zarathustra*, and even the transition stage was to be entered upon quite slowly. Hence he writes to Peter Gast (January, 1882): "A few words as to my 'literature.' Some days ago I finished books VI., VII. and VIII. of *Dawn of Day*, and this ends my task for the present: for I want to reserve books IX. and X. for next winter. I am not yet ripe enough for the elementary ideas which I want to present in these books. Among them is a conception which really needs thousands of years before it can take any shape. How shall I find the courage to give it utterance?" Nevertheless he decided to conclude and publish the notes he had made.

Most of his inspiration for *The Joyful Wisdom*—especially for the fourth book, which is so full of *joie de vivre* and of

gratitude for his new-won happiness—came in January, 1882. It must be clearly understood what health meant for my brother; not merely freedom from pain, but above all the ability to carry out the vast designs that he was now projecting. He writes to me at the end of November, 1881:

"You know that my physical sufferings make me impatient, not because of the pain involved, but because I am always afraid that I shall not be able to finish the gigantic task which I see before me from year to year in ever clearer outlines. I can only think and write when I am thoroughly cheerful in mind and body: I distrust all ideas which occur to me when my spirits are depressed or my digestion is out of order; and anything that I should chance to write when I have a headache is inevitably destroyed. The thought that these confounded attacks rob me of so much time now and then plunges me into despair! On the other hand I know very well that I owe a great deal to this changeable state of health—merely to this frequent getting well, this delicious feeling of convalescence! This sensation has a wonderfully elevating effect, and gives me no end of courage. You also know what it is to have sick headaches (the only form of illness that my healthy Lama knows!) and one day you said to me, just after you got over one: 'To-day the world seems brightened up to me.' Ah, how often I have felt that brightening up—perhaps too often!"

On January 22nd, 1882, he gives me a really touching account of his gradual convalescence:

"So I am to tell you exactly how matters stand with me and my health—you are not satisfied with my brief bulletins. I went for a long walk with your letter in my pocket, and thought it over.—We seldom become conscious of the real meaning of an epoch in our life, while we are living in that epoch; but to-day, when I was walking along high above Genoa, and, in the most heavenly weather, was enjoying a wide view over city and sea, I had a clear vision of the last two years with all their suffering and slow progress, and a strange sensation of happiness rose up within me, the happiness of a convalescent! How sadly I used to wander through

these lanes and alleys, how like a stranger I gazed upon this noisy humanity with its impatience of desire and enjoyment—as though I were but a shadow among living men. But now, amid all the shouting and tumult of these creatures athirst for life, I hear a sound, a note that strikes a sympathetic chord in my own soul. Yes, dear sister, I have recovered strength, courage and health! Not that rude health of long ago, when without the slightest fatigue I wrote my Latin prize essay in three days and two nights; but a more exquisite sort of health, one that has to be captured afresh every day. It is not altogether trustworthy, and I am sure to get an attack at least once a month; but in the intervals I am full of strength and courage, sometimes indeed of arrogance, like one who has had a lucky escape from death. What I write to you to-day is *between ourselves*—I am writing it out of gratitude for your never-failing kindness. Please be very careful in writing to Overbeck. Strange to say, he seems to assume that the Bâle authorities mean to pay my pension only while I am ill; here and there he hints that if I get well I shall have to look for a post again. That would mean the loss of all that I have gained up to the present. So pray be careful! It is only on my bad days that I write to Overbeck—or, in fact, to anyone; that is why there is so much grumbling in my letters. On good days I do not waste my time in letter-writing. To-day I am making an exception! Are you satisfied with me, dear sister?"

He always attributed his recovery to his own treatment, and was very proud of this. The regimen which he had prescribed for himself, and which he details in the following aphorism, was certainly a most sensible one: "The means whereby Julius Cæsar guarded against illness and headaches: tremendously long walks, the simplest possible mode of living, keeping out of doors the whole time, continual hardships—these, broadly speaking, are the preservative and protective measures we must take against the extreme vulnerability of that delicate machine, always working under high pressure, which we call genius."

It is probable, however, that his improved health was mainly due to the fact that he had learnt by now to take

the greatest care of his eyes, and to read and write only for short spells. He avoided reading all unnecessary books. During his Professorship at Bâle this had been impossible, for he was very conscientious in preparing his lectures, and thus brought upon himself that severe eyestrain which was the prime cause of his physical troubles.

He began also to resume his relations with his old friends: Fräulein von Meysenbug for instance, to whom he writes (February, 1882):

> "... I am living a second life, and am delighted to hear that you never quite lost your belief in some such second life for me. To-day I ask you to go on living for a long time, if so you will get plenty of satisfaction from me. But I must not accelerate things—the curve of my track is a wide one, and at every point in it I must live and think vigorously and thoroughly: I must remain *young* for a very long time, although I am now getting on for forty. All the world leaves me alone, but I don't complain—no, I find it, in the first place, useful, and in the second, perfectly natural. Such is and always has been the *rule*. Even Wagner's relations with me come under the category of this trivial rule. Besides, he belongs to his party; and, through the accident of his career, his culture is so casual and imperfect that he cannot understand either the difficulty or the necessity of my type of passion."

My brother was not angry with Wagner for making no move towards a renewal of friendship. At heart he was perhaps even thankful for this silence, to which he owed his freedom and perhaps his health. When I was considering the question of going that summer to the first performance of Parsifal, and suggested to Fritz that it might be feasible for him to go also, he wrote to me (February 3rd, 1882):

> "Just a few lines, dear sister, to thank you for your kind words about Wagner and Bayreuth. Undoubtedly those days that I spent *with* him at Tribschen and *thanks to* him at

Bayreuth (1872, not 1876) were the most glorious of my life. But the all-powerful destiny of our tasks drove us apart, and now we cannot come together again, we have become too alien to each other.

"When I came across Wagner I was indescribably happy! I had looked so long for a man who stood higher than I and really saw further than I did. In Wagner I thought I had found such a man. It was a mistake. At present I can no longer even compare myself with him. I am on a different plane.

"Don't forget that I have had to pay dear for my Wagnerian enthusiasm. Did not that nerve-shattering music ruin my health? And the disappointment and the breach with Wagner—might not that have proved fatal? Have I not needed six years to recover from the wound? No, Bayreuth is out of the question! What I wrote the other day was only a joke. But *you* must certainly go to Bayreuth. I am most anxious that you should.

It was with real delight that my brother still remembered the composition of *The Joyful Wisdom* when, in 1886, he supplemented a new edition of the book with a preface, the fifth book, and the songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird:

"This volume needs, perhaps, more than one preface; and ultimately there would always remain a doubt whether prefaces could bring home to anyone the *experiences* that went to the making of the book, unless he had himself experienced something similar. It seems to be written in the language of a thawing wind; it is full of insolence, unrest, contradiction, April weather, so that the reader is constantly reminded of the nearness of winter quite as much as of the victory over winter, the victory that is coming, must come, perhaps has come already. . . . It pours forth a perpetual stream of gratitude, as if the most unexpected event had happened, the gratitude of a convalescent—for convalescence was this unexpected event. 'Joyful wisdom': that signifies the saturnalia of a spirit which has patiently endured a long-drawn-out pressure—patient, stern and cold, without yielding but without hope,—and which now is suddenly fired with hope, the hope of health, with the intoxication of recovery. Small wonder, then, that many foolish and irrational things come to

light in it, much playful tenderness, a tenderness lavished even on problems that have a prickly hide and are not made to be wheedled and caressed. The whole book is, in fact, nothing but an outburst of gaiety after a long period of weakness and privation, it expresses the triumph of one who is recovering strength, regaining his belief in a to-morrow and a day after to-morrow, who has a feeling and a presentiment of the future, of adventures soon to come, of seas opened up afresh, of goals that he may once more strive for, once more believe in. And what a world lay behind me! That spell of waste, exhaustion, unbelief, frost in the midst of youth, that interpolation of old age in the wrong place, that tyranny of pain outrivalled by the tyranny of pride—a pride which rejected the deductions of pain (and the deductions are consolations)—that uncompromising solitude as a defence against the feverishly clairvoyant contempt for humanity, that whole-hearted preoccupation with the harsh, bitter, painful elements of knowledge—prescribed by a disgust which was the gradual outcome of a careless, injurious mental diet (they call it romanticism)—who could share with me all these feelings? But whoever could share them would surely pardon me for more than for a little foolishness, unconstraint, 'joyful wisdom'—as for instance in the handful of songs which are now added to this book, songs where a poet, in almost inexcusable fashion, makes fun of other poets."

Yet stronger even than the note of joy at returning health, there is in *The Joyful Wisdom* the note of something huge, incomparable—of the approach of *Zarathustra*. This it is that gives the book its significant character and its spring-like charm. In the rough drafts for the book the name "Zarathustra" represented by "the Sage," "the Philosopher," etc., occurs in many places. In the volume itself, however, the sacred name occurs only once, at the end of the fourth book (which closed the first edition of the book in 1882); the same words, a year later, stand at the opening of his poetic masterpiece, *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

I was unable to comply with a request from my brother that I should visit him, but on the other hand he received

a visit from Dr. Rée. He greatly enjoyed Rée's visit, and had some delightful walks with him. He remembered in particular one afternoon on the *campo santo*: the road there with its extensive sea-view, the solemn beauty of the cemetery's situation, Mazzini's grave, and many striking works of sculpture, such as the *Amoroso sonno*, gave him impressions that were afterwards recorded in his works. He writes to Peter Gast (February 5th, 1882): "Weather, before and after, beautiful beyond words! Rée and I were yesterday at a spot where in a 100 years' time (or 500 or 1,000, as you please) they will raise me a column in honour of *Dawn of Day*. We basked in the sun like two sea-urchins." At first, it is true, he found Rée's companionship a little exhausting after his long solitude, but he gradually grew accustomed to it, went with Rée to the theatre, and even once to Monaco. "At Monaco," he writes to us, "we were lucky—I didn't gamble and Rée, at any rate, didn't lose. So far as situation, Nature, art and humanity are concerned, the place is an infernal paradise. What I enjoyed most was a quiet hour in a beautiful tea-room, where a troop of smart, bepowdered attendants served us with excellent tea. The whole of this Riviera is incredibly expensive, money is flung about like mere dross."

At the beginning of March Dr. Rée left Genoa. My brother revised his notes, but, as he did not feel in a creative mood, he longed for a change, and asked Gast: "Can't you find me some absorbing distraction? I should like to spend a few years in adventures, so as to give my ideas time, rest and manure." Finally he left Genoa, and, by a doctor's advice, went to Messina. From there he writes in a very cheerful strain, after recovering from an extremely unpleasant sea-journey. The stormy weather had made him so sea-sick that the captain had fears for his life. Messina, however, soon set him up again: he writes to me: "Once more I seem to have made an excellent move. I am in the best of spirits: but they

spoil me! You can imagine that I have not come to Sicily to spend money, but the low prices I am charged simply astound me. Are you having cold weather? There's snow on the Calabrian mountains, facing me!"

Under the happy Sicilian sky a great number of aphorisms and poems were written. Six of the latter, which he called *Idylls of Messina*, were published in May 1882 in Schmeitzner's *International Monthly*—but the titles were different from those we find among the Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird in the later edition of *The Joyful Wisdom* (1886). *The Poet's Vocation* was then entitled "A Bird's Judgment"; *In the South*, "Prince Free-as-a-Bird"; *Pious Beppa*, "The Little Witch"; *The Mysterious Boat*, "A Secret of the Night"; *A Declaration of Love*, "Bird Albatross"; *Song of a Theocritean Goatherd*, "Song of a Goatherd. (To my Syracusan neighbour Theocritus)."

We were greatly delighted when he sent us these charming playful verses in manuscript. He answered our letter acknowledging the receipt.

> "The pleasure you take in my verses gives *me* great pleasure. You know that poets are inordinately vain. Some cunning rhymes in the old German style were much admired by Gast. Well, if my eyesight prevents me from learning anything—I shall soon reach that stage!—I shall always be able to hammer out verses. My last attack was just like sea-sickness; when I awoke to life again, I was lying in a pretty little bed overlooking a quiet cathedral square; in front of my window were a few palm trees. So I want to spend the summer here; after the unhappy experiences of the past few years, I *must* try to live by the sea in the summer as well. The shadiness of the place determined my choice."

Yet nothing came of this idea of staying by the Southern sea for the summer of 1884. Circumstances arose to prevent its being realised.

I had always hoped that my brother would find some independent young scholar who could help him in his philosophic studies by copying, making abstracts, and

other work of the kind. I had even written to Fräulein von Meysenbug, asking if she could find some one in her circle, just as she had discovered Heinrich von Stein for Wagner. To my surprise, at the end of April I received a letter from my brother with Fräulein von Meysenbug's writing on the envelope :

"Don't be surprised—this letter is written by me from Rome. I asked Fräulein von Meysenbug to write the address and mark the envelope 'private,' so that no one but you should read the letter. You will understand why.

"So your wish is realised ! Our dear Malwida (or rather Dr. Rée) has really found some one to help me ; no 'enthusiastic disciple,' however, in fact not a young man at all, but a young lady ! Candidly speaking, I should have far preferred a serious minded young man—or, better still, a man of my age, and no young greenhorn—but the case is an uncommon one.

"Fräulein von Meysenbug and Dr. Rée bombarded me with letters, imploring me to come to Rome; they said that they had come across a young lady who had a natural gift for my philosophy; she and Dr. Rée would help me in all sorts of ways. Just at this moment, when Gast was very busy with his own affairs and no longer ready to assist me so much as formerly, the offer seemed to me most important. So I went off to Rome.

"Now—to tell the truth—I think it's a mistake. So far I can only gather that the girl has plenty of brains, and has learnt a great deal from Dr. Rée. But in order to form a proper verdict I ought to study her *without* Rée. He was prompting her all the time, so that I could not discover any individual ideas of her own. Could you not go to Switzerland and invite the young lady ? That is what Malwida proposed ; I should like best of all to return to Messina, but that seems so fearfully ungrateful towards Fräulein von Meysenbug and Dr. Rée, who are so eager to do me kind and friendly services. The girl is twenty-four ; plain (- - -) ; but like all plain girls, she has cultivated her intellect in order to attract. Rée is of opinion that her intellect is extraordinary—at any rate he is quite enthusiastic, and tries to make me enthusiastic too. Don't write to me till you hear from me again."

"P.S.—Since writing the above, I have heard from Malwida

that the girl said to her in confidence: 'From early youth I have aimed only at knowledge, and for this I have made every sacrifice.' This impressed me profoundly. Malwida was in tears when she told me this, and she thinks that Fräulein S. has a close spiritual kinship with me. At first I thought there was no sufficient reason for luring me to Rome, but now I am of a different opinion! Look upon this letter as the product of a fit of bad temper; if I had time, I should write another, recording different impressions."

From this letter we clearly discern the opening of my brother's acquaintance with Fräulein Lou Salomé, now Frau Andreas. At the same time it illustrates a weakness in my brother which caused him trouble all his life—the weakness of letting himself be too much influenced in personal matters by the counsels and judgments of his friends. All the cures, doctors, modes of living, suggestions for making new acquaintances or distrusting old ones, were mainly due to the influence of his friends. Our mother was always astonished that one who was mentally so independent could let himself be so easily influenced in personal matters. He once tried to offer a psychological explanation of this strange contradiction, attributing it to his extraordinary short-sightedness. This, he said, caused him a sort of uncertainty in all the relations of life; he could not see the expression people wore while they were speaking, and often formed of a person's face and even of his character a mental image quite different from the reality.

According to Frau Baumgartner, "The blame for all the later complications with Frau Lou Salomé rests with Frau Overbeck." My brother seems to have come to the same conclusion himself, for in an unpublished memorandum he makes this woman solely responsible for all the unpleasantness which arose between him and his. His anger was, however, chiefly directed against Fräulein von Meysenbug and Dr. Rée, whom he reproached most bitterly for having misled him over this acquaintance.

Yet he did not hide the fact that he had himself to blame most of all, for not having followed his first impression instead of believing the exaggerated accounts of Dr. Rée and Fräulein von Meysenbug. He was angry at his own blind idealism, and "disgusted with his own lack of clear vision." Ultimately I was made responsible for the speedy and final rupture between my brother and Fräulein Lou Salomé. This was a mistake, for my brother had broken off relations of his own accord, without any outside influence, when he recognised how little the character of Fräulein Lou Salomé was suited for his philosophy. This will be fully illustrated later on.

An unfortunate incident occurred at this time to make Dr. Rée's pleadings and exaggerated accounts more impressive to my brother. I had just heard of that remarkable Russian mathematician Sonia Kowalewska, who had come, while still quite young, to the famous Professor Weierstrass and asked him to lecture to her privately on mathematics, since ladies were then not admitted to the university lectures. At first, no doubt, the old Professor thought the affair was a joke, and in compliance with her request set her some problems of a kind that he was accustomed to give only to his advanced students. Some days later the young lady came to him again with solutions which showed really uncommon acuteness. Professor Weierstrass was so delighted with this extraordinary talent that he gave her private lessons for four years.

According to Fräulein von Meysenbug's descriptions, I was compelled to assume that the case of Fräulein Lou Salomé was similar to that of Sonia Kowalewska. Later, Malwida expressly said to me that the parallel I had drawn before getting to know Fräulein Lou personally was perfectly justified. Malwida had also come to the conclusion that Fräulein Salomé, with her admirable understanding for my brother's philosophy, was a sort of gift of the gods to Nietzsche. So far as Fräulein

Salomé's intellect is concerned—whatever my brother may have sometimes said to the contrary—there was, indeed, never any disappointment; it was her character which proved deficient, and on this point Fraulein von Meysenbug had been no less mistaken than Nietzsche.

With her admirable intuition, Fräulein Salomé saw at once that it was not a lofty intellect, but strength of character alone, that impressed my brother. Her skill in assuming an air of heroic asceticism, and in representing herself as a martyr to truth from childhood upwards, was really astonishing. She even wrote a poem *To Pain*, reflecting my brother's ideals; we read it with deep emotion. After his disappointment, my brother wrote to her indignantly: "From your lips, such an utterance as the poem *To Pain* is a downright lie." When Frau Salomé, her daughter, my brother and Dr. Rée went on a journey together to Italy and stayed for a short time at Lake Orta, this heroic pose of Fräulein Lou's was steadfastly kept up, to the great surprise of her mother. The latter flatly pooh-poohed her daughter's martyrdom, declaring that Lou had been allowed complete freedom and had always done as she pleased. These sensible remarks, however, passed unnoticed, at any rate by my brother; for the daughter gently hinted that her mother misunderstood and misrepresented everything. Nietzsche, in the full joy of his convalescence, thought that the whole year 1882 must be an *annus mirabilis*, and the new disciple, whom Malwida and Rée praised so highly, a bird of good omen. How this bird of good omen was afterwards changed to its opposite, to a "monstrous owl," can be seen from his "Funeral Song" in *Zarathustra*.

My brother was immensely delighted at the thought of having found some one who, like himself, at an age of full vitality sacrificed life and health to knowledge. Fortified by this belief, he excused in Lou many characteristics that were essentially distasteful to him;

such as her contempt for the ordinary ties of kinship, and her desire to defy social conventions by going to the University with the two scholars, Rée and Nietzsche, and even, as she proposed, living with them in the same house. My brother regarded these proposals as nothing but the outcome of a lofty idealism and the sacrifice made by a martyr to knowledge without the slightest regard to her own interests.

This latter plan, however, met with decided objections from Fräulein von Meysenbug, whom Lou's mother and other relatives made to some extent responsible for Lou's destiny. Malwida—and my brother too, by the way—considered this idea of living together an offence against the proprieties. Malwida now remarked that one of the two men ought to marry Lou. It is amusing to note, however, that both Rée and Nietzsche, while sincerely desiring Fräulein Salomé's friendship, had no wish to marry her. My brother declined the suggestion in a very polite manner, explaining to Malwida that his financial position was quite insecure, and that his means were insufficient for marriage. On the other hand he strongly urged Rée, who was very well off, to take the step ; but Rée, for other reasons, also declined. My brother writes on the point to Fräulein von Meysenbug : "Rée ought to have married her, in order to remove the various difficulties of her position, and I for my part have done my best to persuade him. But I seem to have laboured in vain. He is a pessimist to the last degree, and nothing can shake his pessimism ; and the fact that in this matter he has remained true to himself, in spite of all my reasoning and the promptings of his own heart, has ended by inspiring me with profound respect. The idea of propagating the race is to him intolerable ; he cannot bring himself to increase the number of our unhappy species. In my opinion, this attitude of his shows too much compassion and too little hope. This is entirely between ourselves ! "

My brother was in the best of spirits when he came to us at Naumburg on May 24th. He related to me the events above mentioned, but urged me to keep them a secret from our mother and from everyone else; partly because Frau Overbeck had pledged him to secrecy, and partly because he was afraid that our mother would scent a romance in the affair. He was to pay dearly for this silence later on. Our mother was greatly surprised at his coming to the North, but he gave an explanation which was in itself true—that an acquaintance in Sicily had strongly advised him to go to the Grunewald near Berlin, both for its own beauty and quiet and for the advantage of being near the great city, with its university and excellent libraries. He actually made two day excursions to Grunewald, but both were disappointing, the one through rainy weather and the other because the forest was crowded with holiday trippers. He was not sorry to stay in Naumburg, which this time suited him very well. The tendency to headaches and eye-strain of course remained, but these troubles came on only at rare intervals and never so violently as in the old days.

Once more, as in his student days, our little green verandah rang from morning till evening with merry laughter. The laughter, indeed, had sometimes to be suppressed, so that our mother should not enquire as to the real meaning of our allusions; as, for instance, when I quoted a favourite comedy of the day, *One of Us Must Marry*. The manuscript of *The Joyful Wisdom*, too, was written out in a rather complicated way—really troublesome, but amusing. He did not want me to do the copying, because he thought that my neat, girlish handwriting did not suit the subject of the book. Accordingly an old secretary to the Chancery was engaged for the work. As he could not read my brother's handwriting with ease, I had to dictate to him, and my brother listened and made corrections where he thought fit. Our dear mother was uneasy at the idea that this worthy old

man should have to take down so much questionable matter. We consoled her very properly with the reminder that he could not possibly understand a word of the book. In the course of dictation, however, my brother and I alternately discovered that he did after all understand here and there ; when he did so he would shake his head dubiously. "Heavens!" whispered Fritz to me, "he's beginning to understand!" As a rule he entirely failed to grasp the meaning, and sometimes wrote such funny things that Fritz and I laughed till we cried. In the new edition of *The Joyful Wisdom* I noticed that this suppressed merriment had in places done the book harm. Some words, even short sentences, here and there had been simply left out. It may be that my brother countenanced these omissions, but there can be no certainty on the point, for he destroyed the manuscript after the book was printed.

The Joyful Wisdom received its finishing touches at Tautenburg in Thuringia, to which place he had gone instead of to Grunewald. He writes to me (July 3rd, 1882) : "The manuscript is quite ready. A fine sensation of victory, after six years' work!" At the beginning of July it went to press. He remained at Tautenburg till the end of July, so that the book was not published until September. The first edition contained, besides the prelude, *Jest, Cunning and Revenge*, only four books, and its motto was the saying of Emerson : "To the poet and to the sage all things are intimate and sacred, all experiences useful, all days holy, all men divine." The preface, the fifth book (*We Fearless Ones*) and the appendix (*Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird*) were not added until 1887, when a new edition of his works was brought out by E. W. Fritzsch.

We may well say that he never read the proofs of a book in brighter mood : the task was to him "a diversion before a great undertaking, for which one at last feels strength returning ; just as Buddha, after he had found

the guiding principle of his life, gave himself up for ten days to worldly pleasures." He was well aware that this book, too, would be liable to the strangest misconceptions, but this did not mar his happy frame of mind. He writes to Peter Gast (June 19th, 1882): "Ten times I have considered the book unpublishable, and ten times I have revised this belief. My view now is that it doesn't matter in the least what my present readers think of me and of this book—what does matter is that I have thought of myself in such a way as may be read in these pages: if it be only to warn me against myself."

In view of all the joking mentioned above, it is difficult to realise how strong a hold the ideas of *Zarathustra* already had on my brother, and how seriously he saw his whole future before him. Yet he loved to mask the solemn, heartfelt joy and the passionate emotions that swayed his soul, and for this purpose a word spoken in jest is the surest means. Hence his habit of clothing the gravest thoughts in a gay dress; hence his yearning for "clearness, purity, cheerfulness, spruceness, and sobriety."

For him, happy laughter was the great redeemer: "Only he who can endure great suffering knows how to laugh like an Olympian."

CHAPTER XI

DARK DAYS

The Joyful Wisdom received a far warmer welcome from Nietzsche's friends than *Dawn of Day* : " One of the things I shall never forget is that I got more congratulations over this book of *gai saber* than over all my other books put together. People suddenly became reconciled to me, they once more made friendly advances, everyone saw in the book a convalescence, a return, a homecoming, a halt —that is, a return to the world ! " He observed, of course, that this kindly welcome was accompanied by numerous misconceptions, but it pleased him then all the same, although later on he was inclined to make all sorts of jokes on the subject. Nor was he merely pleased ; he began to believe that he no longer stood alone, and to hope that it might be possible to find in his circle heroic men who really understood him, and who could join him in the march towards his last and greatest goal. He writes to Fräulein von Meysenbug (July, 1882) :

" My life belongs now to a higher aim, and I no longer do anything that does not suit that aim. No one can guess it, and I myself must not yet betray it : but I will confess to you— and to you more gladly than anyone—that it needs a *heroical* way of thinking (and by no means one of pious resignation). If you find any persons of this way of thinking, let me know, as you did in the case of the young Russian lady. This girl is now united to me by a bond of firm friendship (so far as anything of the sort can be firm on this earth) ; it is a long time since I made so great an acquisition. Really, I am extremely grateful to you and Rée for your agency in the matter. This year, which in many respects marks a crisis in my life (' epoch ' is the right word—an intermediate stage between two crises, one behind me and one before me), has been made much

happier through the charm and brilliance of this youthful and truly heroic soul. In her I look for a disciple, and, if I am destined not to live much longer, an heir who will carry on my work."

From this letter we see clearly that my brother had become firmly convinced as to the beauty and permanence of his friendship with Fräulein Lou Salomé. He did not suspect—as a shrewder man of the world would have suspected long before—that Fräulein Salomé had undergone all sorts of intellectual and emotional changes since he had parted from her and Rée in Switzerland. My brother, it must be remembered, had been almost too fortunate in never having an enemy among all his personal friends and acquaintances. His simple, natural manner exercised a peculiar charm, so that even the boldest views that he expressed never gave offence, and scarcely met with contradiction ; on the contrary, everyone seemed glad to acquiesce in this amiable superiority. Nietzsche himself, in a naïvely happy way, was conscious of this advantage. In *Ecce Homo* he says :

"I have never had the knack of prepossessing others against myself, even when it seemed highly expedient that I should do so ; this, also, I owe to my incomparable father. Even I myself am free from any prepossession against myself, however unchristian the statement may sound. Pry into my life as you will—you will find very few cases (perhaps, in truth, only *one* case) where anyone has borne me ill-will ; while of *good*-will you will possibly find too many traces."

In the words "only one case," my brother refers to this summer of 1882. I find it difficult to tell the story of these incidents—unimportant in themselves, but so painful to my brother. I should, in fact, never have thought of treating them at such length, but for the publication of two books, hostile to my brother, and giving an entirely false presentment of his character. One is Bernoulli's pamphlet, *Overbeck—Nietzsche;* the other is Frau Lou Andreas' book on

Nietzsche, which appeared during my brother's lifetime, and can only be regarded as a product of injured feminine vanity revenging itself upon a poor invalid who could no longer defend himself. The events here described have been, in particular, falsely reported by Frau Ida Overbeck and Herr C. A. Bernoulli, so that I am forced to abandon my former discretion and tell the exact truth ; especially as Frau Overbeck and Bernoulli sought by their misstatements to damage not only me, but most of all my brother. This intention runs through the whole pamphlet *Overbeck—Nietzsche ;* it is a tissue of spiteful inventions, distortions, and ludicrous comments. The acme of folly is reached by Herr Bernoulli's book when it touches on the Lou affair. I must therefore now give a detailed account of the whole business, so far as possible in Nietzsche's own words, in order to leave no gap that Herr Bernoulli might fill up with his fabrications, and to refute all his statements with the same contempt as Rohde's son and Herr Johannes Schlaf have done in other cases. The reader shall see for himself how my brother was treated, and shall form his own judgment.

As has already been mentioned, my brother had travelled with Frau and Fräulein Salomé and Dr. Rée from Rome to Switzerland, staying for a short time at Lake Orta and at Lucerne. From Lucerne he also took a walk with Lou and Rée to his belovèd Tribschen, which was associated with the happiest years of his life. He told me afterwards that he had there been seized with a fit of deep depression, realising in some measure to what sort of friendship he had come down, after giving up the friendship of Richard and Cosima Wagner. After this, Fräulein Salomé went off to Rée's relatives at their estate of Stibbe, but previously visited the Overbecks at Bâle. This visit entirely changed her attitude towards my brother.

I must here emphasise the fact that Fräulein Salomé was no Sonia Kowalewska, but (in Nietzsche's words) " one

of those young Russian women who go abroad in order to get into touch with well-known people, to profit by their fame, and perhaps also to have all sorts of little adventures." Our worthy Malwida, as well as Dr. Rée, had convinced Fräulein Salomé in Rome that Nietzsche was a celebrity. At first, accordingly, Lou took great trouble to arouse my brother's interest in her, offering to work for him in conjunction with Rée, so that his eyesight might be spared. No proposal could have been more tempting to my brother ; it seemed to offer him so wide a scope for pursuing his researches. He wished to investigate every psychical experience in all its length, breadth and depth, and would often sigh despairingly : "To think that I am one solitary worker—and this mighty, virgin forest to explore!" Hence came his passionate desire for comrades in the chase, keen minds that could help him to penetrate this virgin forest. When he received the offers of Rée and Lou, he thought he had found such comrades in the choice, and his joy was supreme.

At this point, however, my brother made a great mistake. In his unswerving love of truth he thought that Fräulein von Meysenbug, with her touching idealism, had after all given Fräulein Salomé a false impression of his views and plans. Malwida's comical suggestion of marriage had already caused him uneasiness. He therefore asked Herr and Frau Overbeck, at Bâle, to show him to Fräulein Salomé in his true colours. Whoever has read the recent *Nietzsche Reminiscences* of Overbeck in the *Neuer Rundschau* [New Review] and Frau Overbeck's *Chit-Chat* in the periodical *März* [March], can readily imagine what an odious portrait of Nietzsche these two must have drawn for Fräulein Salomé. At any rate—and of this my unsuspicious brother had no inkling—they robbed her of the belief that Nietzsche was a great man in the intellectual sphere. "So he is not great, not famous ?" said Fräulein Salomé to herself, much disappointed.

My brother made another mistake. Still firmly convinced that Fräulein Salomé really understood him and his great life-work, and also that her friendship with him was destined to be permanent, he sent her to Bayreuth. The *Parsifal* performance of 1882, however, was decidedly not an occasion for receiving an impression of Nietzsche as a great and famous man. People spoke of him in a patronising tone, as of one who had once enjoyed a little celebrity, but was no longer of any account. I except Richard and Cosima Wagner, who spoke to me, at any rate, in quite different terms. Wagner said to me in the course of a memorable conversation: "Since your brother left me, I have been alone." From other quarters, however, Fräulein Salomé heard nothing but scoffing or disparaging remarks. At my brother's urgent request I had accompanied Fräulein Salomé to Bayreuth. My first impression of her, as I observed in writing to my brother, was very favourable. He answered gleefully: "I can quite believe that you two get on well together!" To my great surprise, however, I soon saw that she had not a spark of reverence or friendly feeling for my brother, and that she was on excellent terms with all his hostile critics at Bayreuth. It was quite clear that she regarded it as a great sacrifice to accept our invitation to distant Tautenburg. "After all, Nietzsche was no celebrity!" She felt that she had been deceived; why should she settle down in that lonely spot and study his philosophy, which was rated so low? It was not long before I left her to her favourite companions—those adverse or indifferent to Nietzsche. I did not want to influence her in any way.

At last, somewhat reluctantly, Fräulein Salomé decided to come to Tautenburg, but she was not the same Lou whom my brother had got to know in Rome and especially at Orta. The visit to the Overbecks and the stay in Bayreuth had altered her completely. At Jena, she had already astonished a woman friend of my brother's by her slighting remarks. Now began the introduction to his

philosophy—not to the satisfaction, it appears, of either party. Nietzsche afterwards wrote, when trying to initiate an enthusiastic young disciple into his general creed: "The whole affair, by the way, is a drudgery, and reminds me of a similar drudgery at Tautenburg, in the summer of 1882. What is more, I have enough experience of the world to know what the world's reward is in such cases." At the time, however, he was never anything but patient and amiable, thinking as he did that Malwida's description must be true, and that he and his philosophy were to blame, if Fraulein Salomé did not show an adequate grasp. Yet the pupil was bored, and very likely gave Dr. Rée a highly-coloured account of this boredom; at any rate, I received an apparently inoffensive letter from Dr. Rée (Fräulein Salomé was meant to read it), begging me to shorten our stay at Tautenburg and thus give Lou an opportunity for getting away. Rée added that Lou's talents had not come up to Nietzsche's expectations—which was entirely untrue; and mentioned a little joke to the effect that neither he nor Nietzsche had thought of a marriage with Fräulein Salomé—which was in direct contrast to his own and my brother's statement that the project had been fully discussed. Fräulein Salomé failed to see the joke. When she read the letter she was furious, and abused not only Dr. Rée but above all my absent brother. In her anger, she revealed the ugly side of her nature: for instance, her petty annoyance at the refusal of Rée and Nietzsche to marry her, a refusal which she attributed to the lowest motives. She, for her part, had no wish to marry either; she declared, with cynical frankness, that she looked forward to a far more brilliant match. But of course she wanted the refusal to come from her side and not from theirs. Her manner of expressing herself was simply revolting. I had never heard such language or opinions from any woman of my class. Perhaps Fräulein Salomé was only a forerunner of a certain section of the modern emancipated women? An

old gentleman of my acquaintance recently remarked to me: "When we were young, we kept watch over our daughters, so that they should not hear and read what our sons said and wrote; but now, fathers and mothers must take care to prevent their sons from hearing and reading what their daughters say and write." I found excuses for the moderns, saying, "I think they call it sincerity towards themselves and others, assuming that we old-fashioned women deceived ourselves and others with our delicacy." Yet, though my views on this point have become less harsh, I can never forgive Fräulein Salomé for the way in which she spoke of my brother. Not merely was she tactless in general, but—I must put it strongly—scornful and impudent as regards Nietzsche's intellect and talents. "He has ideas" (so ran the general substance of her remarks) "which no sensible person can understand, everyone makes fun of him, especially Dr. Rée and I. Rée's talents are infinitely greater, and Nietzsche's sole aim, in associating with us two, is to exploit our intellect. Nietzsche is, in fact, a consummate egotist, and exploits all his friends." I was thunderstruck. To think that Malwida and Rée had chosen such a creature as my brother's disciple! Of course she immediately went to join Dr. Rée, with whom she at once came to an understanding about the incident, no doubt by entirely misrepresenting the facts.

I was in a most awkward situation. It was out of the question for me to tell my brother of this occurrence, as a duel might have resulted. (Dr. Rée, by the way, was very grateful for my discretion, since in spite of Lou's mis-statements he had noticed that she saddled him with the responsibility for much unpleasantness.) I could only silently withdraw, and declare that it was impossible for me ever to speak to Fräulein Salomé again. I let my brother go alone to Naumburg, and stayed at Tautenburg, so as not to have to discuss the matter with anyone Between September, 1881, and July, 1883, in order to

avoid a duel, I said nothing to my brother that could throw real light upon the facts. He afterwards reproached me for this silence. I still thought at the time, however, that things would somehow come right, without any necessity for going into the odious details. After all, Fräulein Salomé had made an attempt to make my brother think better of her. She sent him that fine poem, conceived quite in his manner, the *Hymn to Life;* my brother was so pleased with it that he decided to set it to music. Ugly and beautiful elements lay very close together in Lou's soul.

How little my brother, during that Tautenburg summer, knew of what had happened may be gathered from the following letter (September, 1882):

"In two or three days, my dear Lisbeth, I shall be off; I have written to the Eifers, whom I want to call upon at Frankfort. I have carried out the piece of work promised for Naumburg (a musical composition) in fine style, and with thorough satisfaction to myself.

"If only I could give you some idea of the happy confidence that has buoyed me up all this summer! I have been successful in everything, often against all expectation and just when I thought I had failed. Lou is also quite contented (she is now up to her eyes in work and reading). What is of great importance to me, she has *converted* Rée (as he says himself) to one of my main tenets, and this entirely alters the groundwork of his book. Rée wrote yesterday: 'Lou has decidedly grown a few inches at Tautenburg.'

"I am sorry to hear that you are still suffering from the after-effects of those scenes which I should so gladly have spared you. Remember, though, that these scenes brought to light what would otherwise, perhaps, have long remained hidden—that Lou had a poorer opinion of me than at first, and looked upon me with a certain distrust. When I take into account all the circumstances under which we became acquainted (including the influence of some injudicious remarks by our friend Rée), I cannot deny that she is to some extent justified. But now, surely, she thinks rather better of me—and that is the chief thing, eh, dear sister? When

I look into the future, I hardly like to assume that you do not feel as I do with regard to Lou. She and I are so similar in our views and mental equipment that some time or other our names are sure to be mentioned side by side, and any slander that assails her will assail me first.

"But perhaps I have said too much on this point, as I often do on others. Once more I thank you with all my heart for all your kind services to me this summer—and I honestly recognise your sisterly goodwill even in matters where you could not see eye to eye with me. There is danger, indeed, for everyone who has anything to do with an anti-moral philosopher like me! My creed absolutely forbids me two things: (1) repentance; (2) moral indignation. Let's be quite good friends again, my dear Lama!"

I would gladly have been "good friends" again, had I not known that in a personal interview much of what I had kept dark would leak out. In fact, I felt as if the ground was rocking under my feet. Was this Fräulein Salomé to be the best representative of my brother's views? If this really was the case, how terrible must this new philosophy be—this philosophy which, frankly, I had not understood till then—what a disturbing influence it must exert!

And what was I to think of Rée, whom Fräulein Salomé made responsible for all her offensive verdicts on my brother? It must be remembered that Rée had always expressed his respect and admiration for my brother in the most striking terms, lauding his intellect no less than his character. How often he had said that, compared to Nietzsche, he was a mere nothing, and how proud and happy he felt at being honoured with Nietzsche's friendship! And now to think that what Fräulein Salomé reported was his real opinion! Thus while Rée and Fräulein Salomé pretended to his face to be all reverence and admiration (one need only read Rée's letters!), behind his back they jeered at him and belittled his genius as much as they could. It was particularly absurd when one remembered the way in

which men like Rohde, Von Gersdorff, Deussen and Von Seydlitz had spoken and written of my brother—not only of his genius, but of his character as a self-sacrificing friend and a "white soul" in the highest sense.

My brother's return to Naumburg was marked by a very unpleasant scene between mother and son. While my brother and I were still in Tautenburg, "the devil had been playing his game," as an outspoken old aunt of ours used to say. A Swiss-French friend of our mother's had asked her to let a lady who was travelling from St. Petersburg stay at her house in Naumburg for a few days' rest. Our mother, hospitable as ever, gladly consented, and the lady—also of Swiss-French nationality—told her of an unedifying romance between a married teacher and preacher and an emancipated young woman. Frau Lou Andreas was the heroine of the tale, and is said to have published it herself in a short story called *Ruth*, dressing it up in an attractive garb of fiction. Yet truth and fiction were no doubt somewhat different in this case too. One can imagine our dear mother's horror when she discovered, a few days after her son joined her, that the young lady painted in such unflattering colours was Fritz's disciple and admirer. My brother now had to pay for the silence imposed on him by Frau Overbeck, for it was all this secrecy that caused my mother to take such a doleful view of the situation. He hurriedly left Naumburg and went to Leipzig. The plan of going to Paris had been abandoned.

When my brother went to Leipzig he was still to a great extent in the dark about Lou. He did not take umbrage at what my mother said of Fräulein Salomé; he thought that the French lady had merely retailed a bit of trivial scandal. All the same, my brother had heard enough to make him suspicious, and accordingly, after he had been alone at Leipzig for some time, and had

begun to think over recent events, he wrote a very serious letter to Rée :

"It's strange, but I have a preconceived opinion about Lou, and although I must confess that the opinion contradicts all my experiences of this summer, I somehow can't get rid of it.

"To tell the truth, no one has ever behaved so abominably to me as Lou. Till this day she has not withdrawn those horrible, slanderous criticisms of my whole character and aims, with which she went to Jena and Tautenburg; and that too although she knows that their after-effects have done me serious damage. A man who doesn't break off relations with a girl who says such things must be—well, I don't know what to call him. The reason why *I* did not break off relations was that preconceived opinion: a fine piece of self-conquest, by the way.

"At Bayreuth she not only left me in the lurch, but treated me as a person of no account. On this point I am sensitive; for I cannot regard anyone as a friend unless he appreciates my relation to Wagner and does me justice in the matter. Whoever fails to understand this does not know what it means to 'make sacrifices to knowledge.'

"I wanted to give her an opportunity of putting things right of her own accord: in such cases, I hate the idea of forcing anyone's hand.

"The last time I saw her she told me she had something to say to me. I was full of hope. (I said to my sister, 'She has a very bad opinion of me, but she is clever, she will soon have a better one.')

"There is no shadow of doubt as to how I should treat a man who spoke like that of me to my sister. To this extent I am a soldier and shall always be one; I can use weapons. But a girl!

"I should like to have the most painful memory of this year erased from my soul—painful, not because it offends me, but because it offends Lou in me.

"Can't you manage to smooth matters over? I have never wanted to mention them to Lou—with the exception of one point, of which you know."

Rée did indeed make every effort, by means of

optimistic letters, to pour oil on the troubled waters and conceal the real truth from my brother. In addressing me he declared that the two Overbecks, especially Frau Overbeck, were responsible for Lou's change of front. This seemed to me at the time a disgraceful libel on the Overbecks. It is only of late years that I have seen how much truth lay in his statement. I did not answer Rée's letter, for I was soon to see him in a light that I should have previously thought incredible.

Writing to Rohde in the summer, Nietzsche had said that in the autumn he intended to begin again as a student, "for," he observed, "my former years of student life were to some extent wasted, through their one-sided preoccupation with classical scholarship." The project, however, came to nothing, for, when at Leipzig, he very soon saw that the lecturer's books were far more interesting than their oral lectures designed for the instruction of young people. He felt, too, more strongly from day to day, that Dr. Rée, and still more Fräulein Salomé, were not suitable companions for him; both, as he saw to his horror, understood him less than his former friends. He writes, accordingly, to Fräulein Salomé: "It's just the same with you as with friend Rée—neither to him nor to you can I so much as mention the things that lie nearest my heart. This compulsory silence at times almost stifles me." In another passage he writes about Rée: "As for friend Rée, I felt about him as I have always felt (even after our stay in Genoa); it simply exasperates me to see a man of striking personality go to the dogs like this. He is so utterly aimless, and that is why he takes so little pleasure in the means to any ends in work, and is so lacking in industry, even in scientific conscientiousness. He is always squandering his gifts. And if he only squandered for the sheer joy of being extravagant! But no, it looks very much as if he had a bad conscience. At every point I notice defects in his training. A man should be

trained to be a soldier, in some sense or other; and woman to be the wife of a soldier, in some sense or other."

In that autumn of 1882, my brother was with Dr. Rée and Fräulein Lou Salomé for about six weeks at Leipzig. Thus he had ample opportunity for becoming acquainted with their character and their mental equipment. Frequent quarrels soon arose between him and Fräulein Salomé. He writes to her at the end of October, 1882: "Yes, I was angry with you! But why speak of this one instance? I have been angry with you once a week or oftener, and, I can assure you, not without good reasons. Traits of character offend me more than actions." One of his notebooks of the Leipzig period contains some very unfavourable comments on Fräulein Salomé's disposition, but they are so strongly worded as to be unfit for publication.

It may be asked, what reason my brother had for these private notes on Fräulein Salomé's evil qualities? The answer will serve to throw a clear light on my brother's course of action in the whole affair. We must remember that in his transvaluation of all previous values he did not designate as evil the qualities that are commonly regarded as such. The distinction often drawn by Nietzsche between "evil" and "bad" must be carefully noted. As regards evil qualities, my brother held that if their possessor had a great aim and devoted all his energies to the attainment of that aim, these evil qualities might be transformed into most valuable ones; or that, to quote *Zarathustra*, "dogs howling in the cellar might be changed into sweet singing birds." After Fräulein Salomé had caused him so much disappointment over her character, he resolved to work this transformation in her, so that she might add greatness of soul to her remarkable cleverness, and become a perfect human being. He wanted to make this a test case, as it were, for his philosophy. In order to make the victory appear all the more glorious, he greatly

exaggerated in his private notes the darker side of Fräulein Salomé's nature. Still, I must not omit to mention that Fräulein Salomé contributed her share to this exaggeration; in a way that has since become quite fashionable, she made a sort of coquettish parade of these unpleasant traits.

But Fräulein Salomé was not attracted by the aim which my brother set before her. On the contrary! As soon as she saw what a stern and serious self-discipline my brother demanded from his followers, she felt decided qualms. She might, perhaps, have complied with these stern demands, if the Overbecks and her stay in Bayreuth had not robbed her of her faith in the fame and greatness of Nietzsche. She now thought it useless to occupy herself with Nietzsche's philosophy; moreover, she began to fear that Rée, whom she rode with a high hand, might be still too greatly impressed with Nietzsche to remain under her influence. In that case, the entertainment she had promised herself at Leipzig would be at an end. Accordingly she tried by all possible means to keep Rée from contact with Nietzsche, nay even to prejudice him against my brother. At first Rée resisted, but he was too weak to shake off Fräulein Salomé's evil influence, and he made a wretched attempt to serve two masters. My brother did not know what to make of the behaviour of these two. Rée had indeed told him that Fräulein Salomé, through her visit to the Overbecks and especially Frau Overbeck's talk, had lost her belief in the Nietzschean philosophy; but this appeared to him, as it did to me, nothing but a lame and dishonest excuse.

At last matters came to a head. At the beginning of November he writes Fräulein Salomé a farewell letter, for which rough drafts and fragments are to be found in notebook XXXI:

> "Good heavens, Lou, what letters you write to me! They might be the work of some vindictive little schoolgirl. What have *I* to do with these miserable trifles? Do understand

that I want you to raise yourself in my estimation, not to lower yourself. How can I forgive you, until I once more find in you the stuff that makes you *worth* forgiving?

"The only thing I reproach you with to-day is that your frankness comes too late. At Lucerne I gave you my essay on Schopenhauer, telling you that it contained my fundamental ideas, and that I thought these ideas would tally with yours. That was the time for you to read and cry 'No!' (I hate all superficiality in such matters.) Had you done so, I should have been spared a great deal. From your lips, such an utterance as the poem *To Pain* is a downright lie. Just consider how different your conduct has been from mine. I wrote to Frau Overbeck, asking her to enlighten you as to my character on some points expressly stated by me; my very purpose being that you should not expect from me any service that I had no power to perform.

"I feel certain there can be no one who thinks better of you than I do, and no one who thinks worse. Don't say anything in your favour, my dear Lou; I have already said more on your behalf, both to myself and others, than you could possibly say yourself. Such people as you need a *high aim* to make them endurable to their fellow creatures.

"How dwarfed your nature appears by the side of friend Rée's! How poor you are in reverence, gratitude, piety, courtesy, admiration, modesty — to say nothing of higher qualities! What would you answer if I asked, 'Are you honest? Are you incapable of treachery?'

"Can't you realise that a man like myself, when brought into contact with you, needs a great deal of self-mastery?

"I could, if I would, make our relation easy for myself; but I have already mastered myself in so many cases, that I think I can even succeed in being useful to you, though you injure me.

"You have had one of the most patient and well-meaning of men to deal with; but remember that towards all the little self-seekers and pleasure-lovers I need no other argument than disgust. I am more easily swayed by disgust than anyone imagines. Write me different letters, and show more respect for yourself.

"I have never yet made a mistake about any human being, and in you I recognise that impulse towards a sublime selfishness which is an instinctive obedience to the highest law.

Some curse or other, it seems, has made you confound it with its opposite, the selfishness and rapacity of the cat, that wants nothing but life. Now this feline egotism, which is no longer capable of love, this joy in mere existence and nothing more, which you confess to be yours (we are given these traits in order that we may conquer them, may conquer ourselves)—all this is more repulsive to me than any other human characteristic; it is worse than anything evil, worse even than the conception of knowledge as a mere pastime, a diversion for leisure moments. If you give rein to all your meaner qualities, who can go on associating with you?

"You have injured yourself, you have given *pain* not only to me but to all who loved me; this is the sword of Damocles that hangs over your head.

"Good-bye, my dear Lou; I shall never see you again. Guard your soul from such actions in future, and try to make up to others, and especially to my friend Rée, for the loss you can never repair to me.

"Good-bye. I did not read your letter to the end, but I read too much as it was.

"F. N."

This farewell letter to Lou is marked by that courtesy which he always observed, even under the strongest provocation, towards those who had given him offence.

His real opinion on the trials of those five months with Lou finds vent for the first time in the following letter to Rée:

"I'll tell you now my present view of the case. It is a complete disaster—and I am the victim. In the spring I thought I had found a person capable of *helping* me; which requires, indeed, not only a lofty intellect but a morality of the first order. Instead of this, we have discovered a creature who merely wants to amuse herself, and is shameless enough to imagine that the greatest geniuses on earth are fit objects for her sport. The result of this blunder is that I can dispense more than ever with the need of finding such helpers. Lou's superficial, unfeeling nature has threatened to lower the dignity of my whole lifework.

"Who could have dreamt that her phrases, 'heroism' and 'fighting for a principle,' her poem *To Pain*, her tales of

struggles for knowledge, were nothing but a fraud? (Her mother wrote to me this summer: 'Lou has enjoyed the greatest possible freedom.')

"Or is it that she has changed? The Lou of Orta was a different being from the one I met again—a being without ideals, aims or duties. She told me herself that she had no morals (I thought that, like me, she had *stricter* morals than anyone else!) and that every day and every hour she brought her God some sacrifice from herself.

"In the meantime, I can only see that all she wants is sport and entertainment. Such an attitude towards questions of morality fills me—to put it mildly—with indignation. She was very angry with me for denying her the right to the phrase 'heroism of knowledge.' Well, she ought to be honest and say, 'Such heroism and I are as the poles asunder.' Heroism involves self-sacrifice and duty—and that daily and hourly; and more than this, the whole soul must be filled with one idea, compared to which life and happiness are indifferent. I once imagined that Lou had such a nature.

"Ah, I ought to have friends who could warn me in time of such terrible catastrophes as that of this summer!"

This letter to Rée is the key to the whole Lou affair, and explains the impression she made on my brother. He feared that through her his whole philosophy would be compromised, and this fear caused him intense trepidation. He had introduced Fräulein Salomé to his circle as a disciple of his, and now she had betrayed him; he saw the whole dignity of his lifework dragged through the mire. Fräulein Salomé, as he said to Malwida, was "a caricature of his notion of a disciple." He already realised what has since often proved true—that his philosophy was liable to the worst misconceptions; that cold-blooded egoists, whose only aim is to amuse themselves and enjoy life, would use his doctrines as a pretext for justifying their low propensities, for "living their own lives" (as the wretched modern phrase has it), and would thus debase his loftiest ideas. To all who aim at understanding Nietzsche, the above wonderful letter to Rée affords the best evidence for the strength of his ethical

conceptions and the stern discipline he demanded of his followers. Nietzsche held that the chief glory of any human being lay in his directing his will-power towards the highest aim he could achieve; intellect and cleverness were of *comparatively* little value.

The fact that the draft letters quoted in this chapter and chapter XIV. are of the utmost importance for understanding Nietzsche's attitude towards morality was remarked many years ago by my late friend Privy Councillor Max Heinze. At that time, however, I could not bring myself to publish them; and I still regret that we must, as it were, dissect Frau Lou Andreas in order to give a clear explanation of Nietzsche's attitude towards morality. But the time for discretion has gone by. So many falsehoods have been told, that I must at last establish the truth, especially as it is of the highest psychological value. Frau Lou Andreas may accept this as an offset for all the vexation she has caused my dear brother and myself. She has also partly Frau Overbeck and Herr Bernoulli to thank for the present revelations.

In itself it would be a matter of indifference that a young lady, who had hitherto lived in an environment where intellects so pure and lofty as that of Nietzsche were frankly unthinkable, should value so unusual a phenomenon as Nietzsche by the light of her own experience. The painful feature of the whole affair was that a recluse, who had given up all idea of finding disciples, was now deluded by others with the notion that a happy chance had granted him this miracle. Those who live in the midst of the world can hardly realise what it means to a philosopher and a hermit, who imagines that he has not long to live, when he believes that he has found a pupil who is equal, one who may perhaps become the heir to his philosophy. By marvellous promises my brother had been lured out of his sacred solitude, and now the first thing he encountered was this miserable compound of cunning and malice.

I do not reproach Frau Lou Andreas for the fact that she had not the faintest conception of Nietzsche's genius. After all, she knew him for only five months; for in November, 1882, my brother bade her farewell, never to see her or write to her again. What I do reproach her with is this: that when Nietzsche had become famous and was in his mental decline, she had the audacity—to use no stronger word— to represent herself as Nietzsche's friend and to weave that tissue of falsehoods, *Friedrich Nietzsche in His Works*. What has she not invented in that book—conversations that were never held and events that never happened! Frau Andreas possesses barely half-a-dozen letters from my brother, written in that summer of 1882; and these are really addressed not to her, but to the ideal portrayed by Malwida and Dr. Rée. In order to convey the impression that she was on friendly terms with Nietzsche for many years, she spreads these letters over the whole book, and alters the dates. She does not even mention the only letters of any real importance (the first drafts of which I quote in the present volume), because she knows that they would give the lie direct to her whole presentment. Frau Lou Andreas paints a fancy picture, of which one can only say "It isn't Nietzsche!" If any reader of her book has not yet seen how false is her description of Nietzsche's character and of his relations to Rée, I refer him to the criticisms of two authorities who have made a close study of the subject. In 1893, after the first appearance (in periodical form) of her fictitious "revelations," Peter Gast refutes her in a most complete and convincing manner. I quote only a brief passage:

> "Frau Andreas is generally looked upon as a genuine authority on Nietzsche. This is much to be deplored. Her biographical statements teem with blunders, her conception of the later Nietzschean ideas rests upon insufficient knowledge, and the portrait she draws of Nietzsche himself is a nerveless caricature. With all the mannerisms of a hypochondriac, she

speaks of the illness, sighs, agonies, wounds and other sufferings of Nietzsche, so that the reader never catches a glimpse of Nietzsche's finer facets, of his soldierly *gaieté* and *gaillardise*; I mean that quality to which Nietzsche owes it that he was never a pessimist after the fashion of Leopardi—that quality of 'riotous happiness.' This trait lay at the root of his nature; it lit up all his thoughts, and inspired him with hopes more lofty than ever mortal knew, hopes whose expression and influence is a warrant for their final fulfilment."

Dr. Fritz Koegel writes, in 1896:

"Thus science, art and philosophy become more and more blended in him, until in *The Birth of Tragedy* they produce a Centaur: that is to say, a work which would have been impossible for a one-sided genius. This polyphony of several talents, sounding together in a bold and rich harmony, is a basic fact not only for the early period, but for Nietzsche's whole development. It is again the artist, the philosopher and the man of science, meanwhile transformed into several shapes, who produce in common another, still more marvellous Centaur in *Zarathustra*.—An ostensible friend of Nietzsche, Frau Andreas-Salomé, has tried to pervert this fact: to distort the polyphony into discord, the self-reliant nature, sure of its instincts, into one utterly anarchic, the free and voluntary process of development into the constraint of an arbitrary self-violence. Such a result can be attained only by an uncommon measure of ignorance, an extremely careless method of construction, and a fertile imagination, which fearlessly invents or falsifies the most important facts."

Personally, I must always point out that the splendid aphorism "Star-Friendship," was stated by Frau Andreas-Salomé to refer to Rée. This is a deliberate falsehood; she knew perfectly well that it referred to Wagner, and was written a year *before* the breach with Rée. (My brother would never have called Rée a star! Some people seem to have no sense of perspective). The passage from letters which she quotes are almost entirely taken from letters addressed to Dr. Rée and lent to her—a point on which Frau Andreas fails to enlighten her

readers. Moreover, she has no literary right to publish these passages, and it is not known whether they are authentic. As a matter of fact her whole book is not one on Nietzsche, but is written in honour of Dr. Rée, who, in almost comical fashion, is lauded at Nietzsche's expense. Perhaps it was written with the intention of regaining Dr. Rée's friendship (he had broken off relations with Frau Andreas for several years past). If so, she certainly failed ; for Dr. Rée wrote to the Nietzsche-Archive shortly before his death, saying that he had ceased to have intercourse with the lady for ten years past. Although, too, the volume was dedicated to him, he criticised it to Rohde in most sarcastic terms.

My brother's breach with Rée came, not during the Leipzig period, but six months later ; before that Nietzsche still felt friendly towards him, and also viewed him with a kind of pity. Yet he already began to have his suspicions, and proved this by refusing to allow Rée to dedicate a book to him in March, 1883. He must also have thought that there was some prospect of a duel, and have heard something unpleasant through Rée and Fräulein Salomé, for on 27th April, 1883, he writes to Peter Gast : "Why should I trouble about crooked judgments passed upon me? That is what I felt in that hour of enlightenment. I was far more depressed at hearing of a number of unpleasant incidents which came to my knowledge, without my being in any way involved in them. What affected me most of all though, was a secret affair of honour, from which I for a long time saw no way out but death." Another disagreeable feature of his stay at Leipzig was the chilly treatment he received from his old friends. He had wished them to accept Rée and Fräulein Salomé as his disciples, but his friends could not look upon these two in the same light as their sponsor did. Afterwards, when I told Privy Councillor Heinze of Freiherr von Stein's visit, he said with a smile : "Ah, if Nietzsche had only

introduced this Stein to us as his disciple, we should have had a different and far juster conception of his new morality!"

Thus it was with feelings of deep shame and disappointment that my brother left Leipzig in November, 1883, to return to Genoa by way of Bâle. He looked with suspicion on all who were near and dear to him, for he now thought it quite likely that their inward feelings were altogether at variance with their outward professions. He made one exception in favour of Overbeck; and in all fairness it must be admitted that Overbeck, although entirely unaware of the inner details of the case, did all he could—even if he did not always hit upon the right tack—to make that gloomy winter lighter for my brother by means of cheerful encouragement and the suggestion of various projects. Frau Overbeck, on the other hand, without any definite knowledge to go upon, used all the hints she had caught, and tried to set my brother against all of us who stood near to him, advising him to break with us altogether. My brother trusted her, because he thought that she knew more of what had passed than he himself did. During his brief stay in Bâle (August, 1882), she even inspired him with fresh distrust of Rohde.

All these unhappy experiences made him realise how lonely he was, and how little understood. There seemed indeed to be no one who had any notion of the burden of duty that lay upon him, or, of the aims that he was pursuing. It is the melancholy fate of every genius to be lonely, otherwise he would not be so far in advance of other men; we may remember the bitter complaints of Goethe, Schopenhauer and Wagner—of Wagner even in the last phase of life, when he was so much lionized. Some men of genius, however, are made of sterner stuff, and are more able to endure a life without congenial friends. In this respect, Nietzsche had been spoilt from early youth upwards; he had always been surrounded by

companions who loved him and took an interest in his work; to what an extent, may be gathered from their really touching letters. Even so stiff and self-conscious a person as Erwin Rohde showed him a love and devotion in deed and word, such as no one would have expected. Yet at the very time when my brother most urgently needed the loyal devotion of sympathetic friends, the comrades of his youth left him in the lurch.

"Good God, how lonely I am!" he writes, and he realises with horror that not only these new, so-called friendships had been of the shortest duration, and marked by complete misunderstanding, but that even the old friends of his youth were more distant and alien than ever, and that they had no inkling of his progress and development since 1876. They all wanted to lure him back to his old, abandoned position. At such times it is inconceivably difficult for one who has such tender sensibilities, such a yearning for sympathy, to keep himself from going astray, to advance without flinching on the hard, lonely road. It would have been so easy for a man of his many-sided intellect to lend words and a new golden splendour to the ideas more familiar to his friends, and to give them a work that would have filled them with delight. He saw the complaint in their eyes, he read it between the lines of their letters: "Why do you chant us a song that we cannot understand, one to which our ears must needs be deaf? We are so ready to love and honour you; only say and sing to us what we should like to hear!" Many a brave and noble spirit has faltered beneath such glances and blandishments—not through a mere desire for ephemeral fame, but from an anxiety to win the approval of the best-beloved. But silent and unshaken, repressing the loving impulses of his heart, the lonely wanderer went forward on his steep, stony path—up to the heights.

CHAPTER XII

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA: PART I

"No one can realise with what feelings I read my *Zarathustra*. The book is far too strong for me, almost every word makes me break down and weep. Every line is written with blood; everything in it is real." Thus my brother wrote in 1886, but only he who is thoroughly conversant with Nietzsche's early years, his relation to his ideals, teachers and friends, his whole career and way of thought, can recognise this reality. It would need a vast and detailed work to show clearly the background of this incomparable poetry, this wonderful idealisation of the scenes and experiences of his whole life. That work has not yet been written, and will not be easy to write.

I must renounce the task of describing the connection between *Zarathustra* and his whole career, and must limit myself to the period of composition. Even this I do with fear and trembling, for the book lives in such azure solitudes, so remote from all actuality, that one hardly dares to connect it with human, all too human things. Yet the rarest flower springs from a dark and composite soil, transforming these unlovely materials into fragrance and colour. What delight and reverence we feel when we see that this work, although written in a period of painful calamities, become after all the triumphant pæan of the fighter and conqueror!

The figure of Zarathustra hovered before my brother from his earliest youth; he wrote to me once that even as a child he had seen it in a dream. At various times he gave this dream-figure different names; but "finally," he says in a later memorandum, "I had to bestow the

honour on a Persian. The Persians first conceived history as a whole, and on a grand scale. A sequence of developments, each presided over by a Prophet. Each Prophet has his *Hazar*, his kingdom of a thousand years."

The first drafts and plans of the summer of 1881 do not yet clearly reveal Zarathustra as the teacher and central figure of the whole work. It was not until the period of suffering that the figure of the royal philosopher took shape as that of the perfect friend, who understood him completely and could serve as the mouthpiece of his highest and holiest ideals. Rohde, however, in a letter of December, 1883, says with perfect justice that Zarathustra was Nietzsche himself. Such, too, was the idea of the poet:

> "On my lips the cry of sweet desire
> Died away:
> A wizard, ay, a friend in time of need,
> A friend at noonday came—nay, ask not who—
> And it was noon, and One was changed to Two."

So came Zarathustra, "the guest of guests," as his truest friend, at the very moment when he recognised so many a friendship as illusory, and even thought he would have to give up friendship altogether. The author always regarded this work as the greatest solace of his life, as one for whose sake it was worth while to live and to suffer.

While the figure of Zarathustra and a great part of the main ideas of the work had appeared long before in Nietzsche's visions and writings, still we must consider Sils-Maria in August, 1881, as the birthplace of *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* As we saw in an earlier chapter, it was the idea of "eternal recurrence" that first prompted him to clothe his new ideas in poetic form.

It was during the month of August, 1881, that he resolved to preach the doctrine of eternal recurrence in hymnal and dithyrambic style through the lips of

Zarathustra. Among his papers we found a sketch written at that period, clearly showing the first plan of *Thus Spake Zarathustra.*

"NOON AND ETERNITY.

"A Signpost Towards a New Life.

"Zarathustra was born at Lake Urmi, and in his thirtieth year left his home, went into the Province of Uria, and composed the Zend-Avesta during his ten years of solitude in the mountains.

"The sun of knowledge once more stands in mid-heaven: and the snake of eternity lies coiled in his light. It is your hour, ye noontide brothers!"

The following notes belong to this sketch:

"Plan for a New Art of Living.

"*First Book:* In the style of the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. *Chaos sive Natura:* 'of the dehumanisation of Nature.' Prometheus is chained to the Caucasus. Written with the cruelty of κράτος,[1] of 'Might.'

"*Second Book:* Cursory, sceptical, Mephistophelian. 'On the Embodiment of Experiences.' Knowledge=Error, which becomes organic and organises.

"*Third Book:* The most profound and heaven-scaling thing ever written: 'On the Ultimate Happiness of the Solitary'—that is, of one who after 'belonging to the community' has become 'his own master' in the highest degree: the perfect ego. But *this* ego has *love*: at the earlier stage, where the highest solitude and self-mastery were not yet reached, there is something other than love.

"*Fourth Book:* dithyrambic, comprehensive: the 'Ring of Eternity': in a short space of time thou must pass through many individual stages. The method is unceasing strife.

"Sils-Maria, 26th August, 1881."

Whether, without the bitter experiences which followed, this first plan of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* would

[1] *Kratos* (Might) is a character in the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus. —Tr.

have been carried out, and those exultant notes which we know from the jottings above quoted would have prevailed in it, is now an idle question. But perhaps in this case we may say with Meister Eckhardt: "The speediest horse to carry you to perfection is suffering."

Genoa, which he had revisited after his departure from Leipzig, did not please him so well this winter as before; so he went to the Italian Riviera, and here wrote the first part of *Zarathustra*. He says:

> "I spent the winter (of 1882-3) in that charming, peaceful bay of Rapallo near Genoa, which drives a wedge between Chiavari and the Porto promontory. My health was not at its best; the winter was cold and unusually rainy; a little inn, situated right on the sea-front, so that on stormy nights sleep was impossible, proved in almost every respect the reverse of desirable. In spite of this, and almost as a proof of my maxim that 'in spite of' determines everything, it was in this winter and under these unfavourable conditions that my *Zarathustra* was written. In the mornings I used to walk in a southerly direction towards Zoagli, on the splendid mountain road, past pines, and with a wide view of the sea. In the afternoons, whenever my health permitted it, I went round the whole bay of Santa Margherita and back to Portofino. This district is still dearer to me from the fact that the Emperor Frederick III. was so fond of it: I happened to be on this coast again in the autumn of 1886, when he visited this happy little forgotten world for the last time. On these two roads the whole of the first *Zarathustra* (above all Zarathustra himself, as a type) occurred to me, or rather overwhelmed me."

In the profound solitude of that stay in Rapallo, which was then quite cut off from the world, he had once more found himself. In one letter he describes in beautiful language how he had emerged "perpendicularly," as it were, from all his gloom and depression. Fine, bright days came to his aid, helping him to master his agonies of spirit and to write the first part of *Zarathustra* in ten days, amid a perfect riot of joy. He

may have made use of some preliminary notes, but the work was conceived and composed between February 3rd and 13th, 1883. It touched him deeply to hear, just as he was writing the last words of the first part, that in the same "holy hour" Richard Wagner had suddenly passed away in Venice.

He showed the deepest sympathy for Cosima's indescribable grief. He wrote her a few words of condolence ; the first draft is still extant :

> "In former days you did not refuse to listen to my voice at solemn moments : and now that, as the first report reaches me, you have passed through the most solemn moment of all, I cannot express my feelings in any other way than in voicing them to you and to you alone.
>
> "It is not what you lose, but what you now possess, that is present in my mind ; and there must be few who can so sincerely say : 'So it was all my duty, that I did for this one man—my duty and nothing more—and it was also my sole reward.'
>
> "You have lived for one aim, and to this aim you have made every sacrifice ; and besides your love for this man you grasped the highest that *his* love and *his* hope conceived ; the element which does not die with a man, if indeed it is born in him—that element you served, to that you and your name belong for evermore.
>
> "Few desire such a thing ; and those few—how few have the *capacity* for it so much as you !
>
> "So I look upon you to-day, as I have always looked upon you—if at a great distance—as the woman I revere above all women in the world."

In spite of his deep emotion at the death of Wagner and at the thought that he would never see again the friend he had loved and honoured so much, the friend whose place could never be supplied, the event nevertheless caused him a certain relief. He writes to Gast :

> "It was hard to be for six years the opponent of the man I had most revered, and I am not cross-grained enough to

endure such a trial. After all, it was against Wagner in his dotage that I had to defend myself; so far as the *real* Wagner is concerned—as I have so often said to Malwida—I wish to become to a great extent his heir. Last summer I realised that he had robbed me of all those in Germany whom it is worth while to influence, and was beginning to draw them into the toils of his senile enmity."

On February 14th, 1883, my brother writes to the publisher, E. Schmeitzner, of Chemnitz:

"To-day I have a piece of good news for you: I have taken a decisive step, and one, by the way, which will also be useful to *you*. I refer to a little work of barely a hundred printed pages, entitled *Thus Spake Zarathustra: A Book for All and None*. It is a 'poem' or a fifth 'gospel' or something for which no name yet exists, is by far the most serious and nevertheless the most cheerful of my productions, and is accessible to all. I think it will have an 'immediate effect; (candidly speaking, I am ashamed to talk of 'immediate effect'' but I do it for your sake, since, as is reasonable, your valuations must be quite different from mine—excuse me for saying so!). I think so because, as I conclude from various signs, the practice of studying me in a slow and hostile fashion has by now become fairly widespread. I hear by chance from Vienna as well as from Berlin, that there is a good deal of talk about me among 'the intellectuals.' I draw your attention to Herr Brandes, the social historian, who is now in Berlin; he is the most talented of living Danes. I hear that he is making a thorough study of my philosophy. Our conditions of publication are well-known to both of us, but this time I must lay special stress on two external details, because this book is to be the coping-stone of all my writings up to the present. Please have the same type and get-up, but put black lines round the text of each page; and let the binding be a strong vellum."

The MS., as has been said, was completed with amazing rapidity. In his letters and memoranda he himself describes his extraordinary method. He tells us how he was literally overwhelmed by the exuberance of his ideas. He could only take hasty pencil notes in his

pocket-books, and on his return home he would copy these out until far into the night. In his reminiscences (autumn of 1888) he tells us in particular, with passionate enthusiasm, of the strikingly happy mood in which *Zarathustra* was created:

"Has anyone, at the end of the nineteenth century, a clear notion of what the poets of strong ages called 'inspiration'? If one were in the least degree superstitious, one could hardly help regarding oneself as the mere incarnation, mouth-piece and medium of supernatural powers. The word 'revelation,' in the sense that something which strikes and moves us profoundly becomes visible and audible with extraordinary sureness and subtlety, best describes the condition. We do not hear or seek; we take, without asking who gives: an idea flashes upon us like lightning, inevitably, without hesitation. I never had a choice. A joy, strained to a tremendous pitch, which sometimes seeks relief in a flood of tears, and in which our pace now quickens involuntarily, now slackens; a perfect ecstasy, with the most distinct consciousness of an endless number of delicate shocks and thrills to one's very toes; a feeling of happiness, in which the most gloomy and painful feelings act, not as a contrast, but as something expected and inevitable, as an *essential* colouring within such an overflow of light; an instinct for rhythm that bridges wide gulfs of form—length, the need of a comprehensive rhythm is almost the measure for the force of an inspiration, a sort of offset for its pressure and tension. . . . There is absolutely no free will in the matter; the tempestuous current sweeps away all restraints and conditions, and gives one a sense of godlike power. . . . The most remarkable thing is the involuntary nature of the images and similes; one loses all conception of images and similes, everything presents itself as the readiest, truest and simplest mode of expression. To quote a saying of Zarathustra's, it really seems as if things came forward and offered themselves as similes ('here do all things come caressingly to thy discourse and flatter thee; for they would fain ride on thy back. Every simile will carry thee to every truth. Here the words and word-caskets of all being fly open unto thee; all being seeks here to become word, all becoming seeks to learn speech from thee'). This is my experience of inspiration. I have no doubt that we should

have to go back many thousands of years before we could find anyone who would dare to say to me: 'It is mine as well!'"

This joy, however, came much later, for the MS. was hardly finished before he was seized with a violent attack of influenza. Thinking to benefit by a change of air, he returned to his old quarters in Genoa, but became still worse. On March 7th, 1883, he writes to Gast: "Ill! That's always the way, my dear fellow! Scarcely had I reached Genoa before it came on with a rush. Fever, shivering, sweating at night, splitting headaches, a constant tired feeling, loss of taste and appetite: that's a sketch of my symptoms. I spend most of my time in bed, but now and then I crawl about in the town. A Bâle doctor is looking after me, and of course prescribes me quinine; but my own mother-wit had already given me that prescription. I am told the illness will last from four to six weeks; they call it influenza. What a good thing that I am alone!"

Influenza was not his only trouble. Frau Overbeck had inspired him with the ridiculous notion that we were making war upon him, whereas we were only attacking such disciples as Fräulein Salomé. He had not told us what would have been a great relief to us—that he had given up this disciple for ever. These misunderstandings caused him more pain than we could realise, for his references to them were but rare and cursory. At last, however, these painful impressions were almost obliterated by his joy at the completion of his new book.

In the period immediately following the composition of a work written in such a state of ecstasy, he had as yet no idea as to its real nature and effect. Peter Gast first made the acquaintance of *Zarathustra* in Venice, when he read the proofs. His enthusiasm grew from page to page, so that finally, in the fulness of his admiration for his honoured teacher and friend, he wrote him a

rapturous letter: "In what class should we place your book? I almost think, in that of the sacred writings!" It is really touching to see the effect which this first sign of being understood had upon the author. Nietzsche writes (6th April, 1883):

> "In reading your last letter, dear friend, I felt a positive thrill. If what you say is true, my life has after all not been lived in vain, and least so at this very moment when I thought it most futile!
>
> "On the other hand, your letter gave me the impression that I have not very long to live—so much the better! You cannot imagine, my dear friend, what a deluge of suffering life has brought me, at all times, from my earliest childhood. But I am a soldier, and in the end this soldier has become the father of Zarathustra. In this paternity lay his hope; I think you now grasp the sense of the verses to St. Januarius: 'Thou who with thy piercing spears of fire From its load of ice my soul dost free, Till it rushes roaring to the sea, There to reach the goal of its desire!' And also the sense of the inscription: '*incipit tragoedia.*'—Enough of this. I have, perhaps, never in my life known a greater joy than your letter."

This letter was crossed by a postcard from Gast, in which he continued the record of his impressions in reading the proofs:

> "'Wonderful!' Buddha's disciples often say to the Master's words. 'Wonderful!' is my exclamation—and with better right than theirs—when I listen to you as Zarathustra. To all your previous thinking and creating this comes like the case on a watch. Many may have been perplexed in looking at the mere wheels of the watch that you showed them before. Now for the first time we see clearly that it is a marvellous organism. 'Praise be to him who is blessed and holy and fully illumined!' With this Buddhistic address, Peter Gast, though no Buddhist, hails you in all the devotion of a neophyte!"

If the first letter had moved him, this postcard rejoiced his very heart. He sent it to Malwida, as he had sent the letter, and wrote in a merry mood:

"Won't you laugh with me a little? I enclose a postcard, from the writer of the letter I sent you. Remember we are near the end of the nineteenth century! And the writer is an apparently sensible person, a sceptic—just ask my sister!

"It is really delicious to think that I, who have challenged all the religions, should be the author of a new 'sacred book'! Seriously speaking, it is as serious a book as any, even if it embodies laughter in its religion.

"The remark in the middle of the postcard is good. In sober fact, I have been so clever (and so foolish) as to write the *commentary* before the text? But after all, who has read it—I mean, studied it for years? One man only, so far as I know, and he can now enjoy the text as well.

"In Germany last year I found that poverty of judgment had reached such a sublime degree of idiocy as to confound me with Rée. With Rée!!! I fancy *you* know what that means." [Fräulein von Meysenbug, by the way, had then no idea what it meant.]

From this time forth he felt profoundly happy whenever he remembered that his *Zarathustra* was now in the press, and this feeling was enhanced by various little incidents. He writes, for instance: "To-day I learnt, quite by chance, what 'Zarathustra' means; viz., 'Gold-Star.' I was delighted with the coincidence. One might say that the whole conception of my book has its root in this etymology."

Besides the grounds previously mentioned, he had another definite reason for hitting upon the Persian Zarathustra as his royal philosopher, and for choosing just this sage as the exponent of his new teachings:

"There is a question that ought to have been raised, but has never been asked me: what does the name of Zarathustra signify in *my* mouth, in the mouth of the first immoralist?—for that gigantic, solitary thinker has left his mark on history as the very reverse of an immoralist. Zarathustra was the first who saw, amid the conflict of good and evil, the real wheel in the machinery. The translation of morals into metaphysics, as force, cause, end in itself, is *his* work. But this question would after all be its own answer. Zarathustra

created this momentous error which is called morality, and so must have been the very first to recognise the error. Not that he had a longer and wider experience in this respect than any other thinker (all history is the experimental refutation of the doctrine of the so-called 'cosmic order') but—what is more important—Zarathustra is the most truthful of philosophers. His teaching, and his teaching alone, has truthfulness for its supreme virtue, that is to say, the opposite to the cowardice of the 'idealist,' who runs away in terror from reality. Zarathustra has more courage in his body than all the other thinkers put together. 'To speak the truth and shoot straight,' that is the Persian conception of virtue. Do I make myself clear? . . . The conquest of morality by itself, through truthfulness, the conquest of the moralist by himself, through his opposite—through me—that is what the name of Zarathustra signifies in my mouth."

The printing, by the way, was delayed through all sorts of difficulties. The publisher, as well as the Teubner Press, had promised faithfully to have the book ready by the end of March, but by the 20th of March Fritz had not received a single sheet. Hence he writes indignantly to the publisher: "My dear Sir, I am at daggers drawn with you or Teubner, or the whole confounded printing trade. People ought not to make promises if they cannot keep them. The printing *ought* to be finished—I forwarded the MS. on Feb. 20th. And so far I have not received a single sheet! This means simply robbing me of months; I can't set to work until this *pressure*[1] is taken off my chest. This is all I have to say."

In the end it transpired that the printers, who were somewhat timid, objected to various passages in the book. On hearing of this, my brother wrote to the publisher: "It is not in my power to alter the text of *Zarathustra* for the benefit of these nervous Leipzig people, and I am glad to hear that in this matter you

[1] Nietzsche is punning on two senses of *Druck:* (1) pressure; (2) printing.—Tr.

have given your support to my independent attitude. (There is something worse than strong language, namely weak language)."

The main reason for the delay, however, seems to have been that a batch of 500,000 hymn-books had to take precedence of the first part of *Zarathustra!* Later, the volume remained for an unaccountably long time in the publisher's hands, before it was sent out. In May, my brother writes chaffingly:

"I hear nothing of Zarathustra. What can it mean? Is he still alive? Or have the Teubner firm after all done him to death because of his 'strong language'?" The unfortunate anti-Semitic movement was this time the cause of delay. My brother writes to Gast: "As to *Zarathustra*, I hear that it is still awaiting despatch at Leipzig. This is due to the 'important negotiations' and continual travelling of Herr Schmeitzner, of the Anti-Semitic Alliance: 'publishing must wait a bit,' he writes. It's really too absurd, first comes the Christian obstacle, the 500,000 hymn-books, now the anti-Semitic obstacle. That is what the 'founder of a religion' has to put up with."

At last *Zarathustra* was given to the world, the first copies arrived in Rome at the end of May, 1883. My brother writes: "I am leading quite a bustling life, and spend a great deal of time in cheerful company Whenever I am alone, I feel more agitated than I ever felt before."

CHAPTER XIII

"*THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA*": PART II

My brother's correspondence with his relatives had ceased in the winter of 1882-3; but as soon as I heard of his influenza at the end of February, I wrote to say that I would come to Italy and look after him, or at any rate meet him at some place which suited his health. He answered (27th April, 1883):

". . . I am very glad to hear that you no longer want to be at war with your brother. I have now reached a point at which a sister of mine, if she is 'wise,' *ought* not to be at war with me.

"It has been my gloomiest and unhealthiest winter, but for ten days, which were just enough to allow of my doing something that makes up for all my days of sadness and ill-health. My brief 'return to the world' had brought me such a host of unpleasant impressions that for a long time the burden seemed more than I could bear. Well, I have surmounted many obstacles in my life; but it often needed a *volcanic* conquest, if I was to maintain my zest in life at all, and I had to ignore my personal experiences as inessential to the general verdict. This winter, I have once more been successful in this respect; and in the long run I shall manage to set in order all such relations with others as have become somewhat entangled—beginning with *you*.

"My coming to Rome will mark this new departure. Spring is late this year—our mountains by the coast still have snow on their summits. So I still have a month's time. Please help me to get a good room, where I can *rest* properly—I am often so tired. So far as quiet is concerned, too, I am very hard to satisfy. The 'Eternal City'! I am not on the best terms with her, and I don't go to Rome for Rome's sake. But please don't let our worthy Meysenbug know this!

"What is the meaning of this abnormal increase in my

wealth, of which Overbeck writes to me from Bâle?[1] As to the typewriter,[2] it's a trifle damaged—like everything handled by men of weak character, whether it's machinery or abstract problems or Lou Salomés. But my doctor here, a Bâle man, who cured me of a malarial influenza, finds pleasure in taking the machine in hand and 'curing it.' And he showed me some verses he really did manage to type with it the other day.

"Your idea of having a bust made of me is very kind, but really—the more *I* am forgotten, the better for my son, whose name is Zarathustra. This is a vital point for both of us.

"My health is fairly well restored, but in order to calm my nerves I have required sleeping-draughts every night for four months. I want to get out of this habit.

"The proof-reading is over, so that I can travel. I propose to reach Rome by noon on Friday."

From the very first moment that we met in Rome (May 1883), all our misunderstandings were forgotten. "We only needed to *see* each other," he said, laughingly. "Oh, Fritz!" I cried, "How could you imagine that I was at war with you?" "Yes, it was absurd!" he answered, in high glee. Yet at times he gave a glance of horror at the Rée-Lou episode, as for instance in a letter to Gast:

"How is it, my dear Gast, that I have not written to you for so long? That's a question I've just been asking myself. Well, I have been so uncertain and irresolute; I didn't want to write while a breath of illness still lay upon me (this winter I have written too many letters of the sort that an *invalid* writes). Then I had various mishaps; I couldn't find a place in Italy where I wanted to spend the summer. Once I tried the Volscian mountains, and once Aquila, in the Abruzzi. It's a strange thing that every year, when spring comes on, I feel a violent impulse to go still further south than I have been in the winter. This year I wanted to go to Rome, last year to

[1] Under pretext of owing him money, I had forwarded a small sum to him through Overbeck, so that he should not be hampered in moving by a possible lack of funds.

[2] Dr. Rée had conveyed to my brother a typewriter, my present to him; but unfortunately he was so careless with it on the way that it arrived absolutely unfit for use.

Messina; two years ago I was within an ace of taking ship for Tunis, but then the war broke out. I suppose the reason is that I have suffered so much from cold during the winter (three winters without a stove!), that when the warm weather begins I feel a perfect craving for warmth. This year I also felt a craving for human society—and that of a more 'human' kind than last spring brought me. Now that I can take a general view, I realise that my experiences last year and the past winter have been of a most painful and cruel nature; and I wonder how I escaped with my life—I wonder and still shudder at the thought.

"In Rome I have been treated with great kindness; and whoever has been good to me, is so now more than ever."

My brother lived at Piazza Barberini 56 *ultimo piano*. It was the house of the landscape painter Müller, and the quarters were very comfortable. We spent many pleasant days, with visits to the museums and trips into the country round Rome, but all the same, as he writes to Gast, a breath of illness still lay upon him. He had given up taking chloral for sleeplessness, and this was a cause of frequent depression; but there was another reason for his fits of melancholy. The friends to whom he had sent the first part of *Zarathustra* criticised it in a very odd and awkward fashion, while his publisher somewhat tactlessly pointed out how few members of his circle took an interest in his writings. "No one reads my books," he would exclaim, bitterly, "no one takes an interest in them, all my friends leave me in the lurch!" He resolved, in fact, to give up writing books altogether. The heavy trunk full of books (christened "club-foot"), which contained abundant material for fresh writings, lay unpacked at the station, and was often cursed, because it hampered his movements whenever he wanted to change his residence.

In *Ecce Homo* he gives a vivid picture of this period:

"Then followed a melancholy spring in Rome, where I went back to life—and it was no easy matter. There is no place on earth more unsuitable for the author of *Zarathustra*;

I had not chosen it of my own free will, and it made me utterly miserable. I tried to get away; I wanted to go to Aquila, the very antithesis of Rome, founded in a spirit of enmity towards Rome—just as I shall some day found a city of this type, in memory of an atheist and anti-churchman of the right stamp, a man closely akin to me: I mean Frederick II., the great Hohenstaufen Emperor. But Fate was against me all the time, and I had to go back to Rome. In the end I contented myself with the Piazza Barberini, after wearing myself out in efforts to find an anti-Christian quarter. I am afraid that on one occasion, in order to avoid bad smells as much as possible, I even enquired at the Palazzo Quirinale whether they had a quiet room for a philosopher. On a *loggia*, high above the above-mentioned *piazza*, where one has a view over Rome and hears the fountain playing far below, was composed that loneliest song that has ever been heard, the *Song to Night*. About this time I was constantly haunted by a melody of ineffable sadness, with a refrain which I put into the words 'dead through immortality.'"

This account shows that, in spite of his aversion to Rome, many of our Roman experiences are mirrored in the second part of *Zarathustra*. In that book Nietzsche transfigured a lively series of things seen and done, and brought them into connection with momentous ideas. When I read it I see clearly before me the countless churches, "those odorous caverns with their artificial light," the penance-stairs of St. John Lateran, the Cathedral of St. Peter, which my brother could not love "until the clear blue sky should once more peep through its broken ceilings, and grass and red poppies should grow over its crumbled walls"; and the sleeping youth with one arm round his head, and the dancing maidens on a hidden lawn of the Villa Borghese. Afterwards, however, he confused this scene with a description of a group of dancing maidens at Ischia given us (if I remember rightly) by Lenbach, and embodied by the latter in his book.

We often met Lenbach, and still more often Lewin

Schücking and his charming daughter. My brother was also delighted to make the acquaintance of Dr. von Fleischl, physician to the Austrian Embassy, who was an excellent pianist, and, together with the eminent violinist Masi, gave us a glorious musical evening at his house in Rome. All the carpets were removed from the stone floor, which greatly enhanced the effect of the music.

One of my choicest recollections is an incomparable morning that we spent at the Basilica of Constantine. The substance of the following words—though the form was less perfect than in *Zarathustra*—was then uttered by Nietzsche:

> "Look, my friends, I pray you! Here, where the tarantula has its den, stand the ruins of an ancient temple—look upon it, I pray you, with shining eyes!
>
> "Verily, he who on this spot once reared his thoughts in stone, knew as much of the secret of all life as the wisest of men!
>
> "That even in beauty there is strife and inequality, ay, and war for power and mastery; this he teaches us here in the clearest of parables.
>
> "How like unto gods do vault and arch wrestle here in combat; how they strive against one another with light and shade, they, the godlike wrestlers!
>
> "So let us be resolute and beautiful even as enemies, my friends! Like gods we will strive against one another!"

The scene with the priests is an echo of an actual experience on the Aventine Hill (I was my brother's sole disciple!). A party of white-robed priests came out of Santa Sabina and passed close by us on the narrow path, so that we could discern their features. How little they resembled ideal priests in appearance! Such faces enable one to understand Zarathustra's words: "Nothing is more vindictive than their humility."

By June the heat in Rome was growing oppressive, and we made various plans for spending the summer in some

other part of Italy. On one of these he writes to Gast: "I have a plan for the summer—a well-furnished castle in a forest, formerly inhabited by Benedictines; here I should invite a large party of friends." Yet this and other Italian projects came to nothing, for we feared the excessive heat. In one case we were lucky. We had almost resolved to go to Ischia, of which Malwida gave us a glowing description. Had we gone, we should have been there at the time of the terrible earthquake which half destroyed that charming island. As it was, Nietzsche decided after all upon solitude in the Engadine.

On the return journey from Rome he was in an unusually cheerful mood. I think he was glad to have escaped from the sultry Roman air. All through the journey he made up the funniest doggerel verses, as he loved to do when in high spirits. Five years later he writes to Peter Gast, in sending him an example of this remarkable poetry: "On the return journey with my sister to Como in the spring of 1883, we did nothing but make up verses on the way. At every stopping-place we tipped the guard to let us have the carriage to ourselves, because we were laughing all the time." This is a slight exaggeration; we only tipped the guard once, after an Englishman had left the carriage with every sign of indignation, because he thought that he was the object of our laughter. This merry journey through the Maremma supplied the source of several passages in *Zarathustra*. How well I still remember the buffalo, which I, unpoetic creature that I was, supposed to be admiring the fine view! My brother, however, embodied the incident as follows in his chapter "Of Poets":

> "They learnt from the sea, too, the lesson of its vanity: is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?
>
> "Even before the ugliest of all buffaloes it spreads out its tails; never does it grow weary of its lace-fan of silver and silk.

"Haughtily does the buffalo gaze upon it, akin in his soul to the sand, still more closely akin to the brushwood, but most closely akin to the marsh.

"What cares he for beauty and sea and peacock ornament? This parable I utter unto the poets.

"Verily, their mind itself is the peacock of peacocks, and a sea of vanity.

"The mind of the poet seeks onlookers—though the onlookers be only buffaloes!"

Even "The Exalted One" recalls an amusing scene on the journey; we saw the original picture at a little station. At the place where the train stopped there was an embankment with large trees. A learned monk was standing there, his arm resting on a wall; he was apparently engrossed in a big folio. Something in his bearing gave one the impression that in the picturesque shade he was posing as a type of lofty erudition. We in the train were all looking at him as at a character in a play, while he, with his studied air of exaltation, entirely ignored our existence. Suddenly a bull came rushing along. The "exalted one" dropped the folio, tucked up his skirts and ran as fast as his legs would carry him out of the shade and along the road. We were all delighted; the bull made as if to charge the train, but bolted off at the sound of our merry laughter.

On this journey he once more spoke of a continuation of *Zarathustra*. We also for the first time planned to found an archive for my brother's books and manuscripts. We looked for a place between the Riviera and Sils-Maria for these headquarters, where my brother thought of spending the following spring and autumn. At the time we called it an 'archive' only in jest; I was to be the keeper, and was to undertake all dealings with publishers, etc. We separated at Milan, as my brother wished to try Como and other places, while I was to inspect Lugano for the purpose.

As soon as I reached Naumburg, I received a letter containing the following passage :

"It was a good thing that we were together in Rome ; and although I belong to the silent order of men, you must have heard and guessed enough to know how matters stand with me. That which a man calls his goal (and of which he really thinks night and day) clothes his whole nature in a veritable ass's skin, so that he can be almost struck dead—he gets over it and goes on his course, like the old ass, with his old 'Ye-a-a!' That's how it is with me at present.

"I have hired a room here for three months. I should indeed be a fool if I allowed the *Italian* air to rob me of my courage. Now and then the thought crops up: what is to happen *next?* I am entirely in the dark about my 'future'; but as I have still a good deal to finish, I ought to think of this finishing work as my future, and leave the rest to you and the gods." (This refers to the above-mentioned plans for an archive.)

I felt that my brother was preparing me for a new MS., and he did actually write a few days later :

"Now, dear sister, I have an urgent request to make! You are to explain to Schmeitzner (orally or in writing, as you think best) that he must have the second part of *Zarathustra* printed *immediately, as soon as* he receives the MS. I want no more such heart-burnings as I have had before—I have often thought they might cause me sudden death. I leave it to him to decide *when* he will publish this second part (it is exactly as long as the first part); but I must get the printing over—this is a matter of prime importance for my health. Last spring the wretched dilatoriness of the printers made me ill for four weeks longer than I ought to have been. In return I will promise Schmeitzner that he will have nothing of mine to print next year. My present intention is to work up material for lectures, taking the 'text' for my lectures from *Zarathustra* itself.

"From all this you will guess that the second text in question really does exist. You cannot easily form an exaggerated idea of the violence of such creations. Here, however, lies their danger. For Heaven's sake manage to arrange this with

Schmeitzner; I am in too irritable a mood to do it myself. How delightful it is that I can write to you like this!"

Some days later (July 10th):

"My dear Lama,—My *Zarathustra* volume is so far advanced that I shall send off the MS., ready for the press, at the end of this week.

"Words fail to express my joy at being able to say this. The fact that I have written this second part justifies the whole year, especially the journey to the Engadine. The trip to Rome, too, acquires a new significance. I had a thorough rest in Rome, and even the noise and distractions of the quarter where I lived had their useful side—so had the 'club-foot'" [the heavy trunk full of books] "on the railway, and the frequent indigestion, and the bad nights. Everything prevented me from working and meditating; and I can scarcely say how hard it is for me to be taken out of myself. From this *negative* good that Rome did me I might pass to the *positive* good—but I must spare my eyes, for I have other things to write.

"At all costs the printing must start at once, or I shall break with Schmeitzner (I have every reason for doing so). So long as he fancies that his agitation is more important than the diffusion of my books and ideas, it is the severest possible trial for my pride to have anything to do with him. Last winter I so arranged everything that the first part of *Zarathustra* should be in my readers' hands by Easter, and I needed the greatest efforts to secure this end. Half a year lost for the influence of my ideas is a very serious matter, especially when the probable length of my life is considered."

Somewhat later he writes: "Sils-Maria. Schmeitzner wired to me on Tuesday afternoon, whence I conclude that it was after all your second letter which brought him to reason. It is of incalculable importance to me to get this printing over; I am like one who has no time left. Once more, then, my heartiest thanks for this service of yours. . . . Until I have finished the third and last part of *Zarathustra* my life will still be incomplete. This is entirely between ourselves!"

This gratitude, together with the fact that a publisher had to be talked over into printing *Zarathustra* and did so against his will, is to-day both pathetic and amusing. I mention this to console young men of genius who are misunderstood.

To Gast he writes (July 13th, 1883): "So it is a universal truth that 'the second verse is harder than the first.' Well, I have done the second verse, and now that it is finished I shudder at the difficulties I have surmounted without heeding. After my last letter I felt better and more courageous, and all of a sudden I conceived the second part of *Zarathustra*—and after the conception came the birth—all in a perfect rush!

"In the summer, having returned to the holy spot where the first lightning of the *Zarathustra* idea flashed upon me, I found the second *Zarathustra*. Ten days sufficed: in no case—either in the first or in the third and last—have I needed more."

CHAPTER XIV

MORE DARK DAYS

In July, 1883, an unlucky chance revived the unfortunate Rée-Salomé trouble, which, I had hoped, was buried in oblivion for ever. Hardly had I returned to Naumburg when I received a letter from Fräulein Salomé's relatives, telling me plainly that they had been given an entirely false impression of the whole course of events. As my brother and I thought the affair was closed, I did not answer this letter. At the same time, however, they had addressed themselves to Fräulein von Meysenbug with bitter reproaches for having brought Lou and Dr. Rée together, thereby causing Lou to be involved in a most awkward situation. (As Georg Brandes writes, Rée lived with Fräulein Salomé in Berlin, but, he adds expressly, "according to Rée's account, as brother and sister.") Fräulein Salomé's family now requested that Fräulein von Meysenbug should use her influence to make Lou return to her people in Russia. Malwida, who had already taken herself severely to task for having brought Rée and Lou together, now turned to me and pleaded earnestly for my help. Unfortunately, she had forgotten that I had not accompanied my brother to Sils-Maria, but had gone straight back to Naumburg. She therefore sent the letter to Sils-Maria, writing on the envelope : "Please answer immediately." Although the letter was addressed to me, my brother, assuming that it announced her intention of coming to Sils-Maria, opened it and read it, and thus learnt of some very unpleasant features in the Rée-Salomé affair. It really was an unlucky accident, especially as the letter said that all these matters were to be kept a secret from my brother.

Thus, for the first time, my brother saw Rée's odious conduct in its true light. He had indeed distrusted Rée during their whole association in the autumn and winter, but thought he was doing him an injustice. Now, however, from Fräulein von Meysenbug's evidently accurate statement, it looked as if Rée had used my brother's philosophy and acknowledged moral probity in order to give his association with Fräulein Salomé an altogether different appearance; but at the same time had made Nietzsche's philosophy a target for his ridicule. I was furious at the idea that all my silence had been useless, and that the whole miserable business was being re-opened. Not only had my silence been useless, but my brother reproached me (in kindly fashion, it is true) for having held my tongue in order to spare him. "Why," he said, "had I known that, I could on no account have had anything more to do with Rée; *he* was the primary source for the portrait Fräulein Salomé drew of me!" I myself found it difficult to believe then that Rée could have been so treacherous and deceitful; but the scanty little volume of his literary remains contains letters in which he speaks so meanly and spitefully of Nietzsche (then in his last illness) that one can well credit him with other misdeeds. Yet I must emphasise the fact that he was a man of weak character, and so completely under the thumb of Fräulein Salomé that perhaps, in order to spare her unpleasantness, he took many disagreeable duties upon his own shoulders. Later he is said to have implied as much to Rohde, complaining bitterly that through this he had lost Nietzsche.

My brother sent me Malwida's letter with two marginal notes: "I think you ought to help Malwida" and "Please give me information about the points underlined." I could not back out of the wretched affair, for my brother complained that in this matter all his friends had left him in the lurch. I urged him, however, not to put in his oar, but to leave the business to me, Malwida and Frau Rée. For Malwida's sake, too, I was anxious to settle

things in accordance with her wishes. The poor woman had had a similar experience in the unfortunate Gersdorff affair. Now, in the spring of 1883, everyone again loaded poor Malwida with reproaches, in a manner which my brother and I considered most unjust. So far did things go that Malwida was even threatened with legal proceedings. Naturally she was in a terrible state, and turned to me for help, because I had come to her assistance in Rome in the spring.

I wrote accordingly to Dr. Rée's mother, trying to persuade her to use her influence towards securing Lou's return to her people in Russia. Before despatching the letter I sent a copy to my brother for his approval. He answered:

> "The letter to Frau Rée is, from a literary point of view, your best effort: Heaven grant that you will never again have *such* an occasion for distinguishing yourself as a writer! What is more, I can vouch for the fact that the mode of thought and conduct ascribed to me in your letter tallies with the truth, and is not a mere rhetorical flourish. My pity gained the better of my pride, and the wish to help was stronger than the wish to benefit myself—(in *The Joyful Wisdom* one may read: 'Wherein lie thy greatest dangers?—In compassion').
>
> "In this affair I have also treated Rée far too well. I have *not* sent him about ten letters, or rather written a fresh letter in the place of each one that I destroyed—I was always afraid that he might commit suicide. And as a matter of fact I expect he only laughed at his crazy friend!"

Unfortunately, in spite of my urgent request that my brother should leave the whole quarrel to us three women —Malwida, Frau Rée and myself—he had not been able to avoid interfering personally. I was very sorry that he did, but I think my brother would have considered it cowardly to remain in the background. Afterwards, too, he declared that my letter to Paul Rée's mother had been after all too conciliatory. He now wrote a very strongly-worded letter to Georg Rée, Paul Rée's brother, the draft

for which is still extant. I can only hope that the actual letter was somewhat more moderate in tone.

"Our brief acquaintance in Leipzig justifies me in writing to you to-day what I would rather not write to your brother Paul himself: namely, that any further intercourse with him is beneath my dignity. I had done all I could to excuse his behaviour towards me, suspicious though it had become, and to put it in the most favourable light. Now at last, almost a year too late, I have received reports of actions so vile that they raise an insuperable barrier between your brother and myself. It is almost by an accident that I learn of these matters *now*; both last year and during my stay in Rome this year I had always requested that the disagreeable incidents of the previous summer should not be mentioned in my presence. Now, however, I learn that for all the odious slanders uttered against me and my sister by Fräulein S. your brother is entirely to blame; in fact, that this young lady was merely the mouthpiece of his ideas. Up to the present everyone who has had intimate relations with me has regarded it as an honour and a distinction; I hold the same view myself—but of that I will here say no more. Your brother, to my face, showed every sign of looking upon our friendship in this light; but, as I now know, behind my back he has acted towards me as a sneaking, backbiting . . . cur. So it is he who calls me a man of low character, and a vulgar egotist, seeking to exploit everyone for his own ends? So it is he who declares that under the mask of ideal aims I have been harbouring the most dishonourable intentions towards Fräulein S.? So it is he who has the impudence to speak contemptuously of my intellect, saying that I am a lunatic who does not know what he wants. Well, I understand now why, in a letter to me last winter, he said (without going into any details) that he had a feeling of guilt towards me. I don't care for these . . . foxes. I had been suspicious about him for a long time, but I thought it was my duty to spur him on and keep him intellectually occupied. I remarked to him once last year: 'We have never quarrelled but never agreed either.' A striking confirmation of this is the shameless way in which he deceived me about Fräulein S.: he spoke of her as one who was too good for this world, a martyr to knowledge from early childhood upwards, entirely unselfish—as one who had sacrificed happiness and

comfort for the sake of truth. Such a human being as he described comes into the world once in a blue moon, and I would go to the ends of the earth to make his acquaintance. Well, I got to know the young lady, and made every effort to find some vestige of truth in the above portrait. It was impossible (her own mother had warned me against her)! I was, in fact, a mere dupe. But whenever I sternly told your brother what I thought of her character, do you imagine that he ever had a word of excuse for *her?* All he said was: 'You are perfectly right about Lou, but that makes no difference whatever to my relations with her.' In a letter he once called her his 'destiny.' What bad taste! . . ."

After this letter—the actual wording of which, if somewhat milder, must have been bad enough—Georg Rée threatened him with an action for defamation, and Dr. Paul Rée wrote my brother a letter couched in an elaborately malicious style. This letter of Rée's, as my brother observed, added fuel to the fire, and made the breach an irreparable one. Nietzsche answered:

[The passage in the letter to Georg Rée, "Now at last, almost a year too late," to "who does not know what he wants," is repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, almost in the same words. Nietzsche continues—]

"Now indeed I have a clearer idea of the whole transaction—a transaction which would have severed my friendship with any man, no matter how much I honoured him, no matter how near he stood to me. No one has ever been able to understand how I could range myself with such people, whose intrigues have no doubt everywhere made their position towards me suspicious. Well, I thought I was speaking for a friend, when for years I took your part and sheltered you against distrust; and I had ample occasion for doing so, seeing that you are not one of those who inspire confidence. For the last seven years perhaps nothing has stood in my light more than this very fact, that I took you under my wing. If this example be anything to go by, I have not yet advanced very far in the art of judging men, and I can imagine how much you have done already to express your scorn of me in this respect. I congratulate you—but I would rather be

mocked at by such men as you than understand them! Really, I can no longer see why you went about with me and what you wanted of me. Richard Wagner once warned me against you, and said: 'That fellow has something bad up his sleeve—he'll do you an ill turn some day.'

"I should very much like to give you a lesson in practical morality with the help of a few bullets. Perhaps, if I am lucky, I shall manage to make you give up occupying yourself with morality once and for all—for this occupation needs clean hands, Herr Dr. Rée, not muck-raking fingers like yours!

"Now that you have written this letter, there is no longer any doubt as to your character. Fräulein S. deserves our thanks for having been the first to lift the veil from this Isis-picture. And for years I thought you were honest, and on that very point stood up for you against the whole world! My judgment of men is in a very bad way—that's certain; and you have every reason to laugh at me."

In the meantime Frau Overbeck had put her finger in the pie. My brother had already noticed in Rome that her various accusations against me were false, and that I had no idea how strenuously she tried to create bad blood between us. When I expressed an intention of stopping at Bâle and visiting the Overbecks on my way back to Germany, my brother wrote to the Overbecks asking them, in veiled language, to treat me in friendly fashion. Frau Overbeck, having gathered from an earlier letter that he no longer believed her statements, was very angry, and wrote what my brother afterwards called "a downright stupid letter," not only about me, but also about Fräulein Salomé. I must point out that throughout the whole affair the Overbecks not only did not take Fräulein Salomé's part, but even censured her in the severest terms. As, however, they did not know the details, their verdict on the whole case was altogether wide of the mark. Above all, Frau Overbeck tried to use the affair as a handle for damaging me in my brother's eyes. He wrote to me:

"These last few days I have felt rather annoyed with Frau Overbeck, who—no doubt 'with the best intentions,' but with a clumsiness and indiscretion beyond belief—wrote me a little lecturing letter about 'weakness,' 'folly,' 'all-too-human,' and so forth; assuring me that 'she could not yet convince herself that she might be mistaken in me,' and informing me that 'it is only through weaknesses and mistakes that we can reach our highest virtues.' Nothing is more stupid than complaining; we thereby lower ourselves in our friends' estimation and ourselves in our own.

"I have noted her attitude carefully, but answered her very politely, of course." . . .

He goes on to summarise a passage from his answer to Frau Overbeck, which runs as follows:

"Pray don't trouble about the false position between my sister and me (the fact is, my position towards *everyone* has always so far been false). She is just as offended as I am, or more so, and with every right. If she succeeds in getting L. sent back to Russia, she will do more good than I can do with all my asceticism. Last year she was too anxious to spare my feelings, and thus it is only three weeks that I learnt the more serious aspects of the matter, which she concealed from me at Tautenburg. In Rome I did not want to hear anything about the business. She sent me a copy of a letter of hers to Frau Rée (a masterpiece of woman's wit, by the way), and this shed a new and painful light on things. Dr. Rée suddenly steps into the foreground: it is terrible to have to readjust one's view of a man one has loved and trusted for many years."

Although I did not then know Frau Overbeck's character so well as I do now, I had some inkling that she might take exception to this letter and therefore make things unpleasant for him or for me. Accordingly I wrote to ask him if he had answered in a sufficiently amiable tone. He replied:

"Of course! I wrote in a very polite and moderate fashion, as I told you before. I can't stand her chatter about Lou. Rée was quite right when he said that no one was less fitted than Frau Overbeck to 'enlighten' me as to Lou's character.

Now she is doing all she can to lay the blame on others, especially on you. To her distorted vision, everything looks smaller, as through the wrong end of a telescope; whether a thing be good or evil, she always takes a petty and sour view. Her warnings, apart from their tactlessness, were simply ridiculous; it's like telling old Laocoon that he really ought to overcome his snakes. I suppose it is woman's way always to scent a love-affair—that's why she rambles about Lou's 'influence.' After all this, your letter came as a welcome relief. *You* understand that the entanglement with Rée is far more distressing than that with Lou." [Here follows the above passage about "readjusting one's view."] "That is why I suffer the torments of hell night and day, and know not where to look for comfort.

"And yet, after all, I think it would have been better if you had let me know earlier. At Tautenburg you were too anxious to spare my feelings. Certainty would have been preferable to the distrust that tortured me during my long stay in Leipzig. I thought I was doing Rée an injustice. You don't believe in his guilt even to-day, and you lay the whole blame on Lou. But whenever I talked with him alone in Leipzig, he looked like one who has a bad conscience. A great deal is now clear to me—odious things which shall be hidden from all the world, which I would gladly hide from myself. If only it were possible! Rée has deceived me shamefully in every respect, but above all with regard to Lou. And now—you can fancy my disgust at having to wade through such mud! I, who can live only in an atmosphere of absolute cleanness and purity! My suffering is beyond words—it'll kill me! My whole existence is poisoned!

"But I have an aim which compels me to go on living, and for the sake of which I must put up with the most painful trials. Were it not for this, I should find an easier way out—in other words, I should long ago have ceased to live. Anyone who saw my condition this winter at close quarters, and understood, would have a right to say, 'Find the easier way out! Die!' Yet things went just as hardly with me in that terrible period 1879–80. Even my years at Genoa—those years of convalescence—were a long series of self-conquests, such as would not have been to everyone's taste. So, my dear sister, this time, too, the tyrant in me, the inexorable tyrant, will make me triumph and lead me to victory. My philosophy

is such that it even demands an unqualified victory—demands, in other words, that I transmute the lead of experience into purest gold. No one understands this, least of all my friends, *e.g.*, the Overbecks.

"Forgive me, dear sister, for always harping on this old story: but who else is there to whom I can complain? From my recent letters you saw how it hurts me to complain to others; if I do, they pour a flood of exhortation on me and use me to gratify their sense of power. Pray don't take my complaints as reproaches! You could not have acted otherwise than you did. You wanted to avert a duel, though it will probably come to a duel after all. One single reproach is justifiable: you ought not to have dragged Mother into the affair. She and we are too different. . . . In spite of all, I have been quite industrious, and have wrested a remarkable amount of work from this cold, sunless summer."

In the meantime he had begun to get uneasy about a pathetic letter from Fräulein von Meysenbug, who no doubt implied that after recent events her young friends had lost confidence in her. He answered as frankly and cordially as ever, giving her to understand that he bore her no ill-will in the matter. He omitted, however, to mention the letter of hers that he had read by mistake, so that she assumed I had told him of its contents. He writes to her as follows (August, 1883):

"My dear, honoured friend (I hope it is not indiscreet of me to call you that?), I can assure you that I have unbounded confidence in you: of that I need say no more.

"I have been through a trying summer, and the ordeal is not yet over. . . . It is indeed unlucky that this fellow Rée, a backbiter to the core, ever crossed my path. And how compassionate I was with him, how patient! 'He's a poor creature, he must be pushed on'—how often I said that to myself at the very moment when I felt disgusted at his paltry and insincere way of living and thinking! I shall never forget how angry I was in 1876 when I heard that he was coming with you to Sorrento. I was just as angry again two years later at Sils-Maria—nay, I was *ill* when I learnt from my sister that he wanted to come to this place. One should trust

one's instincts better, even the instincts of opposition. But the Schopenhauerian 'pity' has always worked the *arch-mischief* in my life—and accordingly I have every reason to look with favour on those moral systems which recognise a few other impulses to morality and do not try to reduce all our human virtues to 'sympathies.' Such a view not only betrays a softness which would have moved any high-minded Hellene to laughter, but involves a serious practical danger. Our ideal of humanity must be followed *consistently;* with this ideal we must coerce and subjugate our fellow-men as well as ourselves, and thus have a creative influence. This cannot be done unless we keep our feelings of pity well under control, and treat as enemies all who go contrary to our ideal (as for instance, such scum as L. and R.).—This is how I preach morality to myself, you see; but to attain this 'wisdom' almost cost me my life.

"I ought to have spent the summer with you and in the noble company of friends that surrounds you: but now it is too late!

"Yours in all gratitude and devotion,

"NIETZSCHE."

His relations with Fräulein Lou Salomé were closed for ever by a letter to the young lady's mother in August, 1883. He tells Frau Salomé, as he had told Georg Rée (p. 174), of his disappointment with Lou and his vain attempts to see her as she had been described to him, and concludes: "Both my sister and I have every reason to put a black mark in the calendar against the day when we met your daughter. That we both had the best intentions towards her is beyond all doubt."

In order to divert my brother's thoughts into other channels, I spoke to him of an old plan, which he himself had often mooted, of once more delivering lectures at a University. The subject I suggested was Greek culture, but what I really meant was his new philosophy, as he himself had already mentioned in a letter: "Lectures on the Text of *Zarathustra*." I still regret that this idea was never realised. At the time, unfortunately, we only thought of lectures in connection with a University.

Nietzsche had his eye on Leipzig in particular, but a faithful friend told him *sub rosa* that with his well-known and much-dreaded views such a thing was entirely out of the question. Yet there was no need at all for the lectures to be given in connection with a University. Surely there would have been other ways of finding young pupils and disciples ; and had the plan come to anything, the whole course of my brother's life would have been changed. Much as he would have liked to give the lectures, he was deeply hurt at being ostracized by his former *confrères*, although he quite understood their motives. Moreover he had a secret suspicion that the slanders of Rée and Fräulein Salomé had done him harm—a groundless suspicion, by the way, for no one attached any importance to their chatter. Accordingly he sometimes became really indignant, as we see from a letter to Gast (26th August, 1883) : " I envy Epicurus his scholars in his garden. Yes, in that garden even noble Greece could be, and ignoble Germany *might* be, forgotten ! Hence my rage, since I have realised what paltry means (disparagement of my reputation, my character and my intentions) *suffice* to rob me of confidence and therefore to remove all possibility of founding a school. You can well believe that I have not written a single line for the sake of mere fame ; but I thought my writings might serve as a good *bait*. For ultimately my impulse to teach is a strong one. And I even need fame for the purpose of acquiring scholars—especially as my recent experience makes a University position impossible."

Later on he transformed even these painful incidents into means of advancing his life-work, as may be observed from a touching entry at the time of his breach with Rée : " Every defamation, every misunderstanding has made me *freer :* I want less and less from humanity, and can give it more and more. The severance of every individual tie is hard to bear, but in each case a wing grows in its place."

Still more light on his love of destiny is thrown by a letter addressed to me (August, 1883):

"To-day, as for three days past, the weather is perfectly clear, and it is with cheerful assurance that I review all that I have hitherto attained or failed to attain, and all that I still expect to do. You don't know how things stand, and therefore I don't blame you for wanting to see me on firmer ground and in a more sheltered position. Your letter to ——, and still more your casual remark that after all I was best off when at Bâle, gave me food for reflection. My view, on the other hand, is that the whole meaning of the terrible physical sufferings I underwent is this, that they alone ridded me of a false (*i.e.*, far too low) conception of my life-task. And as I am a modest man by nature, I need the most powerful stimuli to recall me to myself. Even the teachers of my youth are probably, in relation to the task I have before me, nothing but weak and transient forces. I have seen the ideals of all these Wagners and Schopenhauers more clearly than they did themselves, and consequently I am now able to dispense with them altogether. In fact, I have outdistanced these contemporaries of mine in every sense, and I should be a very poor judge of my own capacities if I now measured myself by their standard. Why, every word of my *Zarathustra* is a triumphant mockery, and more than mockery, of the ideals of our age; and behind almost every word there is a personal experience, a self-mastery of the first order. It is essential that I should be *misunderstood;* nay, more, I must manage to be *badly* understood and to be *despised*—and that first of all by those nearest to me. This fact I realised last summer and autumn, and it gave me the glorious consciousness that I was now fairly on my track. This feeling, too, may be traced everywhere in *Zarathustra.* The bad winter and my poor state of health have weakened the feeling and made me lose courage; and again the incidents of a few weeks ago threatened me with the greatest danger—that of leaving my path. As soon as I have occasion to say "I cannot stand solitude any longer," I feel terribly humiliated in my own eyes, as if I had become an apostate from the highest principles of my being.

"What do these Rées and Lous matter? How can I be their *enemy?* Granting they have done me harm—well,

they have also done me no small service, just because they are such very different types from myself; in this fact I find ample compensation, nay, it gives them a claim to my gratitude. They both seem to be originals, and not formed on any pattern; that is why I put up with them, although they were so little to my liking. So far as 'friendship' is concerned I have, in fact, altogether managed to forego a good deal (Schmeitzner declares that I have no friends at all, and have been left entirely stranded for ten years). In the deeper sense I have no comrades—no one knows when I need comfort, encouragement or a grip of the hand. This was particularly the case last year, after my stay at Tautenburg and Leipzig. And if I complain, the whole world thinks it has a right to wreak its petty sense of power upon me as a sufferer; they call it consolation, pity, good advice, and so forth.

"But this has always been the fate of such men as I. My individual trouble is my uncertain health, which helps to lower my own sense of power and to make me distrust myself; and as under this European sky I am ill and depressed for two-thirds of the year, it will need extraordinary luck if I am to stand it any longer. By luck I here mean only the endurance of such misfortunes as those of last year—in other words, that no stone comes in to clog the machinery. Little stones might prove my undoing, for the machinery is now highly complicated, and I feel the weight of responsibility for the most important problems of knowledge. In a word, to draw a practical conclusion from all these generalities, I implore you never to remind me, in speaking or in writing, of the things that tried to destroy my self-confidence, nay, almost the results of my life-work. Ascribe it to my health that they exert and have exerted such an influence upon me. Make me forget and turn me into new and quite different channels, so that I learn to laugh at the loss of such 'friends.' And remember that for a man like me the present must never be considered, and that every compromise for the sake of 'good name' is unworthy of me."

I cannot deny that at the time I was very anxious (and in this Rohde backed me up) that my brother should return to the University and even hold a real University post. Such a position is a coat of mail which protects the genius, with his delicate organism, and keeps

the insolent and importunate at bay. Once the plan was declared impossible, however, there could be no further discussion. Certainly there were many arguments against the proposal. First and foremost, it was doubtful whether his eyesight could have stood the strain of double work, and his literary career might have suffered. Another objection was his fear that the pupils he would find at the University would be too young, too *unformed* in mind and character to bear the burden he would impose. Once when I had spoken of pupils, he wrote to me: "Stein is too young for me, I should only spoil him. I nearly spoilt Gast—I have to make no end of allowances for him." It would have broken his heart to think that anyone had come to grief through his views. He alone knew how far removed we, his nearest and dearest, were from really understanding him; the knowledge pained him, it even prevented him from thinking out his new, hard problems to the full. Nothing was left for him but solitude—the solitude which he often bitterly regretted, but which was none the less indispensable to him as soon as he started working and creating. In the end, solitude after all became his best friend, the companion of his loftiest moments of inspiration. He writes to me later: "I also feel more courage about the future. Strange to say, for your stupid brother, with the vast burden he has taken upon himself, courage always means a readiness to face solitude and seclusion, and a rejection of all the compromises that his frequent illness might suggest. If of late years I have now and then sighed for 'pupils,' it was always under the influence of morbid dejection. On my good days I always know that it is far better to do my main work quietly by myself, and that I must regard my intercourse with other men simply as an occasional medicine, above all as a restorative. When I feel strong I know, too, *why* I cannot do without complete independence and solitude."

Towards the end of the summer, Overbeck met my brother at Schulz-Tarasp, and tried to justify his wife's 'indiscreet letter' by laying the whole blame for the Rée-Lou affair on me. For a few days my brother was under the influence of Overbeck or of his wife, and after Overbeck's departure wrote him a letter full of adverse comments on my conduct. This mood, however, soon vanished, as is clear from his letters addressed to me at the time. A year later he writes that Overbeck "had given him an entirely false account of the wretched business." He adds, "if I remember rightly, for my memory is utterly at sea regarding the chronology of the affair." This defective memory for facts also made it easy for the Overbecks to talk him over to their mistaken point of view.

Ultimately, however, his stay at Sils-Maria was concluded in a cheerful spirit, as is seen from his last letter thence (September 2nd, 1883):

"My dear Lama,—I read your letter on the way, and simply burst out laughing. The first relieving laugh since Milan. I had also put these events and those of the whole summer into the verses we are so fond of. So the whole affair fades away to nothing, and all my tragic attitudes now seem a trifle ridiculous. My eyes are not sealed, and I can see the tangle of these last few months quite clearly. First I complained about my friends, who had all left me in the lurch; then the plucky Lama wrote that excellent letter (a masterpiece of woman's wit) and sent me the copy. About the same time came Malwida's revelations. I heard so much bad news—I plunged wildly into the fray—and spoilt my poor Lama's plan of campaign. As I now see, you were very anxious that I should not take part in the battle. . . .

"It would have been far more sensible if we had spent the whole summer together, with or without Malwida. When the Lama shows her merry face, all the ghosts of the night and other evil spirits that seek to part us take to flight.

"But now, my dear sister, there's no more hesitation. Next Wednesday I leave this place, and want to spend a short time with you at Naumburg, if this is convenient to you.

have some things to do in Germany. Above all I need cheerfulness, fresh fruit and whatever else does the soul good. I need not remind you what sort of remarks I don't like our dear mother to make to me? Please ask her to spare me in this respect.

"I have long since given up all idea of lecturing on Greek culture at Leipzig, and am glad to be so soon released from a new indecision. Heinze wrote to me, with admirable frankness, that my visit to Leipzig would be a failure in any case, and that the University could not venture to recommend me to the Ministry, in view of the opinions now associated with my name."

Dr. Paul Rée abandoned all thought of a duel, and even of an action for defamation: all my anxiety had been needless! I breathed again, and Fritz was quite cheerful.

The first week of his stay at Naumburg was really a very happy one, full of delightful walks and talks. Afterwards clouds gathered on the horizon, and this time our dear mother was to blame. A year previously Dr. Bernhard Förster, afterwards my husband, spent a long time in Leipzig with his mother, who was a friend of our mother. Förster was then in a very melancholy frame of mind, since he had had to give up his post at Berlin on account of his anti-Semitism, and the anti-Semitic movement lost him many Jewish friends. I was also in a glum mood at the time, on account of the misunderstandings with my brother. Through frequent meetings and common interests, our warm friendship ripened into a real heart affection. In February, 1883, Förster went on his first voyage of research to Paraguay, and a lively correspondence was kept up. My mother was afraid that when he came back I might form the Quixotic resolution of returning with him to Paraguay. She entreated Fritz to join her in combating this "folly," and Fritz readily agreed, as he was no less alarmed at the notion than my mother. It was curious that I, who had formerly been reproached for rejecting offers of marriage, was now accused of want of consideration for

my nearest and dearest; although there was no real need for my presence at Naumburg, since my mother was herself very energetic and had an excellent servant. In addition to this, Förster's ideas—anti-Semitism and plans for colonisation—were strenuously attacked by my mother and brother. I, of course, warmly advocated these ideas, even anti-Semitism, which I have always disliked. These differences of opinion did much to mar the autumn of 1883. Fritz took the matter far more seriously than was necessary. In fact, a change had come over him since the Rée-Lou affair; he no longer trusted in the sincerity of those around him, and constantly put a false construction on what they said and did. He thought he had lost prestige, and no longer found it easy to endure any contradiction or difference of opinion. Moreover—and of this I knew nothing at the time—an intriguing young lady, who wanted to marry Förster herself, thought to achieve this end by secretly setting Nietzsche against Förster. Nietzsche was too discreet to betray either Frau Overbeck or this young lady, whom he had got to know by chance. Thus there was much between us that remained unspoken and misunderstood. When he left for Genoa he told me that the parting this time was particularly difficult for him, because he still had much to say to me. On the journey to Switzerland he happened to meet the Overbecks, and they at once bothered him again with the silly old story. He wrote: "An hour after meeting the Overbecks I was ill." The fog of misunderstanding grew denser and denser.

It is difficult to realise what so sensitive a man as my brother must have suffered from the repeated strokes of fate described in this chapter. Schopenhauer justly observes: "We are unhappy in proportion to our degree of intelligence." Few, therefore, can conceive how hard he had to struggle in order not to succumb to these bitter experiences.

CHAPTER XV

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA: PART III

The stay in Genoa (autumn 1883) was not so beneficial as before, and he writes to us (end of November):

"To-morrow I'm off—I'm going to try something new, in other words Nice; for this time Genoa hasn't done me any good. Besides, since my last visit I have become too well-known here, and could no longer live as I pleased. Genoa has been for me an excellent school of the simple, ascetic life; I know now that I can live like a labourer and a monk. That's how I have spent all my time here, without any sense of privation, and in this way I regained my health.

"Genoa to-day, as if to bid me farewell, is entrancingly beautiful in its autumn splendour: a proper city for the followers of Columbus. That is how I have always known Genoa! Now, you can believe me, I myself have discovered a new country!"

Even Nice at first did not seem suitable for a long sojourn, but in the end he writes:

"Little improvement, but this much is decided—that I shall stay over the winter at Nice. At first, the noisy, fashionable town was not at all to my liking, but after all I found things that suited me—quiet streets and Italian quarters, better food than in Genoa, and on the whole, for a modest prince like myself, the old Genoese prices. It's a big town, and you can live in whatever style you please. What is most important, it is no town for invalids—it's far too cool and windy; while it has as much sunshine and as many clear days as those health resorts in which I don't care to be permanently lodged.

"Nice has this advantage over Genoa: in the six winter months at Nice there are as many clear days as in the whole year at Genoa. The invigorating, nay electrifying influence of all this sunshine on my whole system is more than you can realise. The continual painful pressure on my brain, which

troubled me lately at Naumburg, has gone; and I eat twice as much, without any bad results for my digestion.

"Even here, cloudy days make me ill.

"My room is very cold, but good for spring weather. Luckily, my winters at Genoa have accustomed me to icy cold rooms.

"Light, light, light—that's what I have secured for myself at last."

In spite of one attack of influenza, he felt the benefit of the Nice climate, especially after he had found a quiet, comfortable room. From the notes of a stranger we learn much of his daily life and ideas at the time. In the winter of 1883-84, Dr. Paneth, a distinguished young Viennese scholar, was engaged in physical and geological studies at Villafranca. He was an admirer of Nietzsche's works, and so, apparently, was his betrothed, who lived in Vienna. In letters written to her, he describes how he made Nietzsche's acquaintance, and gives an account of his conversations with my brother. Through the courtesy of Dr. Paneth's widow—he unhappily died young—I am able to furnish extracts from these letters.

My brother spoke most highly of Dr. Paneth, and the latter's unbiassed judgment seems to me of great value, since it dates from the period before Nietzsche was famous. Dr. Paneth gives a most graphic description of Nietzsche's appearance and manner and of their conversations. One point, however, he has slightly exaggerated, namely, Nietzsche's straitened circumstances. My brother had a pension of £150 a year from Bâle, together with about £50 a year as interest on his private capital. Thus he had over £200 a year at his disposal, without having to rely on any income from his writings. He did not altogether like accepting the Bâle pension in view of Overbeck's hints that it was paid grudgingly, and sometimes thought of trying to dispense with it altogether. Had he done so, he would have been poor indeed. Moreover, the publisher raised difficulties, and Nietzsche

already had a presentiment that he would have to get his books printed at his own expense, a prospect which caused him anxiety as to whether his means would suffice for the purpose. In order to be prepared for any contingency, he put by at least £25 of his income every year, and lived very economically. Naturally enough Dr. Paneth, who could not know all the circumstances, looked upon this as poverty. But the poverty was voluntary. Fortunately, Nietzsche was spared the necessity of writing for a living—that he could never have stood. As to the Bâle pension, he had after all ruined his eyesight in the service of the University; and, when in Bâle in 1883-4, I found that the authorities were quite prepared to go on paying the pension indefinitely, even though their obligation lasted only for a certain period.

Dr. Paneth writes:

"Villefranche, near Nice, 15/xii/1883. Yesterday, on entering the laboratory, I found on my table a card, bearing the name of 'Professor Dr. Nietzsche,' and his Nice address written in pencil. You will remember from my last letter that he is 'haunting' the neighbourhood, and that I have been making enquiries about him, at the post-office and elsewhere. They seem to have told him of this at the post-office. It is very kind of him to be the first to call, and I shall of course return the call to-morrow or the day after. You can imagine that I am already most anxious to make his acquaintance. After all, as he has come to me and left his address, he doesn't seem to be so very unapproachable.

"17/xii. I went over to Nice in the afternoon. . . . I called at Nietzsche's lodgings twice, and waited, but in vain: so there was nothing else for me to do but leave my card and ask him to fix a place and time for meeting. His little room is bare and cheerless. It has evidently been selected for cheapness rather than comfort. No carpet, not even a stove; it doesn't *look at all cosy*, and I found it fearfully cold. He's ill, too, his housekeeper tells me. All this made me feel very sad. To think that so great and good a man should be so badly off!

"26/xii. So at last the appointment has been made, and I

have met Nietzsche. He now has a very pretty, cosy room, and his illness is quite different from what I expected—chiefly indigestion and headaches through overwork. Bad enough, but it might be very much worse! He was extremely affable, without showing any false pathos or posing as a 'prophet' (as I feared, from his recent works, that he might). No, he's quite simple and unaffected. We began by exchanging commonplaces on the weather, etc. Soon, however, he was telling me, without a trace of self-consciousness or affectation, that he always felt as one who has a mission to fulfil, and that he wished henceforth to give the world all he could of himself, as far as his eyes would allow. (Fancy, the man's half-blind, and can never do anything after dark!) The conversation turned upon Galton; then he told me a lot about himself—that he had given up his professorship, that he was extremely musical and could compose, but dared not do so on account of his nerves. He gave me his photograph. You would be just as surprised at his appearance as I was. There's no dreaminess or pose about him; he has an uncommonly high forehead, smooth brown hair, wan, sunken eyes—as is natural in one half blind—bushy eyebrows, a rather full face, clean-shaven, apart from a heavy moustache. He told me that later on he would hold public lectures in various cities. We talked a good deal about Sicily and Italy, and then about his methods of work. We agreed that the unconscious life of a man was far richer and more important than his conscious life. In a word, a great many questions were touched upon, and we often found ourselves in harmony on the main points, without any express statement of the fact. Then we went together to the station. Of course, you can't expect me to give you to-day a proper verdict upon the man; I must first co-ordinate the various impressions I received.

"3/i/1884. Nietzsche came to fetch me for a walk, and told me of trouble he had had with his lodgings. He remarked what an insufferable place Nice was, because there were only two sorts of people to be found there: predatory natives and wealthy visitors—the exploiters and the exploited.

"Next we came to talk of Schopenhauer. It was a pity, said Nietzsche, that Schopenhauer had had no development, and had stood still after the age of twenty-six: this was due to the fallacy that a genius is born and not made. In the moral sphere Schopenhauer was so immature that one had to feel

ashamed of having followed him for a while. He was entirely lacking in the historical sense. There were disciples of Schopenhauer who went beyond their master; true, they were unhappy. One of them had asked Nietzsche to go with him to the isles of Greece and lead a shepherd's life there. 'I suppose,' said N., 'the man felt chilly, and looked on me as a stove to warm himself by.'

"After this, we spoke of poets. N. said he believed he had a great gift for poetry; he had repressed his poetic powers so long, that now he only needed to open the floodgates. This seemed to him confirmed by the fact that he now set himself such a high standard, although that was always the way with men who lived alone. *Faust* was not in any way the drama of knowledge; Faust's temperament was not that of one who strives to know, but that of one who in science only seeks formulas with which he can lead his students by the nose. It was curious that *Faust* was still looked upon as the tragedy of the thirst for knowledge.

"At times we looked at houses and discussed the local scenery, etc. It was his intention, he said, to write the third part of *Zarathustra* this winter, if all went well. The actual writing was soon done: he had written the first part in ten days, the second in fourteen. But he had no wish to work so fast again—it might prove fatal. After that he wanted to go back to his old style of book—*Zarathustra* was only the gateway to a connected philosophical work. He spoke of *Zarathustra* as a 'poem.' He felt the burden of his future message heavy upon him. His books had always turned out different from the original plan; one could set the priestess on the tripod, he said, but the rest must be left entirely in her hands.

"Meanwhile we had reached home again, and dined together. After dinner he spoke of Richard Wagner, with whom he had long been intimate, more intimate than anyone else whom he had renounced—'it was a rupture of the kind that can break a man, the severest ordeal I have ever endured.' In *Parsifal* Wagner had written a sorry parody of *Siegfried;* the composer had gone to the Last Supper and tasted of its 'ecstasies.' He had previously tried to convert Wagner from this Christian-Teutonic state of mind to a free, universally human, Greek, dithyrambic attitude. They had had to separate, and this caused Wagner much pain. His relation with Wagner might

be summed up in the words of the melody Wagner played at their first meeting: 'Ah, he who awakes me has wounded me sore!' Wagner was not a man of such great talent. The most striking thing about him—the quality that had really shaped his achievements—was a powerful will to dominate, to be an absolute master of men. Should not Schopenhauer's theory of genius be modified—could not a powerful will effect, in the span of one human life, what would otherwise be the work of generations? Wagner had been unusually distrustful, even of himself; his distrust, his eagerness to lose no possible hearer, led him to use any means that lay to hand. He had valued good conductors very highly, but had no interest in young composers. Yet there was a tremendous advance from such bad, flashy operas as *Rienzi* (written at the age of twenty-six, when most musicians are already at their best, whereas Wagner had not yet embarked on his voyage, let alone discovered his country) to the *Ring of the Nibelungs*, and he had raised the standard in every direction for composers, singers and stage-machinists. To Italians his operas would always be alien—for them it was 'learned music,' to which they gave recognition only out of politeness.

"I asked him what had caused his eye trouble. He said he had always suffered from short-sightedness, and as Professor at the University had done far more work than was good for him. He had spent a year and a half on an index to a philological periodical without any material result—people did not even know that it was by him; he had only done this because he had promised Ritschl, his teacher, to find someone who would do the work, and could not find anyone but himself.

"In our modern over-hurry and over-production, in the debasement of the language and so forth, he saw the signs of an imminent flood of barbarism. The Greeks, he thought, might be our teachers to a far greater degree than they are at present. Everyone shuddered at Plato, but what a figure was Plato by the side of Kant—Kant, with his leanings towards mysticism and his concessions to religion and government! No one had seen more clearly than Plato that there are born master-spirits and others that exist for no purpose but to obey, and that things can only go well if the ruling power be associated with higher wisdom.[1] The talk about universal

[1] Nietzsche is undoubtedly thinking of the famous passage in Plato's *Republic*, Bk. V: "Until philosophers are kings, or the kings and princes

human equality was sheer claptrap. We separated with a promise to meet again . . . . Nietzsche's whole manner of speaking was simple and charming. The impression he gives is one of seriousness and dignity, yet of entire simplicity and freedom from constraint; he has a keen sense of humour and a winning smile."

These notes show that my brother's health was again quite good, and during the beautiful weather that followed he regained his full creative powers: "In the ensuing winter, under the halcyon sky of Nice, which then irradiated my life for the first time, I wrote the third part of *Zarathustra,* and thus completed the work. Barely a year's labour, all told. Many hidden peaks and corners of Nice are to me a hallowed memory of unforgettable moments. The decisive chapter entitled 'Of the Old and the New Tables' was conceived on a most laborious climb from the Station to the wonderful Moorish eyrie of Eza. My muscles were always most limber when my creative power was at its height. The *body* is inspired: let us leave 'soul' out of the reckoning. I might often have been seen dancing; without a suspicion of weariness I was able to walk for seven or eight hours in the mountains. I slept well, I laughed a great deal—my patience and energy were perfect."

In this strong and triumphant mood he found the courage to propound his hardest theory, that of the Eternal Recurrence. It is now that he sings the Song of Seven Seals and ever and anon breaks out into the jubilant cry: "For I love thee, O Eternity!" I think that with this ecstatic song he reached the highest joy that was ever vouchsafed him.

The printing of the third part was also inordinately

of this world have the spirit and power of philosophy, *and political greatness and wisdom meet in one,* and those commoner natures who pursue either to the exclusion of the rest are compelled to stand aside, cities will never have rest from their evils—no, nor the human race, as I believe—and then only will this our [ideal] State have a possibility of life and behold the light of day." (Jowett's Translation.)—Tr.

delayed, but at last on February 22nd, 1884, he was able to write to Rohde:

"My *Zarathustra* in its three Acts is finished. You have the first part, and I hope to send you the other two in a few weeks' time. It is a sort of abyss of the future, an awe-inspiring thing, especially in its happiness. All that it contains is my own, with no model, parallel or precursor; he who has once *lived* in this book comes back into the world a different being.

"But of this one ought not to speak. To you, however, as a *homo litteratus*, I will make one confession: I fancy that with this *Zarathustra* I have brought the German language to perfection. After Luther and Goethe, a third step had to be taken; look into it, old comrade, and see whether there has ever been such a combination of strength, flexibility and harmony. Read Goethe after any page of my book, and you will see that that undulating quality which characterised Goethe as a draughtsman is not foreign to the word-artist either. As an advance upon Goethe, my prose has a severer, manlier line; without falling into clumsiness, like Luther's. My style is a *dance;* it plays with every form of symmetry, and mocks at or vaults over those symmetries. This even applies to the choice of vowels.—Apologies! I should never dream of making this confession to anyone else; but you—and only you, I think—once said that you enjoyed my style.

"I am a *poet* in every sense of the word, even if I have often tyrannically forced myself to oppose all poetizing."

My brother did not then wish to have anything written about him, especially about *Zarathustra*. Dr. Paneth mentions this point (7th May, 1884):

"Yesterday I was at Nice, and found Nietzsche at home, in excellent health and spirits. I asked if he would mind my seizing the opportunity of the appearance of *Zarathustra*, Part III., to write something about him, merely to draw people's attention to him. He said he did not mind, but he was far from showing any enthusiasm at the idea, so that I don't know whether I ought to do what I proposed. He had never formed such connexions, he remarked; he lived quite isolated, and 'had a small and quiet, but select, circle of readers.' He is fully convinced about his mission and his permanent importance; in this belief he is strong and great,

it elevates him above all misfortune, above his physical sufferings, above poverty. One cannot but be impressed by his utter contempt for all the external aids to success, his entire freedom from any desire to form a coterie or to advertise himself."

In May, 1884, Nietzsche writes in the same sense to Dr. Paneth: "Remember that my work can bide its time—and I have no wish to see my problems confounded with those that the *present* generation has to solve. Fifty years hence, perhaps, a few men (or one man—it would need a genius!) will be able to see what I have done. For the moment, the laws of 'perspective' make it not only difficult, but impossible, to write about me, without falling immeasurably short of the truth." And to me he writes in June, 1884, regarding the third part of *Zarathustra*: "Who knows how many generations must pass before the coming of men who can fully realise what I have done! And I shudder to think how many mistakes will be made about me even then. But that is the drawback which every great teacher of humanity has to face; he knows that under unfavourable circumstances he is just as likely to be a curse as a blessing to mankind. Well, I will do all I can to prevent the grosser misinterpretations; and now that I have built the entrance-hall to my philosophy, I must set to work again and not rest until the main building is finished. Those who only understand the language of ambition may say that I have grasped at the highest crown that the world can offer. Let them!—So the scaffolding for my main building must be erected this summer; in other words, I wish in the next few months to outline the scheme for my philosophy and the plan for the next six years. May my health hold out long enough!"

As in former cases, the second and third parts of *Zarathustra* did not call forth from his friends (except Gast) any letters that gave him pleasure or showed understanding. Rohde destroyed his letter of thanks,

with a frank sense of its inadequacy. Even Gast declares that he had no clear picture of the revolutionary aims of *Zarathustra* until the last writings of 1886-88 helped him to understand them. Perhaps my brother felt that he was indeed expecting too much from his friends. With a characteristic mingling of irony and sadness he wrote at a later date: "The book has the defect of being too rich, too warm, too passionate; it keeps you awake at night. From all sides the problems assail you; it contains words that would lacerate the heart of a god, experiences that we can only undergo six thousand feet above human tribulations. Every word must have hurt and wounded the reader at one time and delighted him at another; if he has not understood the book in this way, he has failed to understand it altogether."

CHAPTER XVI

THE SUPERMAN

During the publication of the first three parts of *Zarathustra* the author soon recognised that his new ideas were subject to much misconception, especially those of the eternal recurrence and the superman. Several sketches were made about this time for a great work centring around these two ideas, *e.g.*,

I. The Eternal Recurrence.

A PROPHECY.

Part I.: The Hardest Idea.
Part II.: Beyond Good and Evil.
Part III.: Man and Superman.

It is greatly to be regretted that he did not carry out this plan, especially Part III., which would have made it clear what my brother then (and perhaps always) meant by the word "superman."

It is interesting, in the first place, to find out when and in what connexion my brother first used the term. Strange to say, we have to go back so far as the year 1863, when my brother—then a schoolboy of seventeen—read a paper on Byron's poetry to his little literary society. In this paper he describes Byron's heroes as supermen, just as he described Shakespeare's heroes twenty years later.

For the long period between these two dates it has been assumed that Nietzsche was so strongly influenced by Darwinian ideas that he conceived the superman as a "super-type" that might be developed in the same way as the higher organisms, according to Darwin, were developed from the lower. My own conviction is that

this is entirely wrong, for my brother's personal conversation shows that he thought of the superman only as an ideal being: "The contrast to the superman is the *last man:* I created them both at the same time" (1883). The passages at the beginning of *Zarathustra*, which have been so often misunderstood, must be read as "parables of the greatest and the smallest man."

> "I teach you the superman. Man is something that must be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him? Hitherto, all beings have created something greater than themselves; and would ye be the ebb of this great tide, and rather revert to the brutes than surpass man?
>
> "What is the ape for man? A laughing-stock or a source of painful shame. And that is what man must be for superman: a laughing stock or a source of painful shame.
>
> "Ye have made the journey from worm to man, and ye still have much of the worm in you. Once ye were apes, and man is still more of an ape than is any ape."

This passage was regarded as purely Darwinistic, whereas in point of fact the author only uses the simile in order to connect his teaching with ideas that were then generally accepted. Nothing in his private memoranda confirms the view that he was a Darwinian in the sense of wishing to represent the superman as a new species produced by evolution and heredity. On the contrary: it is clear that he considers the evolution of ever higher forms of life as an unproved hypothesis, but perhaps as one that could only appear untenable through an alteration in our values. He writes in his private memoranda (1883):

> "History is a progressive evolution of purposes, so that higher purposes are always growing out of the lower. We must explain why higher forms of life must always be evolving; the teleologists and the Darwinians[1] are agreed that this does

[1] The contrast between teleology and Darwinism is well brought out in W. C. D. Whetham's *Science and the Human Mind:* "If accepted in its fullest sense, natural selection is the negation of all teleology. There is no

occur. But the whole thing is a hypothesis, based on valuations—and indeed recent valuations. The opposite theory, that of the descent of man, is equally capable of proof. Man, and just the wisest man, as Nature's greatest blunder and as a self-contradiction (the most unhappy of created things): up to this point Nature sinks."

From *Dawn of Day* to *The Will to Power*, all that Nietzsche writes about Darwinism betrays a similar scepticism regarding Darwin's fundamental theories.

It seems to me that Nietzsche, in contrasting worm and ape with man, was simply expressing by a simile how far removed the superman must be from the petty men of to-day. We should not forget where this picture is shown us; amid the rabble at the mart, the petty men whose sensuality arouses disgust. It was here that the author had to show us this wonderful vision of the highest human type; for this pitiable spectacle of the joy at the last man could otherwise scarcely be endured, and the root idea of the whole work, the secret of eternal recurrence as the highest yea-saying to life, can only be understood from the happiness of the superman. "We have created the hardest idea, now let us create the being to whom that idea is easy and acceptable."

The position is somewhat different when we come to the question of the influence exercised on my brother by the great scientific movement, centring round the theory of evolution, which marked the last half of the nineteenth century. The extent to which this movement occupied men's thoughts forty years ago can now scarcely be realised. My brother, even in his undergraduate days, but especially in the early years of his professorship, took a very lively interest in the controversy. The battle was mainly caused by Rütimeyer's criticism of

end in view: merely a constant haphazard change both of individuals and of environment, and sometimes a chance agreement between them, which, for a brief moment, may give some appearance of finality."—Tr.

Haeckel's *Natural History of Creation* (1869), a criticism which gave rise to various doubts. My brother thought highly of Rütimeyer, who was one of his colleagues, and he agreed in the main with Rütimeyer's views, especially those on the theory of natural selection. Rütimeyer differed from Darwin on this point; he disputed the thesis that selective breeding is required for changes of species, or can account for such changes. As a matter of fact Rütimeyer—like K. E. von Baer, Naegeli and above all the German naturalists such as Lamarck—had anticipated Darwin in hitting upon the idea of evolution. For all that, Darwin and he had a great respect for each other; but he was violently attacked by Haeckel. From the very beginning my brother was on the side of Rütimeyer, Baer and Naegeli. He had all the weapons for the battle in his library—Rütimeyer's writings, Naegeli's *Origin and Conception of Natural Species*, and Baer's books, from which he often read aloud. He had also, however, works by adherents of Darwin, such as those of Carl Vogt, and Oscar Schmidt's *Darwinism and the Doctrine of the Descent of Man.* Nietzsche's personal opinion was that Darwin should be highly valued as the originator of one of the most important scientific movements; but he reproached him with having *popularised* certain scientific discoveries which he had most thoroughly worked out, although they had been previously adumbrated. This was perhaps more a failing of Darwin's disciples. It was an axiom of my brother's that the popularisation of a scientific discovery or theory hinders its steady development. One drawback is that the ideas have to be more definitely expressed than is suitable to their nature. The Darwinians, for instance, showed themselves so cocksure, and made so little distinction between what could be proved and what could not, that many honest conscientious men of science felt their doubts and stood aloof. Moreover Nietzsche was inclined to credit not

only Lamarck but other German savants (especially Goethe) with having done signal service for the study of evolution. Above all, he thought that the theory would have made but little progress, had not Hegel paved the way: "It was a bold stroke of Hegel's—one that cut through all logical habits and prejudices—when he ventured to teach that the species develop *one out of the other*: this idea prepared European minds for the last great scientific movement, for Darwinism—for without Hegel, there would be no Darwin"—(*The Joyful Wisdom*).

It is not yet clear what threads of the evolution movement led to my brother's theory as to the breeding of a higher human type. If some external influence must be assumed, it should be found in the years just before and after 1870, when the idea of the breeding of a higher type first occurs in his writings. It must not, however, be forgotten that this breeding was from the outset made solely dependent on the will of men of a higher organisation; and that the struggle for existence —which in its ordinary sense was rejected by Nietzsche as bringing us back to the brute stage—is entirely transfigured, and becomes the struggle for a nobler and stronger existence, a contest for victory and superiority. The influence of the Greeks comes out most strongly, if indeed the conception and aim of the struggle does not entirely tally either with the Greek or the Darwinian view. At any rate, the influence of modern science is small as compared with that of the Greeks.

"How absurd it is," he says in 1873, "to extol and glorify a whole nation. We must single out individuals. This is true even of the Greeks.

"The Greeks are interesting and tremendously important, because they had such a number of great individuals. How did this come about? The point must be investigated.

"The only thing that interests me in a nation is its attitude towards the training of individuals. Among the Greeks there were several factors that favoured the development of the

individual, arising not from the national good-nature but from the conflict of evil instincts.

"Lucky discoveries may lead us to train the great individual to a far higher degree than has yet been reached through accidents. That is where hope lies for the race—in the breeding of great men."

Thus the idea of the superman is simply a development of Nietzsche's youthful ideal, that "the goal of humanity lies in its noblest specimens (or, as he says still more clearly in *Schopenhauer as Educator:* "Humanity must constantly labour to produce great individuals—this is its task and no other"). But the ideals set up in 1873 are no longer regarded as the highest types of humanity. About this future ideal of a future humanity—the superman—Nietzsche has thrown the veil of Becoming. Who can know how lofty and glorious a creature the superman will be? Hence in *Zarathustra,* after measuring our highest ideal figure, that of the Saviour, by the new standard of values, he exclaimes passionately:

"There has never yet been a superman. Naked I saw them both—both the greatest and the smallest men:—

"They are still far too much like each other. Verily, even the greatest men I found—all too human!"

Nevertheless, although at first the figure of the superman seemed to him only an enchanting vision, he afterwards took a clearer view of the past, and after all found some real instances of supermen: not only poets like Shakespeare and Byron, but also such men as Cæsar, Napoleon and Goethe, and above all several among the Greeks, "the highest type of man that has yet been produced." Thus Darwinism plays scarcely any part either in the earlier or in the later form of the idea.

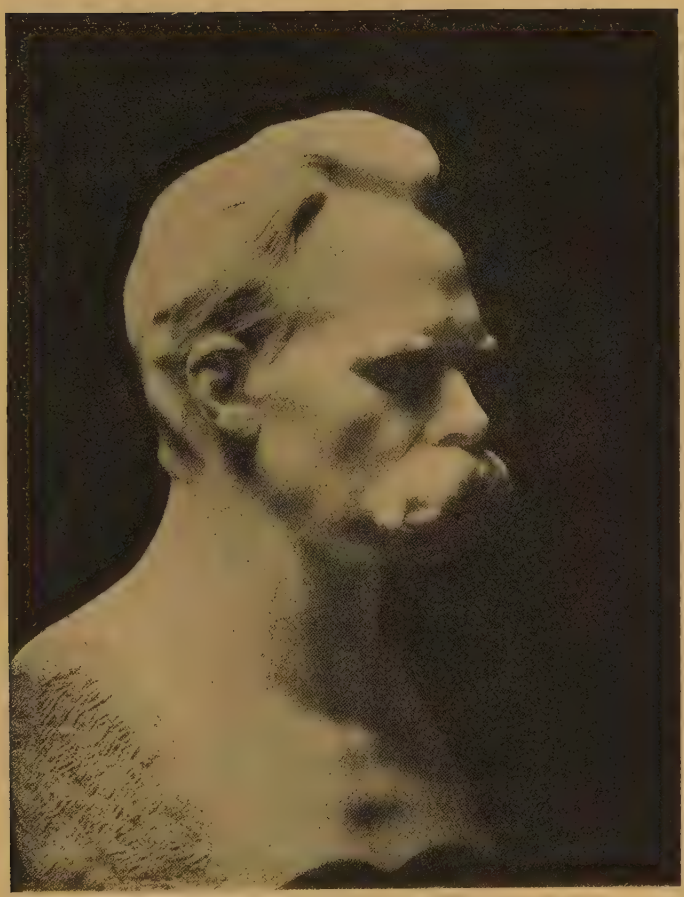
The author of *Zarathustra* afterwards refuted, in a most energetic and even discourteous passage, the statement of these who had laid him under the suspicion

of Darwinism. In order to preclude all possibility of error, he writes in *The Antichrist:*

> "The problem that I here propound (—Man is an end—) does not concern what humanity is to accomplish in the series of created beings, but what type of man is to be *bred*, to be *desired* as being higher in value, more worthy of life, more assured as to the future. This more valuable type has appeared often enough, but as a freak of chance, an exception, never as something *desired*. Nay, it has been feared rather than desired, it has in fact hitherto been more feared than any other type; and through this fear the opposite type was desired, bred, attained: man as domestic animal, as herd-animal, as sick animal—the Christian."

Now, however, Zarathustra ordains that the type more assured of life shall be *desired*. The highest peaks of this stronger human race, these lords of the earth, would then be the supermen. Yet these supermen would always be the exceptions, on whom the propagation of equally high or higher types of perfection cannot depend: "In the end come the lords of the earth, a new ruling caste. And here and there arises from their midst a superman, an Epicurean god, the illuminator of existence."

The word "breeding" has been much misunderstood. It means: changes brought about by new and lofty valuations which as leaders and propagators are to dominate the action and outlook of humanity. In fact, the idea of the superman can only be understood in connexion with the other doctrines of Nietzsche: those of caste-organisation; of the will to power, of the transvaluation of all values. He holds that Christianity, which sprang from the resentment felt by the weak and the inefficient, has proscribed all the qualities that arise from strength, all that is beautiful, strong, proud and mighty, and has thus greatly weakened the influence of all that promotes and ennobles life. Now, however, a new table of values is to be set before mankind. The



THE BUST OF NIETZSCHE, BY PROFESSOR K. DONNDORF.

new goal of our existence, our will and our hope, is the strong, mighty, splendid, highly vitalised man, culminating in the superman. The old system of values set the highest store by those qualities that suit the feeble, unhealthy specimens, the pariahs of society, and resulted in our weak, sickly, modern humanity; but the new system of values, which may be summed up in the words "All that arises from strength is good, all that arises from weakness is bad," is to produce a healthy, vigorous, joyous, fearless type, and an apotheosis of life. Yet this type is no vision of a dim, uncertain future removed from us by thousands of years, no Darwinistic new species, utterly unknown and impossible as an object of present endeavour; it is to be an aim towards which present-day humanity must strive with all its forces of mind and body—an aim attainable at first by the few, and finally attained through the new system of values.

The author of *Zarathustra* remembers that tremendous parallel of a transvaluation of all values: how Christianity, in a relatively short period, supplanted or remodelled the whole pagan outlook represented by Greece and Rome. He thought it possible that a revival of the Græco-Roman system of values, heightened and broadened by two thousand years of schooling in Christian ideas, might bring about a similar revolution, and that too within a measurable space of time; until the appearance of that splendid human type which is to be our new faith and our new hope, and which, as *Zarathustra* enjoins, we are to help in creating.

The word "superman" has worked an intolerable amount of mischief. It has been misunderstood both by accident and by design. There were, for instance, the decadents, who could not hold themselves in check, who had no conception of the stern self-control that Nietzsche demands from the higher men, and of the absolute renunciation of happiness and enjoyment which he ascribes to the superman. These decadents, Heaven

knows how, fancied that they could read in *Zarathustra*—that Song of Songs of a proud and pure spirit—a charter allowing them to give free play to their lusts and desires. Others, rough and coarse-grained, utterly unable to understand how a lofty, tender soul can suffer through pity, had the arrogance to assume that the doctrine of the superman was meant for them, and that it justified their coarse, cruel, unfeeling disposition. These misconceptions were in evidence from the outset, and in the author's eyes they degraded his work and his own personality. He was horrified at the discovery:

> "But one morning he awoke before daybreak, meditated for a long while as he lay in his bed, and at last spake to his heart:
>
> "Why was I so affrighted in my dream that I awoke? Did not a child come to me, bearing a mirror?
>
> "'Oh Zarathustra,' said the child to me, 'look at thyself in the mirror!'
>
> "But when I looked into the mirror, I uttered a loud cry and my heart was shaken: for I saw, not myself, but a devil's grinning face, a devil's scornful laugh.
>
> "Verily, I understand all too well the sign and the warning of the dream: my *teaching* is in danger, tares would fain be called wheat.
>
> "My foes have become mighty and have so distorted my teaching that my best beloved must be ashamed of the gifts that I gave them."

Yes, the coarse-grained have turned the image of the superman into a devil's grinning face. Nietzsche's picture of the prehistoric, pre-moral man, whom he called "the blond beast," has been confused with the ideal portrait of the superman. The blond beast has nothing to do with the superman, he is merely an example of unspoiled native vigour, belonging to a remote past—refreshing to contemplate, like all that is strong and powerful, but in no sense an ideal to be pursued. The blond beast is the strong man existing before civilisation and before the dominance of our present ethical system:

the superman, on the other hand, is the summit of civilisation, he has got beyond our present ethical system, and follows the laws of a nobler and stronger morality. As the creator of new values, he must be a destroyer, but for all that he is an emblem of the highest virtue.

In his private notes Nietzsche uses the word "superman" to designate "a type of the highest efficiency" as opposed to "modern men." Above all he marks out Zarathustra as a type of the superman. In *Ecce Homo* he is at pains to explain to us the precursors and preliminary conditions for this superior type :

> "In order to understand this type, we must first realise its physiological pre-requisite: this is what I call *great health.* I cannot give a better, a more personal exposition of this concept than I have already done in Aphorism 382 of *The Joyful Wisdom.*
>
> "We, the new, the nameless, the unfathomable (so the passage runs)—we premature births of a future that is still dim—we need, for our new purpose, a new instrument: namely, a new health, a stronger, tougher, more intelligent, more daring, more joyous health than has ever been known. He whose soul thirsts to compass the whole region of values and desirabilities that have hitherto existed, to circumnavigate the whole shore of this idealistic 'Mediterranean'—he who seeks, through the adventures of the most personal experience, to know the spirit that possesses a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal, the spirit of an artist, a saint, a lawgiver, a sage, a scholar, a believer, an anchorite of the old pattern—needs first of all *great health:* such a health as one not only possesses but is continually acquiring and must acquire, because one is always sacrificing it and must sacrifice it! So we travel on our long journey, we Argonauts of the ideal; more daring, perhaps, than is wise, and often enough battered and bruised—but, as has been said, healthier than the world likes us to be, dangerously healthy, ever regaining our health. And at the journey's end, may we look for our reward—a still undiscovered country, whose borders no one has yet seen, a country beyond all others, a niche for the ideal, a world so abounding in all that is beautiful, strange, perplexing, terrible and godlike, that

our curiosity, as well as our thirst for possession, is strained beyond all limits, and we can henceforth find nothing that will sate our souls?

"After seeing such vistas, and feeling such a fierce hunger of intellect and conscience, how could we ever rest content with *men of the present day?* It is bad enough, but inevitable, that we should look at his worthiest aims and hopes with ill-concealed amusement—or perhaps not even look at them at all. Another ideal is set before us, a wonderful, seductive, hazardous ideal, which we do not care to impose on others, because we do not readily recognise their right to it: the ideal of a spirit which plays naïvely, that is to say spontaneously and from a sense of overflowing abundance and power, with all that has hitherto been called holy, good, inviolable, god-like: a spirit for which the highest elements in the popular standard of values spell but danger, decay, abasement or at most recreation, blindness, a temporary self-oblivion: the ideal of a human, yet superhuman well-being and well-wishing.

"Such an ideal will often enough appear *inhuman*, as for instance when it seems an incarnate, unconscious parody of all that has hitherto been taken seriously, all that has been regarded as solemn in gesture, word, sound, look, morality and duty. Yet perhaps with this ideal great seriousness only begins, the real note of interrogation is introduced, the destiny of the soul reaches its turning-point, the hour-hand moves, the tragedy opens. . . ."

CHAPTER XVII

INTERLUDE

EACH of the three first parts of *Zarathustra*, it will be remembered, was written in ten days, and the whole of this work was published within a space of eleven months. Such a tremendous intellectual effort naturally produced a reaction, and brought gloomy days of weariness and depression in its train. In March, 1883, while the first part was at the publishers, he wrote: "My life has been a complete failure." Dr. Emil Ludwig calls this condition the "mystical modesty" of genius. Terrible hours came, hours of temptation "to rest in contemplation of the past"; hours of mocking scepticism and self-analysis:

> "What can *you* 'create'?
>
> "You are not strong enough! Leave creation to stronger men! Enjoy your weariness! Admire yourself!
>
> "Persuade yourself that your pity is a virtue, and that you sacrifice your intellectual gains for the sake of other's happiness.
>
> "Acknowledge to yourself what this will to create means—lust of power, that cannot be satisfied with the line of least resistance. 'Friends'! You want *tools!*
>
> "And why, indeed, utter this truth? Even if you have a right to believe that it is truth? There is nothing more to bind you—no 'duty to speak the truth'!
>
> "You deprive all men of their joy in what lies to hand, you are the teacher of great weariness!
>
> "You sap the strength of virtue and make it less praised, hence less desired. You yourself *rob* mankind of the force it might employ in aiming at the goal!"

Later, he says of this period: "The psychological feat of those years consisted in walking over a terrible abyss and not looking down." The mere idea that he had

thrice completed a work of immeasurable importance in ten days made him shudder. Voltaire had a similar experience. He tells us that he wrote his *Catilina* in a week, and adds "The feat still fills me with amazement and terror." In *Ecce Homo* Nietzsche summarises his mental states during the production of *Zarathustra:*

> "There is a feeling that I call the rancour of great men. Every great achievement in the world of thought or action, when once completed, immediately turns against its author. Just because he is the author, he is henceforth weak, he cannot endure his achievement, he no longer looks it squarely in the face. The thought of having *behind* you something that you ought never to have desired, something intimately bound up with the destiny of mankind—and of having it henceforth *upon* you. It is a thought that almost crushes —the rancour of great men!—Another instance is the ghastly silence all around you. Solitude has seven skins, and can no longer be penetrated. You go about in the world, you meet friends: a new desert, no look is one of greeting. At best, a sort of revolt. Such a revolt I felt, in very different degrees, but against almost everyone who stood near me. Nothing, it seems, gives more offence to a friend than letting it suddenly appear that there is a gulf between you and him. Noble natures, that cannot live without hero-worshipping, are rare. A third instance is the absurd sensitiveness of the skin to pin-pricks, a sort of helplessness in the face of all petty things. This seems to me a necessary result of the huge expenditure of defensive forces which must attend every creative act, every act which proceeds from the innermost recesses of our being. The little defensive forces are thus, as it were, thrown out of gear, and gain no further access of power. I venture to suggest, also, that your digestion is worse, you are lazy in your movements, and you are all too greatly exposed to the sense of chilliness and even to distrust."

Here he alludes to all the whispers and rumours against friends and relatives, which at that time he all too readily believed. No one was more injured by these whispers than I. How different from earlier days, when his confidence in me had lent him strength in all the

trials of daily life! We had been such good friends from early childhood: a relative had called us, "the good little team," and in 1875 my brother used the same simile: "Lisbeth and I run in harvest like two sturdy little horses." I was always, "the helpful, trusty soul," and he often praised "his sister's happy temperament, which harmonised best with his own." Even in 1880, he called me "his helper and comforter in all times of stress," and said he owed me more gratitude than he did anyone else. And now, all was to be changed; the past was to be forgotten, as if I had become a different being—and that only because he had been induced by Frau Overbeck to distrust me, and saw all that I wrote in a false light.

My brother no longer understood my letters. For instance, when I wrote to him that I felt myself no longer fitted for helping him, that he must rely on new friends, that I still clung to the old ideals and was far better suited to Förster, finally that his unfavourable verdict on Förster hurt me deeply, he answered me angrily:

"Just a few plain words to clear up the muddle that has arisen. I have nothing to say against Förster's personality, which is worthy of all respect; but his views are entirely alien to me. I am much annoyed, too, at the way in which he has meddled with my affairs, in the Rée-Lou affair, for instance, with his lofty moral enthusiasm for Wagner and his anti-Semitism . . . And now I have to hear, through strangers, that Förster has complained most bitterly of my callousness towards *you*, whereas there is no one to whom I have shown more tenderness and consideration. This statement of Förster's—Heaven knows what grounds he has for it—is really exasperating!

"It is just possible that your name has been taken in vain, and that you don't know half of what are represented to me as your views. Still, through this absurd step you have taken—your engagement with Förster—you show too clearly that you wish to sacrifice your life, not to *my* lofty aims, but to the ideals which I have got beyond and must now fight against

(Christianity, Wagner, Schopenhauerian pity, etc). You have gone over to my antipodes! The instinct of your love should have saved you from this course.

"There is no denying that you have shown me many signs of love and devotion; but now is the time that you should be doing the best thing you could do—namely, to look for people who are fitted to help in building the great structure of my philosophy. I have not yet abandoned the hope that such men are to be found. But you say I have been robbed of the belief that I could still be of any use to you! How I hate all these go-betweens with their 'friendly services'—I have cursed them hundreds of times.

"You refer me to 'my friends, who understand me'—I feel like answering with a laugh of fiendish scorn, for I have no friend, no, not one, who has the faintest inkling of my task, or knows why I was ill for so many years. On the contrary, everyone has done his best to hamper my recovery by pin-pricks and ill-treatment. Well, I will no longer make any bones about it—I look upon this engagement, also, as an offence—or as a piece of folly, which will do you as much harm as it does me."

What irritated him most, it seems, was the fact that, nervous as I had become through the reproaches which utterly mystified me, I had referred him to friends who understood him better. This he regarded as scorn! I always thought then that my brother's friends were most loyal and devoted, and I have found it very hard to change my opinion after his death. All his reproaches were, as a matter of fact, quite unjustified.

Later on, indeed, he writes to me on this point: "Malwida once remarked to me that there were two people to whom I was unjust—Wagner and you. Perhaps the reason is that you were the two I loved best, and that I could not get over my resentment at having been abandoned by you both? So in all my reproaches you may trace my pain at having lost you, at seeing your name attached to a party with which I have no ideas in common, and with which you have nothing to do." That is the spirit in which I always took his reproaches.

During this period of distrust he naturally looked about him for comfort, and he writes of his plans for the spring to Peter Gast at Venice: "Truth to tell, I would ten times rather be with you. And if I come, you'll find me a room by the *Canale Grande*, won't you?—so that from my window I can have a view of the whole, long, silent vista of colour? Apart from Capri, nothing in the South impressed me more than your Venice. I don't count it as a part of Italy: some drops of the East have fallen into the mixture!" This visit, however, was not paid until the end of April. It seems to have done him a world of good and to have made him cheerful, for this was the time when that charming poem *The Doves of St. Mark* was composed.

From Venice, in the middle of June, 1884, he went to Bâle and Zürich, but this visit to old friends and acquaintances was as little calculated as the reception of *Zarathustra* to drive away the clouds of his discontent. In 1887 he writes to me: "I shudder when I think of my last long stay at Bâle. How much secret bitterness a deep-thinking man has to swallow before he acquires enough tact and good nature to avoid disappointing his most intimate friends: in other words, to cover his happiness and his sorrow with a mask of superficiality, so that he can get them to understand him, so that he can communicate to them something of himself." To Gast he writes in June, 1884, regarding his stay at Bâle and Zürich: "It was a silly thing to do—I was bored and fagged out by my stay. What is more, the summer was hot, and I always lived in places where the climate is unfavourable to me. Now, at last, I am in Sils-Maria—back to reason! I have been leading a very unreasonable existence of late—but the most unreasonable thing of all was my staying in these flat lands and cattle-pens."

As a matter of fact, his stay in Bâle had been full of annoying little incidents, and in the autumn of that

year he writes: "The most unpleasant part of the year was the time I spent in Bâle. I have forsworn Bâle for ever! So have you, I suppose, at any rate so far as Frau von Overbeck is concerned." What had depressed him more than anything was the fact that the Overbecks forced their groundless surmises upon him, and put the worst possible construction upon my engagement to Förster. They made him uneasy with the thought that, as his brother-in-law and his publisher were anti-Semitic leaders, the Jewish press would now be hostile to him, would ridicule him or else maintain a rigid silence about his works. Similar forebodings were expressed to him by Köselitz, who was then on friendly terms with the Overbecks and had come under their influence. This poison had the strongest effect, and could never be eradicated from his system—for my brother, like all authors, had a tender maternal love for his books and looked on anyone who did them harm as an enemy. The surmises of the Overbecks had all the more influence in that my brother regarded Jewish scholars and writers as the pioneers of every intellectual movement in Europe, as men whose racial acumen specially fitted them for ethical and philosophical study. Yet in the course of time the Overbecks' assumptions have proved entirely false. Georg Brandes, M. Harden and Leo Berg were the *first* who raised their voices in admiration of my brother, and turned public attention to this event in the world of thought. Not one of them has allowed the trivial matters mentioned above to stifle or modify his expression of reverence for Nietzsche. For this I am warmly grateful to the writers in question.

Frau Overbeck used my brother's visit to Bâle in 1884 in order to urge him to break finally with his relatives, especially with me. Overbeck took upon himself the task of writing to our mother. Just at this time, however, my brother met Frau Baumgartner, and she warned him against Frau Overbeck and her counsels. He

answered that an inner voice had already warned him, but if he ceased to be on very friendly terms with Frau Overbeck he would lose the friendship of Overbeck, which he valued so highly. It is touching to read in my brother's letters to Overbeck how often he tries to please the latter by enthusiastic praise of his wife. That is why he writes in *Zarathustra*, "And if I ever lied, 'twas from love that I lied."

The result of my brother's stay at Bâle had elements both of tragedy and of comedy. Professor Overbeck, in his usual style—one never knew from his letters what he really meant—wrote to our mother at Naumburg that it would be best if Nietzsche cut himself off, wholly or in part, from his relatives, just as Schopenhauer had done. Yet almost at the same time came a long letter from my brother at Sils-Maria, asking me in most cordial terms to pay him a visit there as soon as possible. Then for the first time we suspected that the Overbeck family, which we had hitherto trusted blindly, might be the cause of the contradictory attitude shown towards us by my brother. I was unable to accept the invitation, because I had to take charge of five children left in my care by a friend; and this, again, gave my brother great offence. He really was rather hard on me.

Nevertheless, his stay at Sils-Maria proved more pleasant than those of the two previous years. He made the acquaintance of Madame de Mansouroff, a lady-in-waiting to the Russian Empress, and a well-known patron of music; and of two Englishwomen, Mrs. and Miss Fynn. Madame de Mansouroff was his neighbour at table, and on her departure he writes to Gast: "What a pity that she is going—we had such a lot to tell each other! Fancy, she is actually a pupil of Chopin, and is full of love and admiration for that 'proud, yet modest' genius!" In Mrs. Fynn, a shrewd old Englishwoman, he liked the well-bred tone which "in this age, when

peasants and vulgarians rule the roast, is worth more than virtue, intellect or beauty."

The summer of 1884 brought Nietzsche one supreme delight, in that he made the acquaintance of Heinrich, Freiherr von Stein, and spent some precious days in his company. I had written to Stein in the spring, asking if he could not pay my brother a visit. He made enquiries in Bayreuth, and Cosima welcomed the proposal very warmly, hoping to win back Nietzsche for Bayreuth. In Heinrich von Stein some of Nietzsche's most ardent hopes were centred. My brother, in spite of all his disappointments, could not help longing for disciples, and he hoped in time to make Stein one of the best disciples of his philosophy. Stein was among the few men who inwardly and outwardly conformed to Nietzsche's ideal of what a disciple should be. My brother had first heard of him in the winter of 1877-8, when he came across a remarkable little volume, "*The Ideals of Materialism*, Lyrical Philosophy, by Armand Pensier," and also learnt that the author was a man of unusually sympathetic personality. Nietzsche had looked upon the book with no little astonishment; but when he heard that the writer was twenty (Stein was born in 1857), he expressed the opinion that the young author would go far. Their personal relations, however, did not begin until the autumn of 1882. My brother sent him *The Joyful Wisdom*, since Stein had called upon him in Leipzig and not found him at home.

By way of answer, Stein sent my brother the proof-sheets of his latest work, the twelve historical dialogues entitled *Heroes and the World*. Nietzsche, who had always shown great fondness for Savage Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, was highly pleased with the style of the book.

During the years 1883-84 they exchanged some letters, and my brother sent him the first three parts of *Zarathustra*. Stein, who had taken to heart a warning from

my brother that he should let the effect of his books sink in gradually and not criticise them at once, expressed his thanks in charming fashion by sending four poems which he had translated from Giordano Bruno.

The summer of 1884 at last brought the two into personal contact. Stein came only for three days to Sils-Maria; his sole interest was in Nietzsche, and he had hardly any eyes for the scenery. My brother mentions the fact that Stein declared he "had not come for the sake of the Engadine." Pilgrimages to Sils-Maria in honour of the great recluse are now common enough, but at that time Stein's statement created some impression. They did not really enjoy each other's company until Stein's last day (August 28th), for on the two previous days my brother was handicapped by his headaches. Stein notes in his diary for the 27th: "I was profoundly impressed by his free spirit, and his language with its wealth of images. Snow and a wintry wind. He gets headaches . . . .—28th. He hasn't slept, but is fresh as a boy. What a glorious sunny day!" Both retained glowing memories of this meeting. My brother writes to Gast (September 20th, 1884): "Stein's visit is having its after-effects: he seems to have been strongly moved, and to have talked about it everywhere. His training in the neighbourhood of Dühring and Wagner has, at any rate, made him appreciative of the hidden *pathos* of one who lives a lonely life. For my part, I felt in his company like Philoctetes on his island when Neoptolemus visited him—I mean, he partly divined my Philoctetes-creed: 'without my bow Troy will never be conquered!'"

Shortly afterwards I met my brother in Zürich, and he could not speak without emotion of this wonderful man, who struck so many sympathetic chords in his own nature. As a matter of fact, the two were very similar in character, perhaps also in the nature of their mental equipment. In reading some letters written by Stein in

his youth and in his prime I have had the feeling that my brother could have written in the same way, at any rate to the same effect, if not exactly in the same style. Both were embodiments of the highest and most refined morality that the Christian and knightly ideal has ever produced; and at the same time both were at bottom extremely serious and almost melancholy. My brother, as the older man, was indeed more prone to humour and to laughter. He expressed a hope that Stein, by longer association with him, would come to resemble him in this respect. On that fine sunny day in Sils-Maria, Stein had already begun to be cheerful, and, according to Nietzsche, laughter suited him very well. I remember another noteworthy remark that my brother made to me at Zürich: "Do you know, it is only with men of that sort that I can discuss moral problems. With others I can so easily read in their faces that they totally misunderstand me, and that it is only the animal in them which rejoices at being able to cast off its fetters." The same point arose in a conversation between Nietzsche and my husband in 1885. My husband told how Stein had complained to him of feeling so lonely among the young men of the great city, who really knew no other problem but the sexual problem, and paraded their disgusting, overheated sensuality as a state of health. My brother spoke of similar complaints he had heard from Stein, and mentioned some passages from *Zarathustra* which Stein had quoted as particularly appropriate. "Stein," he added, "is a pure and proud master-nature; he has nothing in common with those low slave-souls." "Then he has all the more in common with you," my husband interrupted; "he was never weary of describing how closely akin his nature was to yours." "Perhaps we are alike," said my brother, "at any rate we are masters of our senses, and know more important problems than that of sex."

Stein himself spoke to me with great enthusiasm of

his stay at Sils-Maria. In my brother's neighbourhood, he said, his spirit had taken unto itself wings, and he regarded the visit as the greatest event of his life. He could not marvel enough at the splendid elasticity of my brother's temperament. "After two days of illness he was as radiant and cheerful as a hero after a victory."

During the whole summer of 1884 Nietzsche was engaged in planning his chief prose work. Two years before, he had written to Rohde of a special scheme of study and a secret aim to which his future life was to be devoted. By this he already meant that comprehensive philosophical work, which was to present his ideas in their whole compass and in their relation to each other. First came the poem, *Zarathustra*, and now the great prose work was to follow. From the beginning of September his mood was of the happiest. He made out a plan, not only for his philosophy, but for his whole life. Ideas which he had expressed a year earlier in a letter to me, now returned in surer and nobler outlines. He had become firmly convinced that this separation from all whom he loved was the only condition under which he could have created *Zarathustra*. His love for his friends had been the most perilous siren that could lure him from his path, or throw a veil over his ideas to make them less terrifying, or even introduce alien ideas to please his friends and glorify their aims. Had he not utterly ruined his first work, *The Birth of Tragedy*, and the great Greek problem as it appeared to him, by the introduction of so modern a phenomenon as the Wagnerian music? And that only out of love and reverence for his dearest friend! This makes it clear why my brother always reverted to solitude, although, with his strong impulse towards friendship, solitude caused him peculiar suffering. This hermit existence was at once a basic condition for the completion of his life's task, and the greatest sacrifice he made for that task. Hence he writes: "Formerly men sought their future salvation at

the cost of their present welfare. So every creator lives in relation to his work. And now Providence wills it that I, in consideration of the future of humanity, should live at the cost of my *present* comfort."

That he recognised the value of loneliness was not, however, the only result of these happy summer and autumn days of 1884. Above all, he saw in his whole past life, in all his experiences, his talents and his studies, a splendid preparation for his life-work. With what sureness of instinct he had marched forward, almost unconsciously, on his track, combining and utilising all the demands that life made upon him, all the experiences that came his way, all his suffering, all his thoughts and fancies! He saw present and future marvellously welded together, and a happy, expectant mood possessed him completely. He writes to Gast in September from Sils-Maria: "My task for the next decade has opened itself out very clearly before me—although I am amazed and aghast when I look for the powers that will be needed for its completion. One must wait and 'hold one's lap ready' for the fruit that some wind may shake from the tree."

Both his head and his heart now told him that he was a lawgiver for humanity. Once he had suffered untold agony from this task and the responsibility it involved (that moving chapter in *Zarathustra*, "The Silent Hour," may be cited in evidence); but now he bore the burden of his destiny "with a wonderfully gentle, steady, resolute and benign contemplation of all things." The following passage will show us his conception of a lawgiving philosopher:

> "*Lawgivers for the Future.*—For a long time I tried in vain to connect the word 'philosopher' with a definite concept, for I found many contradictions involved. At last I realised that we may distinguish two kinds of philosophers: (1) those who wish to define some great system of values (logical or moral); (2) those who are lawgivers for such a system.

"Those of the first class try to obtain a grasp of the past or present world, summarising and abbreviating by signs the manifold facts of existence. Their task it is to make us able to review, think out, comprehend and handle all that has happened up to the present. They fulfil man's duty of employing the past in the service of the future.

"Those of the second class are, however, *commanders:* they say 'So it shall be!' They first determine the 'whither' and 'why,' the utility, *what* is useful for mankind. They have at their disposal the preliminary work of the men of science, and all knowledge is to them only a tool for creation. Philosophers of this class succeed but seldom, and indeed the dangers of their position are enormous. How often have they purposely bandaged their eyes, only that they may not see the narrow space which divides them from the abyss. Plato, for instance, when he persuaded himself that the 'good' he sought was not Plato's good, but 'the good in itself,' the eternal treasure which but one man, Plato by name, had found upon his journey! This same will to blindness prevails, in far coarser forms, among founders of religion: their 'thou shalt' must on no account sound in their ears like 'I will,' they do not dare to regard their task as anything but the command of a God, and only as an 'inspiration' is their code of values an *endurable* burden, a burden that does not break the back of their conscience.

"As soon as these two consolations, that of Plato and that of Mahomet, are lost, and no thinker can any longer ease his conscience by the hypothesis of a 'God' or of 'eternal values,' the claims made by the lawgiver of new values assume a new and hitherto unparalleled importance. Henceforth these chosen few, on whom the thought of such a duty is beginning to dawn, will try by some device or other 'in the nick of time' to evade that duty as their greatest danger. They will, for instance, persuade themselves that the problem is already solved, or that it is insoluble, or that their shoulders are too weak for such burdens, or that they are overladen with other, more immediate problems, or that even this new, remote duty is a snare and a delusion, a siren to lure them from all duties, a disease, a form of madness. Many, indeed, may succeed in shirking the task; through all history we find the trial of such shirkers and of their bad conscience. As a rule, however, there came to such men of destiny that redeeming hour, that

autumn hour of maturity, where they *had* to do what they did not 'intend': and the deed which they had most dreaded fell lightly and unsought from the tree, as an involuntary deed, almost as a gift."

In September, 1884, my brother and I met at Zürich. From the first moment, as before in Rome, every trace of misunderstanding vanished, and we wondered how any ill-feeling could have arisen between us. Never in our lives, indeed, did we say an unkind work to each other; and if we sometimes wrote unpleasant things, it is because, when apart, we came under the baneful influence of others. Later on Fritz would declare that the "three accursed women" were to blame. Thus, for instance, he writes: "I know quite well that for years various people have done their best to convince both of us that you are not suited to me or to my philosophy. We poor impressionable creatures are sometimes weak and open to outside influences. But, believe me, I have never let myself be led astray by your 'childlike exterior.' That is your 'foreground,' behind which lies a character capable of the best and bravest actions. I ought to have told you this oftener, but an old hermit and philosopher quite forgets how to show love and esteem." My engagement, too, now met with his approval. He was far too good a psychologist not to see that, apart from all questions of love, a woman with so much desire for action as I needed an arena in which her energies could find full scope.

These glorious weeks of September and October, 1884, remained a delightful memory for us both. We used to laugh so much that an old general who lived near us and was confined to his room by gout, sent to enquire "why we laughed so much—it was catching, and he felt like joining in our laughter." I still ask myself, what did we laugh about, often till the tears came? Often about people and things which do not usually seem comic, for instance about Freiligrath. At Zürich we

bought a volume of his poems, the thirty-eighth edition. "Well, the Germans must consider him a poet, for they buy his verses!" said Fritz, with a half-solemn, half-humorous expression. We began to compose poems in the Freiligrath manner, and told each other of trivial events of the day—the purchase of a tea-urn, or of linen or boots—in this pompous Oriental style, often interlarded with foreign words, some of which we invented for the sake of the rhyme. The fourth part of *Zarathustra* bears witness to this happy mood, for (besides many other poems) the song of the Wanderer and the Shadow, "Among the Daughters of the Desert," was composed at this period. He writes to Peter Gast, Zürich, 30th September, 1884:

> "The sky is as beautiful as at Nice, and one day is just like another. My sister is with me: this is the best way of making up for past unpleasantness. Gottfried Keller has made an appointment with me for to-day. My head is full of the most extravagant verses that ever entered a poet's brain. Together with your score (*The Lion of St. Mark*) came a letter from Stein, whom this year has given me, among so many other good things, as a precious gift—a genuine new friend.
>
> "In short—let us be hopeful, or to express myself better, in old Keller's words:
>
> "Drink on, ye eyes, drink to your utmost fill;
> Drink of the golden plenty of the world!"

We even began to laugh about the Lou affair, which indeed, apart from all its melancholy background, had many amusing aspects. My brother showed me a photograph taken at Orta, where Fräulein Salomé is sitting in a little wheelbarrow, drawn by a team of two gentlemen —Nietzsche and Rée. "This young lady fancies she is cleverer than us two together," said my brother in jest. It was an indiscreet but very funny photograph, which no doubt gave rise to many of the mocking aphorisms directed against emancipated women, and at the time evoked all manner of pleasantries. Yet not even in

Zürich did I discuss the odious business with my brother. He had already heard far more about it than I should have wished. "Let it be buried," I said at Zürich. He wrote to me a few weeks later from Mentone: "All that occurred during the interlude in the writing of *Zarathustra* seems to me, in comparison with this huge and momentous undertaking, a remote absurdity, an inevitable satyr-play to accompany the tragic trilogy.[1] I am glad that this autumn I have learnt to laugh about it all, but perhaps I could only do so because something had slipped from my memory. I can't answer for its not recurring to me some fine day—no, I mean some very bad day."

The last days, however, of our stay at Zürich were darkened by a cloud. Feeling that we might never again be so undisturbed, my brother resolved to throw discretion to the winds, and to relate in detail the attempts of Förster's girl friend and of Frau Overbeck to set brother and sister at variance. Most of all this I now heard for the first time. My brother's wrath was mainly directed against Frau Overbeck; he held that from the first she had done all she could to lower me in his eyes, to make him distrust me, and to gain my place as his *confidante*. In this direction she had influenced Overbeck. Thus his last stay in Bâle had been intolerable, and he could never bring himself to return to that city. Even when travelling to and from Italy, he preferred to take a roundabout route, so as not to touch Bâle and come across Frau Overbeck. Overbeck realised this, and in 1887, wishing to meet my brother, he came under a plausible pretext to Zürich.

To Overbeck he wrote—no doubt to Overbeck's astonishment and his wife's disgust: "I have been here in Zürich (Pension Neptun) for a week, in order to meet my sister. We have had plenty of sunshine in the sky

[1] An allusion to the half-comic satyr-drama which accompanied every trilogy of tragedies in Greek dramatic performances.—Tr.

and in our hearts. Since I left Nice I have never been so physically fit as here. . . . My sister is a splendid little creature; next year I shall probably lose her for a long time, for she will cross the sea."

A few weeks later he writes to Overbeck: "The most delightful feature of the year has been the sight of my sister. She has taken due notice of recent events, and—what I respect particularly—without any ill-feeling. I had not expected, and perhaps not deserved, to find our old cordial relations unimpaired." The closing words refer to the adverse remarks he had made about me to the Overbecks. He was more depressed about this than I had ever seen him before, and I tried accordingly to make light of the whole matter. I told him that as it sometimes relieved him to scold, I would not mind his scolding. He alluded to this in a subsequent letter, when he had again become angry through a misunderstanding.

With the stay in Zürich the family jars, and at the same time the direct influence of Frau Overbeck, came to an end. Overbeck himself, feeling rather guilty, became really friendly towards my brother, and wrote him a letter which gave him great pleasure. Of his wife Overbeck went so far as to say that "her interference in affairs of which she knew nothing was much to be regretted." The excuse he made was that she thought she was doing Nietzsche a service by altering his views about his sister. She really had the extraordinary notion that she was better suited to be Nietzsche's sister than I was. My brother writes to me: "I am glad that the excellent Overbeck has taken your part, but his wife is not to be trusted. If I remember rightly, last year he gave me an entirely false description of the unhappy business. (How comes it that, as our dear mother says, we let ourselves be stirred up so easily by others?) I say 'if I remember rightly,' for my memory is quite at sea as regards the chronology of all those silly misunder-

standings." To Privy Councillor Heinze he writes later: "Thank Heaven, I still have the love of my nearest and dearest—even *that* was threatened by those who offered me their 'friendly services.'"

It has often been matter for surprise that my brother expressed himself in such contradictory terms about his friends and relatives. The primary reason was his bad memory. He had no precise recollection of earlier events, and impulsively gave voice to the mood of the moment—which had, however (as he often insisted) but a momentary value. With all the new spiritual experiences and discoveries which every day brought him, unimportant personal matters would slip from his mind or recur to it at a time when they were no longer clearly remembered.

Another cause may be found in the attitude of the psychologist, who sometimes tests his experiences quite apart from their personal character. He himself makes this point plain: "One who is so often by himself, and is thinking out ideas of all kinds night and day, and moreover (thanks to an unusual bent of mind) can see things not merely from two, but even from three or four sides—such a man passes a totally different verdict on his experiences." This has been understood by few. Moreover, it has often been forgotten that my brother's politeness, which he himself calls his "roguish vice," often led him to agree with others or to conceal the fact that he held a different view. It has often astonished me to see how some of his friends and acquaintances claimed the utmost freedom in criticising Nietzsche, but took it as a deadly insult when he allowed himself this freedom towards them, and took a different view of their character and conduct. Freiherr von Gersdorff and I were the only ones who accepted praise and blame with the same degree of respect; perhaps with a little scepticism, for we loved him so tenderly and at the same time knew quite well how susceptible he was to the

influence of others, and how even his most individual judgment in personal matters depended on the mood of the moment. We knew that he loved us in spite of all, although from his words it sometimes sounded otherwise.

The family disputes had caused my brother more pain than the Overbecks suspected. That is why at Zürich, when the trouble was all over, he became exuberantly happy and remained so for several months—a period clouded only by occasional difficulties with his publisher, which he took too much to heart. Accordingly, not only at Zürich, but also at Mentone, where he went at the end of October and lived in the Pension des Étrangers, some of his most light-hearted poems, *e.g.*, *Mistral*, were written. He had recovered his proud courage, and looked into the future with all the joy of victory. The fourth part of *Zarathustra* seems to me filled with this victorious spirit.

CHAPTER XVIII

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA: PART IV

After the completion of the third part of *Zarathustra* in February, 1884, the author, as we have seen, long regarded the work as complete. From his memoranda and letters it is evident that *Zarathustra* was meant to close with that song of eternal recurrence. Nevertheless we find plans from the winter of 1883-84 for a continuation of *Zarathustra*, which are, however, not identical with the present fourth part. They were put aside, but appear from their contents as plans for a new *Zarathustra* in three or four parts. Finally, however, my brother was entirely occupied with his prose philosophical work, which was becoming more and more extensive.

It was at Zürich that my brother first expressed his intention of continuing *Zarathustra*. As the disputes with the publisher Schmeitzner became more and more frequent, my brother proposed to look for a new publisher, who might be willing to buy the rights for all his works from Schmeitzner. When he went from Zürich to Mentone and made great advance with his continuation of *Zarathustra*, he wrote to me: "If all goes well, I shall need a publisher and printer for the fourth part in January. The sale must be effected by then, for I shall not be able to induce any publisher to print the fourth part if the other three are not in his hands. In all negotiations for the sale, not a word must be said of this fourth part or of the now inevitable fifth and sixth parts (it's no good, before doing anything else I must deal my son Zarathustra his glorious death, otherwise he won't leave me in peace)."

From this letter we see that he then intended to write

a fourth, fifth and sixth part of *Zarathustra.* Although he sometimes (perhaps in consideration of a new publisher) designates these parts as I., II., III., so that they would have formed a new work, the contents of the individual parts, as is clear from his notes, would have remained much the same. Accordingly the proposed Part IV. or I. was almost identical in substance with the present Part IV.; Part V. was meant to contain the portrayal of the great noon, and Part VI. the narration of Zarathustra's death and his influence on the loftiest vows and pledges of his devoted disciples.

Although the notes only afford hints, they still show plainly that one point in particular was to be discussed in the sequel or in the new *Zarathustra:*

> "Who is to be master of the world? This is the refrain of his practical philosophy. He saw that everywhere the slave, the lowest man, the herd, has been made master. Hence the first thing needed was to examine the existing types of higher men, and to ask why they had lost their mastery.
>
> "In the first part we must explain the *decline* and its inevitable nature. How far the slave has become master, without having the master virtues. Aristocracy without the basis of race and purity. How men are monarchs without being the foremost of mankind."

Thus it is that in all the sketches for this fourth or first part the representatives of the higher men come to *Zarathustra.* Yet some of his intentions in this respect were not carried out as he had planned. The following notes, on the other hand, outline the contents of *Zarathustra,* Part IV., in its present form.

> "In the fourth part it will be necessary to state exactly why it is now that the time of the great noon comes: in other words, a presentment of *time,* portrayed by the visits, but interpreted by Zarathustra.
>
> "It will also be necessary to state exactly why the 'chosen people' first had to be created:—it consists of the successful, higher natures in contrast to the unsuccessful (characterised by the visitors): to them only can Zarathustra speak of the

ultimate problems, to them only can he ascribe the energy for grasping this theory (they are strong and healthy and hard enough for that, above all noble enough!), to them only can he hand over the hammer that shall smite the world.

"Thus Part IV must consist of the following points:

"1. The extreme danger of the higher type (here Zarathustra reminds us of his first appearance).

"2. The good men now take sides *against* the higher men, against the exceptions: there lies the danger!

"3. All who are isolated, who have no training, who explain themselves wrongly, degenerate, and their degeneration becomes a reason against their existing. ('Neurosis of genius'!)

"4. Zarathustra must explain what he did when he advised the migration to the isles, and why he visited those isles. (Parts I. and II.) They were not yet ripe for his last revelations."

The notes contain drafts for some splendid discourses to his disciples. The fact that these were never carried out is much to be regretted, for they would have thrown light on many points in his philosophy. Thus he makes Zarathustra say: "I deprived you of everything, of God, of duty—now you must stand the severest test of a noble nature. For here the way lies open for profligates—take care!"

"Zarathustra must spur on his disciples to world-conquest:—the greatest danger, the noblest type of victory: their whole morality is a morality of war;—the desire for absolute victory (even victory over themselves)."

The following plan for a fourth part has its pathetic side, for it shows my brother patiently and happily waiting for the coming of his friends. Perhaps he wrote at the time when he hoped that Heinrich von Stein would tear himself away and come over to his side. It was all in vain—his friends never came to him! Yet he may have seen, as in a vision, some of those who *now* reverentially climb the hill to the place where Zarathustra passed away.

"1. Zarathustra thanking his animals and preparing them for guests. 'I am so overflowing with happiness, and have no one whom I can pay or even thank. So let me tender my thanks to you, my animals.' The quiet patience of one who waits, in full reliance upon his friends.

"2. The guests as lures to entice him away from his solitude. 'I have not come to help *sufferers*,' etc.

"3. The hermit-saint, the pious one.

"4. Zarathustra sends out his animals as scouts. Alone, without prayer, without animals. The highest tension.

"5. 'They come!' As the eagle and the snake are speaking, the lion joins them;—he weeps. Farewell to the cave for ever.

"A kind of festal procession. He marches with the four animals to the city. — —."

Failing in all attempts to find a publisher who would buy from Schmeitzner the rights of his works, Nietzsche decided to have this part printed at his own expense in forty copies for himself and his friends. In February, 1885, the work was finished. It had been carried on, with various interruptions, at Zürich, Mentone and Nice. On February 14th, 1885, he writes to Peter Gast: "Between ourselves, this last winter has borne new fruit, but I have no publisher, and above all I no longer find pleasure in seeing my books printed. The colossal stupidity of publishing such a work as my *Zarathustra* without being compelled to do so has been righteously paid in its own coin." At the time he called this work *Noon and Eternity*, and the present Part IV. *Part I.: The Temptation of Zarathustra.*

He writes, again, to Gast on March 21st:

"You may perhaps shortly receive some proof-sheets: pray don't be impatient, my dear fellow, but help me once more. It is the fourth and last part of *Thus Spake Zarathustra:* the title I put in my last letter to you was a forlorn hope with a view to a new publisher. I was looking for one, you know, and naturally could not have offered him a 'fourth part.' For what I still have to say as poet-prophet, I need a different form from the one I have used hitherto: and it cost me a hard

struggle to decide upon such a title for the sake of a new publisher. Well, I didn't find a publisher, so I am printing the last part at my own expense. There will only be a few copies, and the circulation will be entirely private. Please don't say or write to anyone that there's a fourth part of *Zarathustra*."

In other letters of this period he also styles this part the fourth and last, so that he must have given up the idea of a proper sequel to *Zarathustra*. In his note book, too, we find the entry: "Resolve: I will talk prose and write no more *Zarathustra*." At any rate he had the intention of beginning a new work, but perhaps (as he writes to Gast) in a different form, in his capacity of poet-prophet.

My brother set apart the privately printed copies of the fourth part as gifts for his friends and for those "who had deserved well of him." Only seven copies did he find occasion to present under this latter heading—so lonely, so little understood was he in those days. This fourth part was not published until the Easter of 1892, seven years after the first private printing, and when the author was declared past hope of recovery.

Zarathustra is the highwater-mark of all that Nietzsche conceived and wrote as a *poet*. In his childhood and early youth he had devoted himself eagerly to poetry, and in his fourteenth year his poems already assume a form which justifies the inclusion of some of them in the collection "Poems and Maxims."

We find in his works many sly reproaches and even passionate indictments addressed to poets. These are written in the same, often scornful, vein of humour in which he was able to treat himself and his own characteristics. In any case, he was perfectly conscious of being a poet as well as a philosopher and prose-writer. Thus he writes to Rohde in February, 1884: "I have remained a poet in every sense of the term, although I have let myself be swayed pretty thoroughly

by the opposite of all poetizing." During those years when *Zarathustra* was being composed, there grew in him secretly the joy of singing, and that heaven-storming poetic power which enabled him to fly "a thousand miles beyond all that has hitherto been called poetry." Whatever my brother touched he endowed with new form and filled with the fire of his innermost experiences; and accordingly he created for himself the new language of *Zarathustra*, conceived in the highest poetic ecstasy and written with his heart's blood.

This work is framed, as it were, by a number of poems which belong to the year preceding the first part and especially to the interval between the third and fourth parts, to that happy autumn of 1884. Even the *Dionysos Dithyrambs* were first conceived in that autumn, but they were not completed till 1886-1888.

If we now look back at the thirty years of poetic development, we cannot but feel a deep melancholy. My brother, after all, remained the same man throughout, suffered from the same trials, sought to console himself for life's troubles in the same way, and strove towards the same ideals. From first to last we find the sense of loneliness, of having no home, of being strongly drawn towards Nature; a peculiar musical and lyrical mood, a yearning for sympathetic friends, a painful sense of being cut off from all that men are wont to take delight in, to love, desire, reverence, and fear. How he tries to conceal and make more endurable the melancholy substratum of his nature and all his sad experiences, by means of sly irony, and all kinds of jokes, even coarse jokes! And how he wings his way, with more and more powerful strokes, towards the heights—how from year to year his individual happiness, his lonely mountain-happiness, increases—until he reaches the summit in *Thus Spake Zarathustra!* And how he loved that work, how deeply it moved him to hear the song of his own soul! "Whenever I dip into my *Zarathustra*," he says,

"I walk up and down my room for half-an-hour, unable to repress my sobs." The figure of Zarathustra is the poet's highest creation, it is a type of eternal beauty, of a divine transfiguration of the world—it is the superman himself. So the poet felt him to be, and he writes in *Ecce Homo:* "Here, at every moment, man is surpassed, and the concept 'superman' becomes the greatest reality."

CHAPTER XIX

PLANS AND TRAVELS

After completing the fourth part of *Zarathustra* my brother was again overcome by that fit of depression which always seized him after such an exceptional mental strain. This time, however, there were special reasons for making him feel sick at heart. Heinrich von Stein had disappointed us in our hope that he would attach himself to Nietzsche. One who knew both Wagner and Nietzsche well described humorously how Stein, under the magic of Nietzsche's extraordinary personality, had almost forgotten the purpose for which he had been sent, with Cosima's blessing, to Sils-Maria—namely, to bring Nietzsche back to the Bayreuth fold. It was only when the initial glamour wore off slightly that he remembered his mission, and in very tactless fashion—as is the way of such noble natures when they try to reconcile conflicting sentiments—he made my brother the amazing suggestion that he should help to write a Wagner lexicon. "No one knows nowadays how to behave," grumbled my brother in a letter to me.

Only those who see from Nietzsche's private notes how the *later* Wagner as thinker, philosopher and stylist almost reduced him to despair, can realise the humour, the tragic humour, of this proposal of Stein's. My brother had ardently hoped that Stein would lay his own work aside in order to become his disciple and much-needed support, and it was painful to have to abandon this hope. He wrote in his note-book: "Men who are destinies, who carry destinies in that they carry themselves, the whole company of heroic burden-bearers —how gladly would they for once enjoy a rest from

themselves! How they yearn for strong hearts and necks, in order to be rid of their sense of oppression, if only for a few hours! And how vainly they yearn!—They wait: they look at all that passes: no one comes to meet them with a jot of suffering or passion: no one divines how intensely they wait. At last they learn their first bit of worldly wisdom—to wait no longer: and then their second—to be affable and discreet, to endure everyone and everything, in a word, to endure even a little more than they have hitherto endured."

And he had a good deal to endure in those days. At the end of the winter he was dissatisfied with his fellow-boarders and with Nice itself. He writes: "As a permanency Nice is impossible—the big town, the intolerable noise of traffic, and so forth. What is more, I am sick of my fellow-boarders. The company is really too low-class, and one hardly dares to look and see how one's dear neighbour at table uses his knife and fork. As for the conversation that goes on at meals, the less said the better. I think regretfully of my isolation in Genoa. True, I lived there in the poorest style, but I was not surrounded by a mediocre mob of Germans: it was a nobler life, and it suited me better."

Accordingly he looked forward with impatience to the printing of *Zarathustra*, Part IV., and on March 30th, 1885, he writes to Gast:

> "It's strange, but I can't remember ever having felt *pleasure* at undertaking a journey to any particular spot. This time, however, the thought that I shall soon be in Venice and with you is refreshing and delightful, it is like the hope of convalescence to some long-suffering invalid. I have made the discovery that Venice is the only place that has satisfied me and done me good. . . . The scenery at Sils-Maria is just the thing for me, but the village itself, I am sorry to say, is not. If only I could preserve a proper solitude and hermitage there! But—the place is coming into fashion. . . .
>
> "If you only knew how alone in the world I am now, and how much sense of humour I need to avoid spitting into some

one's face now and then from sheer disgust! Happily the crazy father of Zarathustra has something of his son's good manners.

"But if I come to Venice and to you, there'll be an end for some time of 'politeness' and 'sense of humour' and 'disgust' and the whole damned Nice-ness—eh, dear friend?"

Yet this stay in Venice did not turn out so pleasantly as had been anticipated. He was usually in excellent spirits when at Venice, but this time Peter Gast cast a damper. In his letters Fritz spoke of Gast in very angry terms, saying that he did not come forward, showed no energy, and so forth. He complained, too, of many personal matters, *e.g.*, that Gast had been no help to him in looking for a suitable place to live in. For these reasons he left Gast more than usual to his composing, went for lonely walks, or associated with acquaintances, old and new, whom he met by chance.

To Förster, who had sent him a letter from Naumburg, he writes:

"At last I am settled: I have presence of mind, presence of inkstand, and everything requisite for writing a letter. So here goes!

"Now and then a good day drops down to me from the skies: so it happened lately, when I was once more in the only town I love. And it was just then, among all the good gifts of my first morning on the Piazza of San Marco, that your letter came to hand. I could not have read it at a more auspicious moment.

"Well, it can't be helped, my sister will go into 'the wide, wide world' with you, my dear Doctor. Love is leading the Lama—apologies! I have called her that up to now—into many dangers, it seems, far from home, into a life full of temptations. Some things will go well, others badly: on the whole, she has a heroic future before her. So have I: it seems that this is characteristic of our stock. And if love leads her in a less 'abstract' form than it leads me, perhaps she has a better taste, and has chosen 'the better part': namely, Herr Bernhard Förster. In such matters, women

are shrewder than men. We men run after 'truth' and similar pallid beauties, and if we get on at all, we get to the point of doubting whether we are capable of loving anyone at all from the bottom of our hearts. This, to conclude from letters and other psychological documents, has not been my sister's fate.

"This is not to be taken as a sigh on my part, but as an objection to the over-flattering tone of your letter. If we love a thing, we should love its seamy side as well (life is so arranged, it seems to me, that we pay too dear for everything). To quote my son Zarathustra, 'every evil thing has its two good facets,' and whatever may befall you, my dear Doctor, my sister will help you to find 'the good facets' and a clear sky. This, too, seems characteristic of our stock."

My brother would on no account come to my wedding, and wrote me a touching letter:

"My dear Lama, for the day that is to decide your destiny (and no one can wish you happiness and prosperity and good omens more sincerely than I)—for this day I must draw up a sort of balance-sheet for my own life. Henceforth your mind and heart will, of course, be occupied with quite different affairs from those of your brother. It is only natural that you should come more and more to share your husband's way of thinking, which is very far from being mine, however much I may find in it to praise and respect. To show you, however, how much care and consideration a verdict on your brother needs, I am telling you to-day, in token of my great affection for you, wherein lie the difficulties of my position. From childhood upwards I have so far found no one with whom I have so much trouble on my conscience. This compels me to-day, as at all times—so far as can be done, and often with much bad temper—to portray myself under some schedule or other of the human types at present permitted and understood. It is an article of my creed that one can only thrive among men of the same disposition and desires (this extends even to food and care of the body); that I have no such parallel is my misfortune. My career at the university was a tiresome attempt to adapt myself to a wrong environment: my attachment to Wagner was a similar attempt, but in an opposite direction. Almost all my human relations have arisen

from fits of horror at being lonely: Overbeck, as well as Rée and Malwida—I was absurdly happy when I found or thought I had found some little point in common with any one of them. I have countless humiliating memories of such attacks of weakness, of occasions when solitude was simply more than I could bear. Then, consider my illness, which always makes me feel so terribly disheartened—it is not for nothing that I have been so ill (and even now rather ill, that is to say, depressed)—it is only because I lack the proper environment, and always have to play a little comedy, instead of gaining health from contact with men. Hence I don't look upon myself in the least as a reserved or secretive or suspicious person: on the contrary! If I were, I should suffer less. But it is not so easy to impart ourselves, however much we may wish to do so: we must find someone to whom it is *possible* to impart ourselves. The feeling that in me there is something remote and alien, that I give certain words a unique flavour, that I have a richly-coloured, deceptive foreground, this very feeling, of which I have lately heard from various quarters, is the subtlest form of 'understanding' that I have yet come across. All that I have so far written is foreground—to my own mind it must all be placed in inverted commas. Very dangerous are the things I have had to handle, and if in popular style I at one time recommend Schopenhauer or Wagner to the Germans, at another conceive Zarathustra, I not only regain my health by such feats, but also build up barricades, behind which I can once more sit for a long time in peace."

In the spring he began his notes for *Beyond Good and Evil*. As for my marriage, he felt (not without cause) that he had partly contributed to this unwished-for event, by implying at times that I could do him no further service. He was now troubled at the idea that I should have to go away so far from Germany. "It cuts me to the quick; this spring is one of the gloomiest springs of my life," he writes to our mother. Quite unjustly, he regarded Förster as unsuited for colonisation: "a historian of art, a public schoolmaster as coloniser seems to me simply ridiculous," he would often say to our mother, who shared his anxieties as to my

marriage. He writes to her: "I cannot see how his future will shape. Personally I am too aristocratic to put myself on the same footing, legally and socially, as twenty peasant families, in the way he proposes to do. Under such conditions the man who is most ready-witted and has the strongest *will* gains the upper hand; and in both these respects German savants are poorly equipped. Vegetable diet, as Dr. F. understands it, only makes such people easier to irritate and put out of humour. Look at the carnivorous English—that's the race which has so far been best at colonising. Phlegm and roast beef form the recipe for such enterprises."

As a matter of fact my husband, with all his vegetarianism and book-learning, did possess will-power, and readiness of wit, and was marked out by Nature as leader and ruler of a community. Moreover, the colony was not founded on any principle of equality. This proved impracticable from the first, since it was principally poor people who came to us; they received land from us as a gift and lived on the advances that we made.

Happily, my brother's stay at Sils-Maria, after Venice, turned out far pleasanter than many previous summers. He had the companionship of his "dear trio" of ladies, Madame de Mansouroff and Mrs. and Miss Fynn, while an elderly German lady offered herself for writing from dictation. Thus he was kept from writing and reading. Even the idea of my departure for Paraguay began to please him, and he actually thought of going there some time himself. He writes to Overbeck: "Between ourselves, I have many cares on my mind—and also some curious desires, regarding this very new world of Paraguay. Any moment Europe may become impossible for me; and perhaps in that distant country there'll be a bough for a stray bird like me (as I have written 'I hang on a crooked bough,' etc.)."

All through the summer of 1885, my brother was considering whether he could come to us in Germany, in

order to become more intimately acquainted with my husband and say good-bye to both of us before our departure for Paraguay in 1886. Being generally in good health during the summer of 1885, he had plunged deep into work, and naturally this proved bad for his eyes. He was trying to express his main ideas more and more clearly, and the effort sometimes cost him sleepless nights. Could he succeed in making his philosophy intelligible to others? This was his constant care, and now that he felt himself to be on the right track, he thought it inadvisable to interrupt his work by a journey. Moreover, much as he wished to see me and talk to me before our going away, he dreaded the emotional scene of a personal farewell. These various sentiments are illustrated in the following letter to my mother and myself (September 6th):

"My dear ones,—Your charming gifts and enticing eatables have come to hand—alas, there was no need of allurements! You can't imagine what a cruel home sickness has long been torturing me and trying to persuade me to make the journey North. Then there are other spells to lure me in your direction; for instance, the fact that in all probability the *Lion of St. Mark*—that opera which is as balm to my soul—will be produced this summer in Dresden. For all that, it's no good! it's no good! I am an unlucky dog in the matter of health, as you know, and with all my precautions things have gone badly this year. The reason is that I burden myself with too many duties and scruples, such as could only be endured by the rudest animal health. Perhaps you don't quite understand, but, you can believe me, I suffer from this night and day. You know, too, that I can put a good face upon it, and from time to time even have fits of happiness and devil-may-care cheerfulness. But for that, I should long since have ceased to live. It is very hard for me not to see the Lama before she starts—it cuts me to the quick. Yet I think it is better so—and not only for my own sake. A meeting might make it clear, all too clear, how isolated your Fritz now feels—for I have by now got rid of *all* my friends, without exception—and how he is actually living in a land more distant, more foreign,

more inaccessible than Paraguay. But we should all show a brave face to each other, for we have no light tasks before us. This summer in Sils-Maria I have often spoken favourably about my brother-in-law's scheme, both to Germans and foreigners; and now that he has withdrawn from a movement which, like every negative effort, may well involve the danger of demoralising a noble nature, I am quite interested in his enterprise and wish him all success. The Lama will get on all right, no doubt of that (only it worries me to think that from love for her husband she eats too little meat—'the same thing doesn't suit everyone'—apologies!). . . . Sils remains my summer quarter—that's settled, thanks to some alterations for the benefit of my eyes. Now I must fix upon my winter quarters; I shall first try Florence. With love and tears, your Fritz."

Yet a week after writing the above he was on the way to us after all. "A business matter, which seemed to make a personal settlement advisable," he said, jestingly, "came to the aid of my own inclinations." He stayed in Germany about seven weeks, dividing his time between Naumburg and Leipzig. He writes to Overbeck:

"Greetings from Leipzig! This will come to you as a surprise. But I couldn't resist one more visit to Germany (where there is nothing that either my body or my soul needs any further) so as to be with my brother and sister again—perhaps for the last time! For in January or February the new colonists start off, happily not alone, but in a numerous and respectable company. I haven't seen Dr. Förster, he's still in Westphalia. . . . As regards his character, I am pleased to hear a universal chorus of praise (for I wanted to get an average notion of his reputation through friend and foe alike). Generally speaking, there are good reasons for distrusting the anti-Semites. Their cause, by the way, is more popular than one thinks from a distance: it seems to me to be warmly espoused, in particular, by the whole Prussian nobility.—I have examined the question of colonising Paraguay, not without an idea at the back of my mind that I might find a haven there for myself. But this intention I have now entirely given up; it doesn't suit my climatic requirements.

Otherwise the whole scheme is exceedingly sound. It's a splendid bit of land for German agriculturists, and any Westphalian or Pomeranian, if he doesn't expect an Eldorado, may sail there with every confidence. Whether it's the right place for my sister and her husband is another matter. I confess that this question causes my mother and myself much uneasiness. Another source of anxiety is my mother's being left alone. Perhaps she will live for a part of the year with me, say in Venice. That would be an excellent thing for me, for with my bodily condition and semi-blindness I need someone to look after me more and more—to say nothing of my spiritual isolation, from which with the best will I can no longer be drawn. I regard this as my lot, and will learn not to look upon this lot as a misfortune."

All through our walks and talks of that autumn we had the melancholy feeling that we should never be able to speak to each other in the same way again. My brother told me more than ever before of the inner connexion of his ideas. I did not understand much at the time, but the sound of his voice, the expression of his face is still a beloved memory. I must be deeply grateful to him for the sacrifice he made; for it was most difficult for him to tell of the thoughts that lay nearest his heart. He preferred to be silent even about painful personal experiences, and hence arose those misunderstandings between us in the years 1882-1884. How far harder it was to speak of the teachings he proposed to offer to humanity! It was only the likelihood that we should not see each other again for many years, if at all, which led him to speak to me of his momentous plans.

I, on my side, had revelations to make. The little "treasure-chest" in which I secretly collected the memoranda which he neglected and wished to have burnt, had now become a fairly large box. This I now showed him, begging him earnestly not to consign anything to the flames. He looked at the contents with astonishment, and said with deep emotion: "My whole

youth!" He had almost forgotten the very existence of these MSS., nay, in all the wealth of his teeming brain he had scarcely remembered ever having written them. I read him some splendid extracts, and specified the period when each was written. "Sister," he said, "you are born to be my biographer. All this belongs to you, and when you come back you will find some additions I have made." I deprecated the notion, remarking that I would never write a book (he alludes playfully to this in certain aphorisms), and that he must write his life himself, a task for which he had already made some preparations. "Why yes, I will," he answered thoughtfully. When he came to Naumburg in the spring of 1886, he put one or two MSS. into the box, but afterwards, until my return from Paraguay in 1893, the box was forgotten.

As if to cheat ourselves into dispelling the sense of melancholy, we also built many a castle in the air for his future, which was to me such a source of anxiety. As I dreaded his isolation more than anything, and knew that he was an excellent teacher for young men of talent, I reverted to my old proposal that he should give lectures, free from the bias of his more esoteric doctrines, in some university. In the spring of 1885 I had already paved the way for this in many quarters, and had written to him on the subject. He replies: "Your proposals for the future sound very attractive, and I cannot thank you enough for the loving care to which they bear witness. I am becoming too blind to do much reading or writing. Every day I get enough ideas to fill two stout volumes by a German professor, but I have no one fit to receive the stuff. There is so much that is unorthodox, so much that would hurt other people. I admit that I should be glad to deliver a lecture now and then, with due regard for the conventions, as a moralist and 'educator' who has no bee in his bonnet; but undergraduates are so stupid, and Professors are still stupider. And where

should I give them? In Jena? There's no place that I now care to live in, except Venice." In the autumn of that year we arrived at a similar negative result, although we had some thoughts of Zürich. Finally we discussed many literary and business matters, among others a remodelling and continuation of *Human, All Too Human.* It was, however, already doubtful whether it would not be better to write a sequel to some other book, *e.g.*, *Dawn of Day.* We went to Leipzig together, to look for a new publisher. My brother wished to break with Schmeitzner, who besides his previous offences was now continually telling him that "the public refused to read his aphorisms." On this journey Fritz told me that he had already completed a good part of the book he proposed to offer to the new publisher.

After his stay in Naumburg and Leipzig, which this time suited him fairly well ("It did me good," he writes, "to be with you, my dear ones"), he began to look about him for some winter resort other than Nice. His last winter there was a painful memory. First he went to Munich, where he spent many pleasant hours with his old friend Freiherr von Seydlitz. From Munich he passed on to Florence, where he really intended to stay—that is to say, in the neighbourhood, at Vallombrosa or at Paradisino, which lies higher. Both had been recommended him by a Herr Lansky, but were presumably not suited for late autumn, so that he abandoned the idea. On Florence he writes to Freiherr von Seydlitz: "In Florence I surprised the Astronomer in his observatory, which commands a glorious view of city, valley and river. Will you believe that in his room he had the well-thumbed writings of your humble servant, and that this white-haired old man enthusiastically recited passages from *Human, All Too Human?* The picture of this noble and perfect hermit-life was the most precious gift that Florence had to offer me—and at the same time the sharpest sting, a sting of conscience. For

obviously this lonely investigator had advanced further in the wisdom of life (and not only in the discovery of comets and nebulæ) than your friend."

Great was our astonishment when we suddenly received a postcard (November 11th), not from Florence, but from Nice. "Don't let it be too much of a shock to you to hear of the *Hamlet* mole from Nice instead of Vallombrosa ('Valley of the Shadows'). It has been very valuable to test the air of Leipzig, Munich, Florence, Genoa and Nice almost simultaneously. You can't imagine how easily Nice has won the prize in this competition. As before, I am at the Pension de Genève; it has become very charming through alterations in building and upholstering. My neighbour at table is a bishop, a Monsignore, who can speak German.—Your devoted Prince Squirrel." (This was a name that recalled childhood's days; he now revived it with reference to his rapid changes of residence.)

Some weeks later he writes: "I feel as if I were in Nice for the first time; at any rate I know how to make use of the beautiful elements that suit me, and to ignore the rest. The glorious air, the delicate colouring, the indescribable sunniness—it all has an inspiring effect, on me at any rate. In this congenial climate, my brain is worth ten times more than in Leipzig or Zürich. There's no question that every year (every *winter*, that is to say) I advance a step forward towards health—towards brain-health, if not eye-health. The prospect of lectures in Zürich is very inviting, but for many reasons I must not look at it too closely." In particular, the climate of Zürich seemed to him unsuitable: "one can't pack the sky of Nice, with its 220 cloudless days, into one's trunk, and carry it about like a portable stove."

Towards Christmas, however, the high spirits which Nice had caused were already somewhat on the wane. He had worked hard at the new book and strained his eyesight. Moreover, he hankered after the joys of a

Christmas at home, which in my case was to be the first in Europe for many a long year. In the following, as in other letters of this chapter, he calls illness what most people would call depression. Perhaps this was due to reports which showed him how sadly his writings were misunderstood. He writes to me (December 20th, 1885):

"My dear Lama,—I hope none of my letters has gone astray; I can no longer control their despatch. I have been rather at a standstill of late, since my health has not been good. I don't like to say much about this, so it's better to give up writing letters. I have now spent seven years in solitude, and my opinion is that I am not really cut out for the part of a recluse. Now that I cannot see any chance of getting rid of this loneliness, such a weariness of life suddenly comes over me almost every week that it makes me ill. My diet seems to me quite sensible; at midday I take bread and milk, and at six I have dinner in the Pension de Genève where the cookery suits my digestion. I no longer need sleeping-draughts; at any rate, the pint of Munich Kindl-Bräu beer which I often drink seems to me rather a digestive, it doesn't make me sleepy. I now have an antipathy to grog. I am sorry to say that my room is too cold, now that the thermometer occasionally falls to 4 degrees below zero [Centigrade]. Then again, I am horribly disturbed by music—there's a child that strums its scales, while behind me there's a violinist and a cornet-player. I do indeed hope for an improvement, but not for this winter, which I merely want to *last out*. The worst of it is that I am entirely lacking in social resources of the better sort, so that I hardly know any human being whom I should care to have living here with me. I should indeed like Gast, because he is the only musician whose taste I can relish, and because he knows how to live like a hermit, in simple fashion. But I need *more* than some occasional music.

"I have received a delightful little machine for beating up eggs. I have not used it yet—can you tell me what sort of a saucepan is needed? It will be jolly to use and will remind me pleasantly of you. How stupid that I no longer have anyone with whom I can laugh! If I were rich enough and in

better health, I should emigrate to Japan, only so as to have gaiety around me. (To my astonishment I find that Seydlitz has suffered the same spiritual change, he is the first Japanese German—read the enclosed newspaper cuttings.) I like to be in Venice, because one might easily lead a Japanese existence there—some of the necessary conditions are to be found. The rest of Europa is gloomy and pessimistic; the ghastly corruption of music by Wagner is only a single instance of the general corruption and misery.

"Now Christmas has come round again, and it's sad to think that I am still condemned, as for seven years past, to live like a pariah or a Cynic misanthrope. No one troubles any longer about brightening my existence, the Lama has 'something better to do'—at any rate, enough to do! All my old acquaintances have become stale and hard. When I reflect how I have always taken pot-luck, I shudder at the future, foreseeing as I do the kind of men with whom I shall have to take pot-luck, at the prospect of being driven by that hunger which makes the devil eat flies.—A cheerful Christmas letter, this!"

As a matter of fact this letter, which made me feel very sad, did indeed seem to him too melancholy and too much spiced with grim humour; for a few days later he writes us a cheerful Christmas letter, to which I must add the explanation that on his last visit I had given him the playful nickname of "our famous animal":

"My dear ones,—The weather is glorious, so your 'animal' must once more look pleasant, although it has had some very gloomy days and nights. But Christmas was indeed a day of rejoicing. At midday I got your dear presents, and in a twinkling the chain was about my neck, and the pretty little calendar in my waistcoat pocket. If there *was* money in the letter, as Mother writes, it has disappeared. Please pardon your poor blind animal, who undid the parcel in the street; I was looking very eagerly for the letter. I hope some poor old woman was near and thus found her 'Christ-child' in the street.—Then I drove to my peninsula of St. Jean, took a long walk round the coast and finally sat down among some young soldiers, who were playing bowls. Fresh roses and geraniums in the hedges, and everything green and warm; not in the least Northern.

Here your animal drank three big glasses of a sweet local wine, and was just a wee bit tipsy; at any rate when the waves came too near, I said to them 'Butsch! Butsch! Butsch!' as one says to fowls. Then I went back to Nice and had a regal dinner at my boarding-house; there was a big Christmas-tree, with lighted tapers. Fancy, I have found a fashionable baker who knows what is meant by 'curd-cakes'! He tells me that the King of Württemberg ordered one for his birthday. The word 'regal' made me think of this.

"I have been ill for a day or two, so the letter remained unfinished. In the meantime Overbeck wrote to say that Rohde has been offered a post at Leipzig. Will he accept it, I wonder? It's curious to think that everyone I know is now going to Leipzig or its neighbourhood. This makes me feel that I am not quite homeless. After all, it was pleasant in Leipzig last spring; a little melancholy, but—like all the joys of life for a man of my sort—tinged with a faint rose-fragrance of the irrecoverable past.

"Sooner or later, my eyes will be unable to endure anything but forest air; but old friends will have to live near these 'forests.'—I see that by a decree of the Leipzig city council, war has been declared on *garlic*—this is the only form of anti-Semitism which smells good to your old cosmopolitan rhinoceros. Apologies! Your ever loving F.

"P.S.—I have learnt to sleep again—without sleeping-draughts!"

In spite of all my husband's assurances that he would not expose me to excessively trying conditions, my brother continued to be anxious about my future, and to express his conviction that some other career would have suited me far better. I should have been only too glad to take him with us; and indeed, in order to connect him in some concrete fashion with this new world, I proposed that, like some relatives of my husband, he should buy a plot of land in our future colony for £15. He found the proposal very diverting:

"Dear old Lama," he writes, "I have just received your charming proposal. If it can serve in any way to make your husband think well of that incorrigible European and anti-

anti-Semite, your retiring brother Fritz (though no doubt he has something better to do than trouble about me), I will gladly follow in Fräulein Alwinchen Förster's footsteps, and beg you to make me a South American landowner under similar conditions : with this reservation, however—that the bit of land is not called 'Friedrichsland' or 'Friedrichsgrove' (because at present I have no wish to die and be buried there), but, in memory of the name I have given you, Lamaland.

" Seriously speaking, I would send you all I have, if it could help to bring you back again soon. All who know and love you think it would be far better if you were spared this experiment. However suitable that country may be for German colonisation, no one can say that you two ought to be the colonists. There seems to be some danger there for a Lama who is accustomed to a comfortable civilisation and thrives best under such conditions. All this *heating* of the emotions is too tropical, and in my opinion, not even healthy, for a Lama (or in general for our family type, whose art lies in the reconciliation of contrasts) : one remains younger and more handsome if one does not hate or suspect. Moreover, it seems to me that your nature is more suited to a Germanic movement here in Europe : just as the wife of Dr. Förster, who, as I felt again in reading his essay on education, has a natural mission as a German educational director—and not (if you will excuse my saying so) as organiser of a movement which is three parts bad. What is now urgently needed in Germany is independent educational establishments, which actively oppose the State system of slave-drilling. The confidence reposed in Dr. Förster by the German nobility appears to me a sufficient guarantee that under his guidance some such sort of Schnepfental or Hofwyl (you remember ? where old Vischer was trained) would be a success. But over there, among peasants, in contact with Germans who are possibly embittered and envenomed, and in any case impossible—well, there is every reason for anxiety. The great stupid sea in between ! and whenever news of a hurricane is brought, your brother will be angry and wonder how the Lama came to rush into such an adventure. I compose myself as best I can, but every day and especially in the evening I am overpowered with melancholy—just because the Lama is running away and giving up her brother's traditions. Well, it's no use grumbling ; life is an experiment, and, do what we will, we pay too high a price for it. Go on,

my dear Lama, and now that you have made up your mind, face the future courageously! Your F."

His various adverse and sceptical comments on the colonial enterprise have been much misunderstood, and it is for this reason that I dwell upon the matter. On the one hand there was his brotherly concern, on the other hand his hostility towards anti-Semitism. The latter idea I tried to combat as much as possible, for the fact is that the anti-Semitic party did nothing whatever for my husband's colony. In answer to my protest, my brother says: "You say that New Germany has no connexion with anti-Semitism, but I know for certain that the colonising scheme is essentially anti-Semitic. I know this from that *Correspondenzblatt* [*Correspondence Journal*], which is circulated in secret and is sent only to the most trustworthy members of the party. (I hope your husband doesn't show it you, it's becoming more and more unpleasant.) Still, I think it's quite likely that the party only talks about the colony, and does nothing."

This last observation was perfectly right, and in fact his view of the whole project was remarkably accurate. He was wrong only about the coloniser, for my husband displayed an unusual talent for the work. I still hear from Paraguay, on good authority, that if Förster had not died so young, the colony of New Germany would have been all that he projected—that with his eminent gifts for colonising he would have attained all that he hoped to attain for the glory of Germany. On the other hand Prince Bismarck is reproached with not having used a man of such colonising ability for German colonies at home and abroad. In such matters the English show more insight and experience.

It was a pity that my brother had taken it into his head that not only his anti-Semitic publisher Schmeitzner but his connexion with Förster was doing harm to him and his works: "The whole German press has main-

tained a dead silence about my works—'since then!' says Overbeck." He himself found his occasional reproaches against me unfair, for I was as little of an anti-Semite as one can possibly be. I think that, to be a real anti-Semite in feeling, one must come from a different environment to ours. My brother and I had spent our whole childhood in a strongly Conservative circle, and the Conservatives in the Prussian Diet at the time were led and very ably represented by a Jew, Professor Stahl of Halle. All through our childhood we never met a single Jew, and there were none in Naumburg. We had a great respect for Mendelssohn and his sister, and I was a particular admirer of Disraeli, whose novels I had read, and whose career—an account of which I had read somewhere—impressed me profoundly. My brother, indeed, knew little of Disraeli: he did not read English books with facility. I still regret this, for Disraeli is such a wonderful instance of the will to power. How, then, could I have become a real anti-Semite? One would need different experiences for that, perhaps one would have to live in Berlin. My brother writes, indeed: "You say you have married Förster the coloniser, not Förster the anti-Semite. That is true, but in the eyes of the world Förster will remain the head of the anti-Semitic party to the end of his days." But for this, my brother would have entirely approved of the bold project. He thought, however, that the connexion would damage his reputation "as if he were publicly decrying a movement that he favoured in private." In one of his letters to me he touches upon his general views on anti-Semitism (May 3rd, 1888): ". . . Once more I am dealing with my whole attitude towards anti-Semitism or the anti-Semites. I can find a good deal to say in their favour, since there are so many among them worthy of all respect, efficient and strong-willed persons. Yet this does not prevent me from waging war upon anti-Semitism—nay rather, it compels me to fight a movement which wastes

and weakens so much vital power. But remember this: where I despise, I wage no war!"

How much loyalty there was in my brother's nature is shown particularly by his remaining so loyal towards me, although there were many persons and circumstances that tended to make him otherwise. In 1888 he writes: "Strange! You are the only person in whom, instinctively as it were, I place unqualified trust. Your modest way of suggesting hypotheses leads superficial people to assume that you are not sure of your ground. Moreover, you seem too proud or too maladroit to defend yourself and your hypotheses—perhaps because you are so convinced of the truth of what you say that you cannot realise that there might be any doubt in the matter. In the end I found, as always, that every word you said was right, every doubt you raised was justified."

The most remarkable thing, however, is that my brother entrusted me with his literary arrangements, not only several times by word of mouth, but also in writing, and that, too, at a time when the Overbecks' machinations against me were at their height. After that return journey from Rome in 1883, when we planned the formation of the archives (which was entrusted to me), he wrote: "My 'future' is to me the darkest thing in the world; but as I have still much to do, I ought to regard this completion of my task as my 'future,' and leave everything else to you and the gods." Even the temporary estrangements which followed did not shake this confidence: in 1882-1884 he was always saying: "Lisbeth must do that," "the Lama may think that over." In March, 1888, he once more lays stress upon the tie of blood which drew us together. "How strongly I feel, in all that you say and do, that we belong to the same stock. You understand more of me than others do, because we come of the same parentage. This fits in very well with my 'philosophy.'" But it must not be assumed that my brother from youth upwards confided

in me as to his philosophical schemes and opinions. Careful as he was to refrain from burdening friends and disciples with ideas that they could not grasp, he would have regarded it as most injudicious to entrust a sister, several years younger than himself, and living part of the year in a North German provincial town amid extremely pious circles, with ideas that suited neither her training nor her environment. Moreover, to my brother's joy and sorrow alike, I remained outwardly and inwardly youthful long past my youth. He would often sigh : " Oh, Lisbeth, if only you would become a sceptical old dame ! " We were always looking forward to a time when we should both be old, as to a time when I should have become versed in his philosophy and we should thoroughly understand each other. I venture to give from one of his letters a passage, which, though far too flattering to me, seems so characteristic for my brother's relation towards others :

> " It was with great satisfaction that I read my brother-in-law's eulogy of his ' incomparable wife.' I am proud to have trained you. Very few women would surmount these exceptional difficulties with so much courage, contentment and cheerfulness. But a little less modesty, please ! Don't forget that the herd demands picturesque people, *i.e.*, those whose talents, aims and successes make a picture of such thick and obvious strokes as to be recognisable to the dullest eye. The herd has a great respect for the *poseur*, for one who can strike attitudes—a thing we both hate doing. It is only an intellect of a more refined type that can understand the shame of the aristocrat, who hides his best and highest qualities under a simple exterior. I am sure that very few of the people over there have any notion of how you try to realise your ideals —with what ruthlessness towards yourselves, with what passionate determination. All I ask myself is ; are these ideals worth so much sacrifice ? I am afraid you will have many disappointments to overcome ! Ultimately you'll become a sceptical old dame, without having lost your pluck, and be a fit companion for your sceptical old brother. How we'll laugh then over the confounded idealism of our youth—but perhaps with tears in our laughter ! "

CHAPTER XX

FROM *BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL* TO *THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS*

WHILE composing the several parts of *Zarathustra*, Nietzsche had once more taken up the ideas that had occupied him in *Dawn of Day* and *The Joyful Wisdom*. Indirectly, of course, these studies bore an intimate relation to *Zarathustra*, for, as my brother so justly observes, "We philosophers have no right to make each of our works stand by itself, either in its errors or in its truths. As inevitably as the fruit of a tree, our ideas and values, our ayes and noes and ifs and whethers grow out of us in close kinship, as products of one will, one health, one soil and one sun."

His memoranda of the years 1883-1885 apparently contain plans for various books. For one, called *Morality for Moralists* and *The Innocence of Becoming a Signpost towards the Emancipation from Morality*, the notes are particularly copious. In the summer of 1884, however, preparations for his chief philosophical work, afterwards called *The Will to Power*, took pride of place. As we have already seen, this prose masterpiece, the counterpart of his poetical masterpiece *Zarathustra*, was to be worked at for six years. His notes contain the following fundamental views to be expounded in the book:

> "*First Principle.* All the valuations that have obtained hitherto proceed from a false, spurious science; they are no longer binding, even if they have become a matter of sentiment, of instinct, of conscience.
>
> "*Second Principle.* Instead of faith, which is no longer possible for us, we set above us a strong will, which establishes a preliminary series of values, as a tentative axiom, so that we

may see how far we can get thereby, like sailors on an unknown sea. As a matter of fact, all that 'faith' was nothing more than this, but the training of the intellect was formerly too defective to endure our noble caution.

"*Third Principle.* Courage of head and heart is the distinctive mark of us Europeans: a courage gained in the conflict of many opinions. Great suppleness in the combat with religions that have become subtle in argument, and a stubborn severity, nay cruelty. Vivisection is a test: he who cannot stand the test is not of our company, and usually there are other signs that he is not one of us, (*e.g.*, Zöllner).

"*Fourth Principle.* Mathematics consists of definitions and of conclusions drawn from definitions. The things it treats of do not exist. The truth of its conclusions depends upon the accuracy of logical thinking. If mathematics is applied, the same thing happens as with 'means and end' explanations: reality is classified and simplified—*i.e.*, falsified.

"*Fifth Principle.* What we believe most firmly, all that depends on *a priori* reasoning, is none the more certain for being so firmly believed. It may turn out to be nothing more than a necessity for the existence of our species—some sort of basic assumption. Hence other beings might have different basic assumptions, *e.g.*, four dimensions. Yet all these assumptions might be false—or rather, how far could anything be 'true in itself'? That is fundamental nonsense!

"*Sixth Principle.* We should by now have become manly enough not to cheat ourselves regarding our position as human beings. We must exercise our capacities to their utmost limits, and try to gain the greatest measure of power over material things. We must recognise that the danger is tremendous, and that chance has so far been the ruling factor.

"*Seventh Principle.* The task of world-ruling is at hand, and with it the question, how do we wish to shape the future of humanity? We need new tables of values! We must fight the champions of the old 'eternal' values, which they regard as the highest concern of humanity!

"*Eighth Principle.* But where shall we find our imperative?[1] There is no 'thou shalt', there is only the 'I must' of the conqueror, the creator."

After the appearance of *Zarathustra*, however, he had

[1] Alluding to the "categorical imperative" of Kant.—Tr.

felt too clearly that the complete failure of the public to understand this book was principally due to the fact that his new problems had been set forth in a somewhat cryptic form. He saw it would probably be necessary to publish some book that would serve to prepare the world for the chief prose work, in order that the latter should not be open to the same misunderstanding. In the spring of 1885 he accordingly began upon a work that was to summarise his new problems and at the same time serve as a sort of glossary to *Zarathustra*. The book was begun in Venice and finished at Sils-Maria, and he intended to insert the following preface :

> "This book is made up from notes which I wrote during the composition of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, or rather in the intervals between the three parts: partly as a recreation, partly as an opportunity for listening to myself and justifying myself in the midst of a highly venturesome and exacting enterprise. If ever anything arose out of itself, by what used to be called 'inspiration'—without model, example, relativity or design—it is this *Zarathustra*. The present book, an offshoot of *Zarathustra*, may be used for a similar purpose, or as a tortuous footpath, ever and anon untraceable, leading to that wild and dangerous country from which the 'book for all and none' took its origin. This 'Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future,' if not attempting to serve as a commentary to the teaching of Zarathustra, may perhaps claim to be a sort of glossary, in which, somewhere or other, all the important new concepts of the parent work are introduced and defined."

Before the name "Beyond Good and Evil" was conceived, Nietzsche had ideas of connecting it through its title with previous works. Thus he thought of remodelling *Human, All Too Human*—a book with which he was always dissatisfied in later years—and making it an introduction to a general presentment of his philosophy. On closer consideration, however, it was clear that too many of his earlier views had been discarded. Still, traces of the proposed fusion of *Beyond Good and Evil* with *Human, All Too Human* are still apparent. The

first few aphorisms deal with the same themes; *e.g.*, the second aphorism, with the question "How could anything originate out of its opposite?" refers to the first aphorism of *Human, All Too Human*, and is certainly the result of a fresh handling of the same problems. In short my brother always held the view that his books served, as it were, as milestones to mark his intellectual development, and that this fact ought not to be disguised by re-modelling. A later plan, to publish the new book as a second volume of *Dawn of Day*, was also found impracticable, and in the winter of 1885-86 the manuscript received the title of *Beyond Good and Evil*. Negotiations had been set on foot with the firm of Veit and Co., and, with the warm support of Professor Max Heinze, these seemed likely to be successful. My brother writes to us in a cheerful strain: "I have a publisher; that's the upshot of a long palaver. Last night I just undressed for bed when I chanced to see a letter that had been pushed under my door (in true rustic fashion!). It was from Credner, and his explanation delighted me so much that I could not help dancing a jig in my night-shirt." It turned out, however, that my brother's joy was an illusion, and that all the negotiations had been a mere waste of time, for the head of the above-named firm retracted the promise he had given my brother. Poor Fritz accordingly had to make fresh attempts to find a publisher, but these all proved failures. On the 21st April he writes to Peter Gast: "*Re* my MS.—negotiations with the Berlin publisher C. Heymons (*i.e.*, the firm of Carl Duncker) are still going on. Even if these, too, come to nothing, it won't be altogether a bad thing for me. For it's a horrifying book that has gushed forth from my soul this time—very black, almost a cuttle-fish. I feel as if I had taken some creature 'by the horns,' but it's certainly no 'bull.'"

As the negotiations with the Berlin firm also proved abortive, he wrote to us sadly that there was nothing

more for him to do but "tie a bit of string round the MS. and put it aside."

From Nice my brother first went to Venice, but remained there only for a very short time. A sudden longing to see his friend Erwin Rohde and his familiar Leipzig impelled him to hasten to that city, and at the same time to look up our dear mother in her loneliness at Naumburg. He found her very cheerful and busy with various schemes which made her forget her loneliness. The melancholy result of the visit to Leipzig will be detailed in the chapter on "Friendship." Nevertheless, he took advantage of his stay there to settle various business matters. He was tired of looking for a publisher, and decided to have his MS. printed "in the same lordly fashion" as *Zarathustra*, Part IV., *i.e.*, at his own expense. The only difference was that the latter book had been printed for private circulation only, whereas *Beyond Good and Evil* was to be published to the world at large. Early in June, 1886, he entrusted the printing and publishing to the firm of C. G. Naumann. The printing was not completed till the end of August.

The production of the book had been hampered by internal as well as external difficulties. He writes from Sils-Maria to Peter Gast (July 20th, 1886): "You will fully understand the difficulty I had this time in speaking (nay more, in finding the plane *from which* I could speak) immediately after *Zarathustra;* but now that I can see the book pretty clearly before me, I feel that I have shown no less cleverness than courage in overcoming the difficulty. In order to be able to speak of an 'ideal,' you know, one must create a *distance* and a *lower plane;* here the type 'free spirit,' which I had already sketched out, did me yeoman service."

This type of the free spirit, which recurs in *Beyond Good and Evil*, forms a sort of connecting link with the period of *Human, All Too Human.* The perspectives, however, have become far more extensive and definite.

In the earlier period there was still a sceptical testing of the foundations on which the structure of his general outlook was to be reared; but now the plan was entirely finished, the foundations had been laid, and the materials were there, in splendid blocks and fragments, ready for building.

We find a private memorandum of my brother's, which roughly depicts the train of thought underlying *Beyond Good and Evil:*

> "Starting from a presentment of *life* (which is not a desire for self-preservation, but a desire for *growth*), I have made a survey of the root-instincts underlying the political, social and intellectual movements in Europe. The conclusions are:
>
> "(1) that underneath the fundamental differences between philosophers there exists a certain affinity: all are unconsciously led by veiled *moral* purposes, or, to put it more plainly, by *popular ideals;*—that in consequence the moral problem is more radical than the problem of theoretic knowledge;
>
> "(2) that we need an entire change of perspective, in order to see clearly the prejudice of morality and of all popular ideals, for which purpose all sorts of free (*i.e.*, non-moral) spirits can be used;
>
> "(3) that Christianity, as a plebeian ideal, tends with its ethical system to mar the stronger, more highly developed, more manly types, and favours a herd-type of humanity: that it serves as a preparation for the democratic way of thinking;
>
> "(4) that science advances hand in hand with the movement for *equality*,—is, in fact, democracy; that all the virtues of the savants reject a caste organisation;
>
> "(5) that democracy in Europe merely amounts to a glorified breeding of slaves, who *must* be dominated by a strong race, in order to be able to endure their own slavery;
>
> "(6) that aristocracy arises only under long and severe pressure (mastery of the world)."

On the period following the composition of *Zarathustra*, and on *Beyond Good and Evil* itself, Nietzsche writes in *Ecce Homo:*

"My mission for the next few years was now defined as clearly as possible. Now that the affirmative part of my task was finished, it was necessary to state and work out the negative side; to transvalue all previous values, to wage the great war, to conjure up the day when that war would be decided. I include in this category the careful search for kindred spirits, for those who *from strength* would offer me a helping hand in the work of destruction. From this time onward all my writings are fish-hooks: may I say that I know as much about fishing as anyone does? If nothing was caught, the fault is not mine. *There were no fish to catch.* . . .

"This book is in all its essentials a criticism of modernity, of modern art, not even excluding modern politics; it also gives indications for a countertype which is anything but modern, an aristocratic, a yea-saying type. In the latter sense the book is a school for *gentlemen*, a word to which I give a deeper and more spiritual meaning than it has ever borne. One must have a good deal of courage to be able even to endure this conception; one must not know what it is to be afraid. . . . All the things of which our age is proud are regarded as a contradiction of this type, almost as bad manners; *e.g.*, the famous 'objectivity,' the 'sympathy with all that suffers,' the 'historical sense,' with its deference towards foreign taste, its belly-crawling before facts, 'the scientific spirit.' When it is remembered that the book comes after *Zarathustra*, the regimen of diet to which it owes its existence may perhaps be guessed. My eye, perverted by the necessity of looking very far into the distance—*Zarathustra* is more long-sighted even than the Tsar—is here compelled to take a clear view of time, of the things that lie near us and around us."

Beyond Good and Evil has also been called a school for aristocrats, because the question "What does 'aristocratic' mean?" is one of the main themes handled in the book. Aristocracy appears as a new ideal, and the value of this analysis for our age is appraised in an excellent study by Georg Simmel:

"The assumption underlying Nietzsche's whole system of ideals is what in personal matters he calls 'distance.' In

contrast with all democratic and socialist thinkers, Nietzsche believes firmly in the difference, established by Nature, between higher and lower types, between those who can advance and those who cannot, between masters and slaves. These differences cannot be removed, and this is as it should be, for it is on them that all culture and development is based. He considers culture impossible, except on a foundation of slavery—whether ancient slavery or medieval serfdom or the modern system of hired labour. The extent to which inferior forms of property, comfort and culture exist among the masses is no evidence for the development of our species, which rather measures itself by the highest standard that has hitherto been reached—reached perhaps solely by one individual. 'If ye wish to banish the great contrasts and differences of caste, then ye must also banish passionate love, high thinking, and the feeling of independence!'

"Another point that marks off this theory of aristocracy from all previous theories is this: that it is not conceived as an expedient for the welfare of society, that it implies no 'aristocratic socialism.' No, it is an end in itself; the evolution of the aristocrat is the justification for the existence of a society, and not *vice versâ*. In this complete rejection of a social purpose for aristocracy, we see the difference between the interests of society and the interests of the species, which modern sentiment is wont to regard as responsible for all its members. In all too impartial fashion, perhaps, we think that the absolute values of mankind are enhanced by raising the social values, the values of the masses, of average humanity, of the lower orders. This belief may possibly be right, but it cannot be taken for granted. It must be weighed in the balance with this Nietzschean belief, that the life of our species has its sole value in intensity of those qualities which are the distinguishing mark of its highest types. Perhaps, however, neither of these views is capable of proof, and we here find ourselves faced with one of those ultimate decisions which cannot rest upon evidence, since they are formed by the intuitive rather than the rational element in the human soul.

"With this emphasising of distance Nietzsche has introduced a category of values which, however effective it may be in actual life, has been so far practically unknown in the realm of ethics: to wit, aristocracy. This is a value that

cannot be entirely reduced to the terms of any other; a primitive unit of valuation, which, it must be admitted, cannot be intelligibly described save by a composite portrait of numerous features. 'The aristocratic type of man feels that he creates his own values; he needs no external approval. The most prominent characteristics of the type are the sense of fulness, of superabundant power, the consciousness of a wealth that would fain give of its plenty. The aristocrat respects in himself the man of power, who even has power over himself and reveres all that is stern and hard.—The aristocratic soul admits that there are others with rights equal to its own; so soon as it is clear about this question of rank, it moves among these equals with the same sureness in shame and tender reverence that it shows in intercourse with itself.' The sense of difference implied in the aristocratic value on the one hand excludes all possibility of confounding oneself with others and making oneself cheap; on the other hand it ensures that the aristocrat will not be lured away from his self-sufficiency and reserve. Aristocracy represents a unique combination of feelings of difference, based upon a haughty rejection of all equalisation. Even more than beauty it is a quality that may be shared by natures which in other respects are utterly unlike. I think that only in this ideal of aristocracy, with its peculiar depth and strength, can we find the central point to which all the lines of Nietzsche's thought converge. . . .

"This excellent analysis may be tested from history. Let us ask ourselves wherein historians will recognise the greatness of the nineteenth century. Surely not in the fact that the masses were better fed and housed than ever before, but in the fact that men of commanding talents made important inventions, and that stars of the first magnitude, such as Napoleon, Goethe, Bismarck, Wagner and Nietzsche adorned its heavens. The attempt is often made nowadays to regard the great individual as the product of some wide popular movement; but whoever has known the joy and sorrow of watching the growth of a man of genius and the effect of his ideas must acknowledge that such a theory is quite untenable. The masses are only the material with which the great individual forges his weapons. He gives the masses a direction and a goal, and sets up for them new tables of values which, it must be confessed, they often woefully misinterpret;

but 'even in a mean, paltry life some chords of great lives of the past are heard; every system of values has its origin in the great movements of individual souls.'"

It will thus be understood that my brother felt it his duty to set up the loftiest and most successful exemplars of humanity as the highest goal, in contrast to the present-day ideals of the greatest good of the greatest number. This higher type, like everything rare, is exposed to terrible dangers:

"There are perhaps few more poignant regrets than that of seeing an exceptional man lose his track and degenerate; but whoever has an eye for the extraordinary way in which the hidden possibilities of mankind have so far been ruled by chance, in all the tangle of national destinies, national combinations and separations, feels a sorrow to which no other sorrow can be compared; for at a single glance he realises all that training might have done for mankind with a happy union of scattered forces and tasks—he sees by what miserable accidents many a great movement in the making is suddenly arrested and shattered. . . . The sinking of humanity in the scale down to that which the socialistic dreamers regard as the man of the future, as their ideal!—this degeneration and reduction of man into the perfect herd-animal is *possible*. But he who has fully realised what this possibility means, feels a loathing beyond any other loathing that men can know."

No, only the deified man can be our goal—not the prosperous herd-animal! Even the more modest type of the godlike man, the man of aristocratic nature who knows and practises reverence and the good forms that always imply a culture of head and heart, would be a more desirable and inspiring goal than "the man of the people." Before Nietzsche's vision there hovered such a different type of national leader from that nowadays glorified by the petty fashion of the day! "To spur on humanity to ventures and experiments by which new types and super-types of man may perhaps be bred; that needs leaders, masterful, bold and aristocratic men with a comprehensive and inventive mode of thought such as

no one, perhaps, has hitherto possessed. The vision of such leaders is always hovering before me : the means of producing them, the ideas which shall enable them to endure the terrible weight of such a responsibility—this is what has mainly occupied my mind for the last twenty years."

My brother foresaw two paths and two world-movements for the immediate future : the one would result in a universal levelling, and the other—his movement—would aim at banishing the ideal of equality and setting up men of commanding power. This goal, however, can never be reached unless a caste-division is recognised ; rulers and servants need entirely different systems of values, entirely different moral ideas, each class in accordance with its nature and its aim.

> "My philosophy is based upon a caste-division, *not* upon an individual morality. The sense of the herd shall prevail among the herd, but shall *not* invade any other sphere ; the leaders of the herd need a fundamentally different valuation for their actions. . . .
>
> "My system must be distinguished both from the individualists and from the collectivist system of ethics, for even the former does not recognise caste-division, and wishes to give every individual the same rights. I concern myself, not with the degree of freedom to be granted to this or that man, or to the whole community ; but with the degree of *power* that this man shall exert over that, or over the whole community ; and I consider how far sacrifice of freedom, even an enslavement, supplies a foundation for the rearing of a higher type."

Through this problem of caste-division, he felt that after long, unconscious groping he was gaining real insight into the nature of the world :

> "So it must be for everyone whose task takes bodily shape and 'comes into the world' : the secret inevitableness of this task will sway all his individual destinies, like a lengthy pregnancy, long before he has seen it face to face and learnt its real name. Let us assume that it is the problem of caste-division, of which I can say that it is *my* problem : now, in

the noonday of my life, I see what preparations (and even masquerades) were needed, before the problem could rise up before me :—and how I had to go through the most various and contradictory crises of happiness and sorrow, in soul and body—like a spiritual adventurer and world-navigator—penetrating everywhere, testing everything to the full, purifying everything of its temporary and accidental elements—till I had a right to say to myself: 'Here is a new problem! I *see* a ladder, and I seize every one of its rungs!'"

Yet to the ordinary person, who had not been through the same intimate experiences, he did not concede the right to discuss these problems or pass judgment on them :

"These are *my* verdicts: and because I print them, that does not mean that I give anyone the right to utter them as his own. I am far from regarding them as common property, and if anyone lays his hands on them, I will give him a sharp rap over the knuckles. There is one phrase that has a disagreeable ring in an age of 'equal rights for all': that phrase is 'caste-division.'"

It had been my brother's intention, so soon as *Beyond Good and Evil* was finished, to work with might and main at his chief philosophical work. Suddenly, however, we see him occupied with a retrospect of his whole literary development, such as he had indeed felt to be necessary a year earlier, instead of pursuing the above work with his usual tempestuous energy and cheerful confidence. He must have realised himself that this policy of looking back would arouse some astonishment, and accordingly, in an aphorism of *Beyond Good and Evil*, he answers a possible question on the subject: "This will not do! What? Isn't he stepping back?—Yes! But you understand him very little, if you complain about this. He is stepping back, like everyone who wants to take a long jump. . . ."

The impulse to this lengthy retrospect was furnished by a new edition of his writings, which he had earnestly

desired a year earlier. The difficulties he had had with E. Schmeitzner led him to hope that for the demand he wished to make of the publisher he could regain possession of his earlier writings. The lawsuit which arose out of these disputes was settled in 1885 by a compromise, my brother receiving the sum owing to him from the publisher. Fritz did not like the idea that his whole literary output had "slipped out of his hands," but in the end he acquiesced, recognising that it would be very difficult for him to find a new publisher. As it was, his works had had a most chequered career. *The Birth of Tragedy* and the first and second of the *Thoughts out of Season* had been brought out by E. W. Fritzsch of Leipzig, but the books written between 1874 and 1884 had been published by E. Schmeitzner of Chemnitz, who had also taken over the remainder of Fritzsch's publications. From 1884 onwards, for reasons already detailed, my brother had all his writings printed at his own expense. In 1886 Herr E. Schmeitzner, wishing to undertake fresh business enterprises, looked for a publisher to whom he could sell the whole edition of my brother's works. Finally, in the summer of that year the firm of E. W. Fritzsch took over all the earlier books, with the exception of the two printed at my brother's expense. Thus *The Birth of Tragedy* and the two first *Thoughts out of Season* returned to their old home.

My brother had been sorely tried by all these publishing disputes, and was now very glad that Herr Fritzsch had been willing to buy the 62 hundredweight of his earlier writings. He regretted, however, that the purchase had not been fully settled during his stay at Leipzig, so that he could not personally advise Herr Fritzsch. Much as he hated having to talk to publishers about his books, he hated still more having to write to them on the subject. He found it "simply disgusting" that he should have to praise his books to publishers, who otherwise would not have had the courage to bring

them out. "But one will do anything for one's children," he said with a sigh, when we spoke of his publishing troubles. Accordingly he at last decided in 1886 to expound his plans to Herr Fritzsch in writing, so that the latter might gain some advantage from the publication of his books.

In the course of a long letter he asked Herr Fritzsch whether, now that title pages, etc., were being reprinted for the new edition, involving a good deal of work for the binders, it would not be advisable to publish the numerous existing copies as "new editions, enlarged by a preface, etc." "You will observe," he wrote, "that there is no preface to *Human, All Too Human, Dawn of Day* or *The Joyful Wisdom*. When these books were written, I had good reasons for imposing silence on myself—I still stood too near them, too much 'inside,' and hardly knew what I had done. Now that I myself can most accurately state the peculiar and incomparable qualities of these works, and show how they inaugurate a new literature for Germany (the prelude to a moral self-training and self-culture, such as the Germans have so far lacked), I could gladly bring myself to add some such retrospective prefaces. My writings represent an unbroken line of development, which will not be only my personal experience and destiny. I am merely the pioneer ; a generation that is soon to come will understand from its own nature the experiences I have been through, and will have a proper palate for my books. The prefaces might give a clear summary of the invitable features of such an evolution."

My brother now decided to spend the next few months on thinking out these prefaces, and the publisher gladly fell in with his proposals, although the author had to bear the considerable expense of the alterations and reprinting. As Nietzsche had called these prefaces a signpost to his ideas, Fritzsch made the counter-proposal that they might perhaps be printed together in one

volume. My brother seems to have thought over this proposal, but he answers: "A separate little volume containing nothing but 'prefaces' would be in bad taste. That terrible prefatory word 'I' is only endurable if it is not to be found in the rest of the book; it has no right to be anywhere but in the preface."

For this work of preface writing he summarises the contents of his writings in apt and concise fashion:

> "*Birth of Tragedy*: metaphysics for artists.
>
> "*David Strauss*: the philistine of culture. Disgust.
>
> "*Advantages and Drawbacks of History*: life and history—a basic problem.
>
> "*Schopenhauer as Educator*: the philosophical hermit. 'Education.'
>
> "*Richard Wagner at Bayreuth*: the artist-hermit. What may be learnt from Wagner.
>
> "*Human, All Too Human*: the free spirit.
>
> "*Miscellaneous Maxims and Opinions*: the pessimist of the intellect.
>
> "*The Wanderer and His Shadow*: solitude as a problem.
>
> "*Dawn of Day*: morality as a sum of prejudices.
>
> "*Joyful Wisdom*: a mocking at European moralism. The prospect of overcoming. What would be the nature of a man who lived beyond?—Zarathustra."

My brother frankly set special store by two of these later prefaces to his works: the prefaces to *The Birth of Tragedy* and *Human, All Too Human*. There was so much in his whole evolution that was unconscious, and all this now became clear in this retrospect. He could, however, confidently trust to the guidance of his deepest instincts, even if he did not see till afterwards whither he was going, sometimes by circuitous routes. He writes on the point to Gast (August, 1883): "Meanwhile I have made out sketches for a 'morality for moralists,' and have corrected myself on many points. The unconscious, unintentional sequence and consistency of ideas in the motley mass of my later books fills me with amazement; we can't get away from ourselves, so we must have the

courage to let ourselves go a long way." In looking backwards, he now came to regard *The Birth of Tragedy*, in spite of many blunders, as the most important of his youthful works, as the one which most thoroughly, if somewhat dimly, expressed his inmost being. On the other hand, some things in *Human, All Too Human* seemed to him a sort of aberration, or an excessive contrast to his previous work. This was due to the vexation and disappointment which the Wagnerian music and his extraordinary love and veneration for Wagner had entailed. Nevertheless, these aberrations, he felt, were absolutely necessary for the course of his development. In sending the MS. of the preface to the publisher, he writes from Sils-Maria (August 16th, 1886): "The bit of psychology which this preface contains might well be interesting enough in itself to launch the book; it is an *essential* contribution to the intelligent study of my books and to the personal development, not easy to understand, which underlies those books. I wrote it in the last months of my winter stay in Nice, except for a few touches added in the Engadine. I suggest that this volume should be the first that you put into circulation: it is the easiest of all to understand, and the best preparation for my philosophy. It has friends in the United States, in Holland, in Italy and above all in France."

In the autumn of 1886 my brother went from Sils-Maria to Ruta on the Italian Riviera. He liked the place immensely, and would no doubt have stayed longer had he not been driven away by uncongenial society. In a letter to Peter Gast (October, 1886) he gives a delightful account of the district: "Just a line from this wonderful nook, where I think I would rather see you than in Munich even. Picture to yourself an island in the Ægean archipelago, with forests and mountains scattered about haphazard, that by some accident has one day swum to the mainland and cannot

get back again. There is something *Greek* about it, no doubt of that: on the other hand, something piratical, sudden, hidden, dangerous; finally, at a lonely corner, a bit of tropical pine-forest, that takes you out of Europe, something Brazilian, so I am told by a neighbour at table who has been round the world several times. Never have I lounged about so much, marooned and forgotten like some Robinson Crusoe. Sometimes I make a fire in the forest; and then, to see the pure, restless flame with its white-grey belly, rise up against the cloudless sky—heather all around, and that lovely October colouring that can give you a hundred different yellows—ah, such a St. Martin's summer happiness would be something for you, as much as or perhaps more than for me!" He had already come upon the place in January, 1883, on a walk from Rapallo in the early morning, and alludes to this in *Zarathustra:* "So spake Zarathustra to himself as he climbed the mountain, comforting his heart with stern saws: for he was wounded in spirit more than ever before. And as he came to the summit of the ridge, lo, there lay the other sea spread out before him; and he stopped and for a long space was silent. But the night on this summit was cold and clear and bright with stars."

Many of the new prefaces to his books, and also the fifth book of *The Joyful Wisdom*, were written at Ruta. In looking through his works he had felt that this one needed rounding off, and accordingly added the fifth part, *We Fearless Ones*. Here we have an example of how lavish my brother was with his wealth of thought and expression. He was busily engaged upon *The Will to Power;* but he did not scruple to take the finest aphorisms from the material he had prepared and use them for rounding off an old book. With what splendid extravagance he would squander his ideas, knowing all the time that every new sun, every day of hard work meant a heavy drain on his resources! And being himself so

richly endowed with intellectual gifts, he saw Nature everywhere as prodigal and superabundant. It seemed to him a paltry view to regard life as a struggle for existence: "This struggle does occur, but only as an exception: the general aspect of life is not one of poverty and hunger, but of wealth, of luxuriance, nay of absurd prodigality."

In the course of this revision my brother enlarged the prelude to *The Joyful Wisdom*, entitled *Jest, Cunning and Revenge*, by adding a number of maxims, and he also included at the end a collection of poems which he had always looked upon as belonging to *The Joyful Wisdom*. He writes on the subject: "*The Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird*, written for the most part in Sicily, are expressly meant to remind the reader of that Provençal conception, *la gaya scienza*, of that combination of minstrel, knight and free spirit, whereby that wonderful early culture of the Provençals rises superior to all dubious cultures; the last poem in particular *To the Mistral*, a devil-may-care dancing song, in which (by your leave!) we dance away from morality, is a perfect bit of Provençalism."

In December, 1886, he returned to Nice to spend the winter there. He was still engaged upon his prefaces, but was very dissatisfied with the hesitating methods of his publisher Fritzsch, who was proceeding very slowly with the new edition. By January, 1887, when *The Will to Power* was well under way, my brother for his part seems to have completed the revision, for he writes to me about it retrospectively on the 26th of that month. (For a long time we had not heard from each other, since the cholera in the Argentine cut off Paraguay from that country and therefore from the rest of the world.)

> "Thursday afternoon, when I was out for a walk and just thinking of my distant Lama, resolving to write a letter to her, a stranger came up to me and said, 'Madame Gazzola has letters for you, sir.' I went at once to Madame Gazzola

—ah, a *gazza ladra*[1] of evil memory from last winter—and behold, there was a letter in the South American Lama's unmistakable handwriting! Many thanks! It was very welcome, for the cholera reports in the papers had made me anxious for a sign of life from you. The best thing in your dear letter is the hope, the rainbow promise, of seeing you again four years from now, and that, too, here in Nice. Nice, by the way, seems to be not without attractions even for spoilt South Americans; we always have visitors from there; this winter, for instance, a military bigwig from Montevideo, and also the President of Argentina. Just at this time, when Europe has been turned into an iceberg and a polar bear, our strip of the Riviera deserves three stars of distinction. Not a flake of snow so far; and if the distant mountains round Nice have had a powdering of white, we may look upon that as one of the toilet devices of this Southern beauty and enchantress, rather than as one of her spiteful tricks (of which she has a good many, too, *comme beauté et comme femme!*) What a good thing that I am not in Munich! Seydlitz informed me the other day of an incredibly stupid thing that has happened to him: they have made him president of the Wagner Society. It must be a result of that eternal, gloomy, icy, damp, sunless German winter. . . . Herr Gast, after long boredom in Teneriffe, has gone back to his hermit life in Venice. From Rome I hear (through Malwida and General Simon) that the streets are ankle-deep in mud, they envy me my clean Nice. In short, every philosophic marmot, that whistles away its summer in the Engadine—for the marmot does whistle, that's all it can do in the way of music—is now hibernating once more in Nice: and very sensible too, Q.E.D. I am told, by the way, that I have never looked so well as this winter. As a matter of fact, I'm still far short of real health: but I remember a whole afternoon when I felt well, and there's no doubt that every winter for the last seven years I've been making a stride in the direction of perfect health. Let us hope that, if I live long enough, I shall reach that goal, if only in hoary old age, as a tottering greybeard of wisdom. So far as my 'wisdom' up to the present is concerned, I'm sick of it. All the books I have so far written have been furnished with prefaces and new frills—perhaps this has made

[1] *Lit.* "Thievish Magpie" (title of an opera by Rossini).—TR.

them more attractive for others—*I* have done with them altogether. If you have a hankering after my books, dear backwoods people, the whole edition—*l'œuvre de Friedrich Nietzsche*, as they say in France—four stout volumes in all, will some day take a trip across the ocean. But who knows when these lazy Saxon publishers and printers will have the *œuvre* ready? The last thing they've finished is *Dawn of Day*, but the greatest alterations are in *The Joyful Wisdom*, which now winds up with all sorts of careless songs, under the title *Prince Free-as-a-Bird.* By the way, since I was compelled to ruminate upon all the past history of my books, I have come to the following conclusions:

"(1) That in fifteen years the dear Germans have not managed to write so much as one *moderately* serious and thoroughgoing review of any one of my twelve volumes;

"(2) That till now I haven't noticed this fact myself, which shows that probably, at heart, I haven't troubled much about the attentions of the dear Germans—in short, that it serves me right;

"(3) That I have not come across any person who knows anything of the background that lies behind all this output, of my very peculiar destiny—or who has given me to understand that he knows anything; accordingly I am pretty far advanced in irony and in scoffing at humanity, so far, in fact, that I no longer answer 'letters from admirers,' which I get fairly often. I scent their muddleheadedness five hundred yards off.

"Enough. I feel the need of doing nothing but laugh for a few weeks. So it's settled: in four years' time, dear sister, we'll laugh—I thank you with all my heart for this promise.

"In the meantime, best wishes for your plucky enterprise, at which I can never cease to wonder. Love from F."

The whole tone of this letter shows that in his retrospect of his work he was both amused and pained to see how little his critics had understood him. To-day it seems utterly inconceivable that there should not have been a single person at that time who had any inkling of the tremendous future in store for my brother's writings. Some excuse may be found in the fact that no one could then clearly see either the course of his

inner development or the goal towards which Nietzsche himself, with all his harsh and bitter judgments, realised that there was some excuse for the German critics: "After all, things, including books, cannot tell a man more than he knows already. If one has no access to a thing through experience, one has no ear for it either. Let us take an extreme case: that a book tells of nothing but events that lie entirely outside the possibilities of ordinary or even somewhat extraordinary experience—that it is the *first* language for a new series of experiences. In that case, the result simply is that nothing is heard at all; and the acoustic illusion follows, that where nothing is heard, nothing is *there*. This, after all, is my average experience, and, if you will, the *originality* of my experience. Those who thought they had partly understood me, made out of me something in their own image—sometimes my very antithesis, for example an 'idealist.' Those who had utterly failed to understand me said that I was of no significance at all."

He enjoyed the winter of 1886-87 at his Pension de Genève, his fellow-boarders being, on the whole, congenial. In February, 1887, came the terrible earthquake. He writes on the subject: "Nice was like Bedlam let loose—I remained calm throughout." To our mother he writes: "About two or three o'clock this morning I made a little tour of inspection through the town; I visited the hotels that I know—some have been badly damaged; their guests spent the bitter cold night in the open, reclining wrapped up on benches, lying in cabs, and so forth. Yesterday evening I had dinner at my boarding-house, of course in the open; but nothing but shattered nervous systems, except the old parson's wife and myself, who were in good spirits." Frau von Plänkner-Seckendorff, a fellow-boarder of his, told me afterwards that my brother was remarkably cool and collected during the worst hours of the earthquake.

After the first shock he came fully dressed, like herself, into the garden, where most of the boarders had foregathered. Suddenly he noticed the absence of one of the men, who was lame, and wanted to hurry back into the house to get him help. Frau von Plänkner-Seckendorff, however, induced him to wait, because another shock was expected immediately. Ten minutes later the shock came; it was as if a giant had shaken the house to and fro. When it was over, she and my brother went into the house, but, wonder of wonders! on the stairs they saw the lame man, who for years had not been able to walk, coming towards them, leaning on his stick!

From Nice my brother went to Cannobio, whence he writes to me: "This place is glorious: every morning is a fresh surprise, with its wealth of colour. There is something dignified and monastic about its appearance and situation—I like this, and yet I feel so down in the mouth, as if there was nothing more I could really take delight in. There is no longer anything that comes from outside to encourage and stimulate me. My fellow-boarders are insufferably boring! They were better this year in Nice; there were a few people there whom I found interesting."

He seems, however, to have felt more comfortable afterwards, for he stayed at the place some weeks longer. Finally he went to Chur, stopping on the way at Zürich, of which he writes to me: "Before I came here I spent a few trying weeks at Zürich, again at the Pension Neptun, for the first time since those autumn days, where we were so jolly together." . . .

Wherever he went, he was followed by the proof-sheets of the fifth book of *The Joyful Wisdom* and of the other alterations in that book. He was much annoyed at Fritzsch's slow progress with the whole affair, which prevented him from getting on with *The Will to Power*. At Chur he managed to do more work upon the latter

book, but his stay there was made unpleasant through the breach with Rohde. He writes to me on May 21st, 1887, the day on which he received the letter from Rohde that led to the breach :

> "Your dear letter reached me yesterday. I am now living a hermit's life, and it is seldom that I get any good news ; in fact, I am generally a bit afraid of the post. All the more delightful to receive a letter that shows so much kindness of heart! It's very strange, but during the last few years my distrust has grown so great that it is like a disease. Every year becomes more difficult for me; and the most painful days of illness were not so oppressive and hopeless as my present state. What has happened? Only what was inevitable—my separation from all who had once had confidence in me has come to light; on both sides there is a sense of having really miscalculated. One goes off one way, another another, everyone finds his little herd and community, except the one who is most independent of all, and perhaps is badly fitted for this radical isolation. Here in Chur I have not had a single happy day; the weather has been partly to blame, but unfortunately it is not the principal cause. How often I have thought of the pleasant time you and I had here together—the contrast with the present is tremendous. Good God, how lonely I am now! I no longer have anyone with whom I can laugh, who drinks tea with me and gives me loving solace."

At Chur and on the journey to Sils-Maria he began to work very hard at *The Will to Power*, but once more he interrupted his labours. At Sils-Maria he found letters which made him think it essential to speak in greater detail of the origin of the morality now prevailing, and to remove the numerous misconceptions to which *Beyond Good and Evil* had given rise. Again this intellectual spendthrift laid unsparing hands on the material he had prepared for his chief work, especially on the notes for the second book of *The Will to Power*, and wrote *The Genealogy of Morals* in twenty days.

Of the three sections in this book, the first contains a

psychological sketch of Christianity, the origin of which "is represented as lying in the spirit of resentment, as a movement in opposition to antiquity, as the great revolt against the sway of aristocratic values."

The second section gives the psychology of conscience, which the author describes as an instinct of cruelty, "that turns back upon itself, when it can no longer find in the outside world an outlet for its energies." Here, for the first time, cruelty is revealed as one of the oldest and most essential, if most painful, elements of culture; although no one dared to admit this, either in sterner times or in our squeamish modern age. Only the most passionate love of truth could ever have discovered and stated this fact.

The third section supplies an answer to the question: "Whence comes the tremendous power of the ascetic ideal, the ideal of priesthood?"—although it is an injurious ideal, a will to self-destruction, an ideal of decadence. "But it has so far been the only existing ideal and had no competitors; mankind would rather desire nothingness than have no desire at all." There had hitherto been no counter-ideal, such as perhaps is set up for the first time in *Zarathustra.*

At the end of *The Genealogy of Morals* mention is again made of *The Will to Power*, this time in the text. For his portrayal of European nihilism the author refers the reader to a work now in preparation, entitled *The Will to Power: an Attempt at a Transvaluation of all Values.*

For the elucidation of *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Genealogy of Morals*, Herr Peter Gast writes:

> "With the two books of the present volume the author affords us a first glimpse of the problems contained in his forthcoming chief work, *The Will to Power: an Attempt at a Transvaluation of all Values.* The germs of these problems already exist in his previous writings; but now, with the beginning of a psychological study of the master men and slave men, they develop for the first time into that doctrine

of transvaluation which will always be associated with Nietzsche's name—a doctrine which, through its conscious application by means of individuals, determines the future greatness and power of the Indo-Germanic race. The higher types are physiologically different from the lower types, and the leaders and the led have not the same code of values. An age which has grown used to an equal code of values for all, and which demands that the higher man is to adopt the values of the lower man, tends to degrade not only the higher man but also the masses above which the latter should stand. Nietzsche's distinction between master-morality ('good' and 'bad' as seen from above) and slave-morality ('good' and 'bad' as seen from below), together with the parallel moral systems of ascending and declining life, affords the sole possibility not only of diagnosing our European depression and weakness of will, but also of finding the remedy. Nietzsche finally came to regard the interplay of all natural forces as conditioned by the 'will to power'—the master-morality, as it were: he saw in Nature not 'the will to life' (Schopenhauer), but a will to the exaltation of life; not 'the struggle for existence' (Darwin), but the struggle for a nobler, stronger existence; not 'the instinct of self-preservation' (Spinoza), but the instinct of self-augmentation; not 'love and strife'[1] (Empedocles), but the contest (*ἀγών*) for victory and supremacy. The first hint of this doctrine of the will to power is given in *Zarathustra* (pp. 165-169); it is still expressed as a hypothesis in *Beyond Good and Evil* (Aph. 22, 23, 36); it becomes a definitely formulated theory in Nietzsche's chief work, *The Will to Power*."

Thus it will be seen that *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Genealogy of Morals* are neither retrospects nor preparation; they are really an integral part of the problems contained in *The Will to Power*.

[1] *Φιλία καὶ νεῖκος*—the two great principles of attraction and repulsion which Empedocles regarded as the source of all organic and inorganic matter. TR.

CHAPTER XXI

FRIENDSHIP

From early youth upwards, friendship had played a peculiarly important part in Nietzsche's life. Perhaps it was the instinctive sense of being different that on the one hand drove him into solitude, but on the other hand impelled him to look for men who were his equals. He had often felt a great dread of being "entirely alone," and was therefore "absurdly happy when he found or thought he found someone with whom he had a nook and corner in common." Friendship with kindred spirits was the lifelong object of his dreams and aspirations, and all his hopes and desires were centred in his friends. Leo Berg writes with great truth :

> "Friedrich Nietzsche's whole philosophy is in some measure a magnificent friendship-cult. In this respect, as in others, he resembles Plato. Just as other philosophers are often nothing but an expression of love, so Nietzsche's is really nothing but a wonderful expatiation on the subject of friendship. It is a search for men who belong to his type—even when he has not found them; such men he idealises and explains, defends and embellishes. When he speaks of them, his language becomes lyrical and dithyrambic, his tone tragical or sceptical. The friend becomes the subject and the goal of his philosophy; for the greater glory of friendship he conceived the superman and dreamed of eternal recurrence. The friend is the inner meaning of all his writings, the ultimate aim of civilisation."

My brother's exalted conception of friendship reacted on his friends. Impressive testimonies from Rohde, Gersdorff, Seydlitz, Deussen, Stein and others show what a stimulating effect he had, and how often he was able

to raise them far above their real selves. It was my brother's constant endeavour to make his friends known to each other, so that he might form a community of kindred spirits, who as teachers and trainers of the young might create a new culture. As has been seen in a previous chapter, he had thoughts of assembling these friends together in some lonely island or remote castle; afterwards the pupils were to come and be schooled in reverence for prerogatives, in self-control, in exercising their will-power, but above all they were to pass tests as to whether they could keep their word. "If in this plebeian age we can only inspire the young with the sense of reverence, we shall have gone a long way," he used to remark. His plans for the seventies included a still larger circle of men to be gathered round him, but as years went on his circle of friends grew smaller and smaller, and at last he wrote to me that he had got rid of all his friends *without exception*. How did this come about, just in the case of one whose uncommon charm in intercourse and kindness to his friends are universally belauded? It may be affirmed without exaggeration that my brother knew better than anyone how to be a friend. He always showed the warmest interest in the welfare of his friends, not merely with an intenseness of sympathy that must be rare in such relations, but with a most eager readiness to help. When Rohde was still a *Privatdozent*[1] and had no early prospect of obtaining a professorship, Nietzsche in all seriousness offered him his own professorship at Bâle, and even took steps to secure the transfer. His efforts to obtain suitable positions for Deussen (whose high ability my brother recognised earlier than anyone else) and Dr. Romundt are admirably described in Deussen's reminiscences. I might give several other instances in point, but will only add mention of the trouble he took to get Peter Gast's

[1] The position of a *Privatdozent* corresponds roughly to that of a college Fellow at Oxford or Cambridge.—TR.

compositions performed. For Gast's sake he quarrelled with Hans von Bülow, with the musical director Levi, and, as I hear, with Mottl, but in spite of this he did not relax in his efforts.

Moreover, my brother was never reluctant to lend money. Deussen relates how, when he once wanted to borrow fifty francs from Nietzsche, the latter asked him eagerly, "Wouldn't you rather have a hundred?" Unfortunately he used to make loans not only to friends but to casual acquaintances, and in this way lost a good deal of money. When a professor on pension, spending as little as possible on himself, he offered poorer friends, whom he wished to extricate from their difficulties, sums that were out of all proportion to his means. For instance, he offered to buy Peter Gast's opera, *The Lion of St. Mark*, and give him 1,500 francs a year for four years. Peter Gast was too proud to accept this kind offer, which he regarded as a veiled act of charity. He foresaw perhaps that he would have difficulties with this opera, since he had some trouble in completing the score. The piano arrangement was then almost finished, and was published in 1900, but the score, so far as I know, has not yet been completed. In point of fact, my brother's offer had been a mere pretext for helping Herr Peter Gast over hard times. He was sorry that it was not accepted: "I should have been richer," he writes, "if I had been allowed to give the money."

It was just because my brother set so much store by friendship, and showed so much altruism and sympathy for his friends, that these relations so often had a painful ending. The most disastrous rupture of all—that with Wagner—caused him to break with many other friends and acquaintances whom he had previously found congenial. Scarcely less heart-rending was his gradual estrangement and final separation from Erwin Rohde.

I should like to lay special stress on a remark made by my brother in a letter to Deussen, that among all the

friends of his youth Erwin Rohde held the first and foremost place, and was bound to him by the warmest ties of affection. Had not the two Overbecks come between Nietzsche and Rohde, this relationship, in spite of differences of mental outlook, would have been permanent. My brother assigned this first and foremost place to Rohde, not only because for many years they held the same views, but also—and this point is not to be gathered from the letters—because he had the highest possible opinion of Rohde's outstanding abilities. Nor do I think that he was wrong ; Rohde was much more than an eminent classical scholar, and it was only the cramping duties of his office which prevented him from attaining the highest things. So late as 1885 my brother spoke of his deep affection for Rohde, and added that in all his life he had only met three men whom he felt to be his equals—Richard Wagner, Erwin Rohde and Heinrich von Stein.

I had always done my best to keep my brother on good terms with his friends—I was "the bridge to other people," as he happily expressed it—and accordingly, when he was returning from Germany to Italy in the autumn of 1885, I advised him to visit Rohde, who would surely be delighted to see my brother again. "I don't think so," said my brother, doubtfully, "after the hints that the Overbecks have given me." He preferred on this occasion to visit Baron Seydlitz at Munich. Still, my advice, that he should see Rohde himself and not only listen to what others said, was not forgotten. In the spring of 1886 a chance account of Rohde's migration to Leipzig made such an impression on him that he followed the impulse of his heart, and went to revisit the friend of his youth at Leipzig.

Unfortunately, he found his friend Erwin in the worst of spirits, and inspired by a real hatred of his Leipzig environment. Rohde found his colleagues offensive, his students indifferent, the climate unbearable, and the

noise of the Leipzig Fair exceedingly trying. My brother was shocked to see Rohde in such a glum mood, for he still had visions of their happy undergraduate life in Leipzig twenty years before. Yet he did not even recognise the later Rohde of ten years back, with whom he had spent so many delightful years. Frankly, Rohde was embarrassed through what he had heard from the Overbecks. My brother had no inkling of this; he always imagined that the Overbecks said nothing but good of him to Rohde, and would at any rate be silent about all the slight differences of opinion which had arisen. Rohde's letters had indeed prepared him for a change, but certainly not for so radical a change as this. The Leipzig troubles were in point of fact a mere side-issue. Not for a single moment did they have a heart to heart talk, and my brother had no opportunity of explaining to Rohde the later developments of his philosophy. Neither struck a responsive chord in the other. My brother writes to me sarcastically: "To give you an idea of the position—the only thing which we have entirely in common is our dislike of Frau Overbeck; but Rohde expresses himself in far stronger terms than I do. As you know, I determined from the first to put up with her for Overbeck's sake. It wasn't easy. Rohde thinks that she exerts an evil influence upon Overbeck, and I thought so too during that dreadful period of my last stay at Bâle."—My brother had hoped, not only to renew his old relations with Rohde, but to make Leipzig, where so many of his old companions lived, his permanent place of residence. All these hopes were dashed by this unfortunate meeting.

At first he wrote me very little about his experiences: "Leipzig is no place of refuge and rest for me—that much is clear." Some weeks later, however, he goes into more detail: "I have given up the plans you mooted as to my delivering lectures at a university. In view of what I have gone through here, this decision is inevitable. It is

really maddening to think that a man who is born for the fullest and most far-reaching activities, and might sow of his best in well-chosen soil, is condemned, with his half-blind eyes, to write books, in order to be able to have any influence at all. But it is impossible to think of having any personal influence *here*. Rohde gives me some remarkable glimpses into the inner workings of Leipzig University. He is extremely dissatisfied, and has already accepted a summons to Heidelberg. Our conversations are not at all satisfactory; the inner harmony is lacking. . . . He thinks a great deal of Overbeck—so do I, a very great deal! But I do wish that Rohde would not see me with Overbeck's eyes. If Overbeck doesn't understand me, although he honestly tries to do so (I shall always be grateful to him for that), I have no right to complain; he can't help it, it isn't in his nature. But that Rohde should accept Overbeck's views is very annoying: he *can* help it. I must have patience. 'A day will come!'[1] Perhaps!"

Yet it was not until he returned to his quiet life at Sils-Maria that he realised what he had gone through at Leipzig and what resolutions he had now to make for the future. I am perhaps justified in saying that this sojourn in Leipzig (May-June, 1886) finally shattered his hopes of finding co-workers and associates. He writes: "The problems which face me seem to me of such consummate importance, that almost every year I have once or twice imagined that those who saw the existence of these problems would have to lay aside their own work in order to devote themselves for a time exclusively to my enterprise. What actually happened in every case was such a laughable yet sinister contrast to what I had expected that, experienced as I am in the ways of the world, I learnt to be ashamed of myself. I had to learn over again the elementary lesson that people are a

[1] Alluding to Homer's ἔσσεται ἦμαρ, ὅταν κτλ.—Tr.

thousand times more concerned about their habits than even about their interests." . . .

He found at Leipzig that all the men who were worth anything, his former friends and acquaintances, were occupied with their own work; even Peter Gast, his one real helper, made his music—in accordance with my brother's own wish—the chief object of his life and activity. He could not use any coadjutors but the very best. It was exceedingly painful to be faced with the conviction that he would never find an entirely sympathetic and devoted friend, to whom he could say everything without reserve, that he would have to do all his work alone and walk without a companion on his difficult path. This may be seen from his letter to me of July 9th, 1886:

> "In the meantime I have entirely given up the idea of making Leipzig or Munich my permanent quarters. I have to put too much of my pride in my pocket before I can live in such a society; and, however much I may lower myself, I cannot attain to the cheerful courage and self-confidence necessary for the road on which I am travelling. For that courage, Sils-Maria is after all a better place than Leipzig or Munich. To think of all the humble pie I had to eat during my last stay in Germany, without my 'friends' having any idea of the situation! No, they are all 'well-meaning' towards me. I have been through hours of mental depression such as it is terrible even to think of. The humiliating experiences of the autumn of 1882, which I had nearly forgotten, came back to my mind, and I remembered with shame the sort of men whom I had treated as my equals!—At every step I take I meet with contradictory impressions—strange to say, though, not about Richard Wagner. Even Rohde cannot put up with *Parsifal*.
>
> "Where are those old friends who once seemed so near to me? At present it's as if we belonged to different worlds and spoke a different language! Like a stranger and an outcast I wander about among them, no word, no look to hail me any more. I am dumb, for no one understands my speech. I doubt whether anyone ever understood it, or had to bear the

same destiny, the same burden. It is heart-rending to be condemned to silence, when one has so much to say. . . .

"I really ought to take a rest again, for the mental and psychical strain of the last few years has been too severe, and I have grown gloomy and embittered. My health, as a matter of fact, is quite normal, but my poor soul is so vulnerable, and so eager for good friends, for men who are my 'peers.' Find me a little circle of men who want to hear and understand me—and I shall be sound in health!" . . .

From this passionate plaint we can see how deep an impression this unlucky meeting with Rohde made upon my brother. It was also a painful memory to Rohde, who could not get rid of the feeling that he had impressed my brother unfavourably. Thus it was that only a trivial occurrence was needed to bring about a rupture. At the beginning of May my brother had asked Rohde to recommend a certain young scholar for a post, or at any rate to show some personal interest in his intellectual development. His letter ended with the following words: "You will ask why I do not undertake the matter myself. Well, I don't care for 'young people,' and my experience leads me to doubt whether I can really be of any use. I find my *recreation* in older men, such as Burckhardt or Taine: even my friend Rohde is not nearly old enough for me. . . . But 'a day will come' . . . ."

Rohde however, who already knew the man recommended by my brother, and had no liking for his personality, wrote an abrupt letter of refusal, closing with an entirely uncalled-for attack upon Taine. He had gathered, quite erroneously, from my brother's letter that the pupil was regarded as good enough for Rohde, but not for Nietzsche.

Fritz was much wounded by Rohde's remarks, for harsh as Rohde could sometimes be to others, he had always shown his tenderest side to my brother. All the stored-up resentment against Rohde, all the hidden disappointment caused by the Overbecks' reports—all

this and more now came out. Rohde indeed apologised at some length for the tone of his letter, and on May 23rd my brother made a counter-apology for having been carried away by anger; but for all that, this affair closed the door for ever upon their friendship.

When Rohde and I came to talk over the matter in the spring of 1894, his first request was that I should return his letter, so that he could consign it to the flames. He deeply regretted having let his pen run away with him to such an extent, declaring that what had wounded him so deeply was not my brother's letter, but the unpleasant things said about him by Nietzsche to others, and repeated to him by Overbeck. My brother's experience had been precisely the same. Shortly before this correspondence with Rohde in the spring of 1887, Overbeck had called upon Nietzsche as the latter was passing through Zürich, and given him offensive hints regarding Rohde's verdict upon *Beyond Good and Evil*.

I must admit that it was only in his letters to Overbeck —so far as I know—that Rohde spoke of Nietzsche in so petty and misguided a fashion. Frau Geheimrat Ritschl and Herr and Frau Geheimrat Wachsmuth, who saw much of Rohde at Leipzig and Heidelberg towards the end of the eighties, always laid stress upon the cordial and reverent terms in which Rohde alluded to my brother. Rohde himself said to me, without reproaching Overbeck, that the latter "had said such strange things to him about Nietzsche." I have been charged with being biassed in Rohde's favour, and with passing too lenient a verdict upon his later relations with my brother. Such statements can only be made by those who never saw Rohde and Nietzsche together, and who know nothing of the love and veneration for my brother expressed by Rohde to Nietzsche himself and to others both in speech and writing. When my brother learnt from Overbeck what Rohde thought of *Beyond Good and Evil*, he spoke of Rohde in no measured terms, as he spoke of all whom

he had loved most and from whom he had been estranged through the agency of others. Yet even at the time of his greatest hostility towards Rohde, he was under no misconception as to the latter's true character, and looked for reasons why he had become so altered. In *Ecce Homo*, speaking of the evil influence of climate, he says: "I know of an actual case where a man of commanding intellect, potentially a free spirit, became a narrow recluse, a crabbed specialist, merely through a lack of subtle instinct for climate."

I shall never be able to persuade myself that Erwin Rohde, in his heart of hearts, really had so poor an opinion of Nietzsche as appears from Bernoulli's revelations. It may be that I am mistaken, but at our above-mentioned meeting Rohde's emotion was too profound to leave me in doubt. In order to judge whether my brother's later handwriting was easily decipherable, Rohde glanced through my brother's manuscripts, and found the following passage in a draft for a letter to me (February, 1888). "There is no lack of evil, slanderous hints against me, and in the newspapers, learned and popular alike, there is a tone of unbridled hostility—but how is it that no one protests against this, that no one feels offended when I am abused?—For years no consolation, no milk of human kindness, no breath of love."

This touching plaint moved Rohde profoundly: "It cuts me to the quick," he said, softly. He reproached himself and Overbeck most bitterly for having left their friend so sadly in the lurch both before and after he fell ill, in spite of the influence they possessed through their university posts; for never having encouraged him, for never having troubled about his writings and his difficulties with publishers, for never having defended him even against the most deadly attacks. Rohde promised that he would do all he could to make amends, by helping in the publication of Nietzsche's remains, and hoped that Overbeck would follow his example. He

regarded Frau Overbeck as responsible for the strange attitude taken up by Overbeck after my brother fell ill and in relation to the archive. Some weeks later, on May 4th, 1894, Rohde writes to me: "Possibly, or rather probably, Overbeck's wife is at the back of it all. I simply cannot stand the woman; she has made up her mind to lure Overbeck away from all his old friends and tastes, and win him over to the sour nihilism that lies at the bottom of her own nature."

The friendship with Freiherr von Gersdorff did not end in tragedy. I have already mentioned Gersdorff's love affair with a young Italian lady, which caused a long-lasting separation between the two friends. On this point Gersdorff afterwards severely reproached Malwida. My brother found this unjust, and his stubborn defence of Malwida led to the old estrangement. Later on, my brother found that Gersdorff's attack upon our dear idealistic Malwida was not altogether unjustified, and he now felt very sad about his attitude in the whole affair. This accounts for the frequent censures of Malwida that occur in his memoranda. Freiherr von Gersdorff would have been the very friend to go with him through thick and thin and act as his most loyal companion in all those hard years of change and progress. Afterwards, when Nietzsche recognised his mistake, they wrote to each other on the old footing, and my brother was perfectly right when he said to Gersdorff, "I have really not been disloyal to you for a single moment." Yet this belated renewal of the friendship could never compensate for lost time. Gersdorff's long separation from Nietzsche had made it impossible for him to follow his friend into the new world of thought or to familiarise himself with that world later on. In spite of his earnest study of the Nietzschean ideas, Gersdorff to the end of his life never freed himself from the trammels of Schopenhauerian pessimism.

I cannot here trace the course of all his friendships,

because there are no particular landmarks. With Deussen, H. Romundt and Max Heinze his old intimate relations remained unaltered. In the case of Freiherr von Seydlitz and his wife there was also an interval, after the breach with Wagner, when no letters were written, but in the autumn of 1885 the former footing was re-established. In No. 6 of the *Neuer Rundschau* for 1899, Freiherr von Seydlitz gives his reminiscences of this friendship, and describes in vivid language the place held by Nietzsche in the hearts of his friends :

> "I have never, never known a nobler man than Nietzsche. He could be ruthless only towards *ideas*, not towards the men who held the ideas. And those who held them (some of them had the brains of porters !) soon found that out : they knew that from him there was nothing to fear. They were silent about him, for he was silent about them, from genuine, innate purity.
>
> "Where lives the man who could point to a stain on Nietzsche's character ? He was as crystalline, as transparent as the water of a mountain brook. What do I say? Mountain brooks might be glad to be as pure as he. Through him, cleanliness and chastity acquired a new, more potent value."

One of the bitterest losses my brother experienced was the premature death of Freiherr Heinrich von Stein, who was so much a man after his own heart, and who, he had hoped, would be spared to be the best disciple of his old age. He writes on the subject " . . . and then as a rule there happen from outside things against which there is no defence and which inflict incurable wounds. Dr. von Stein's death has touched me in my tenderest spot ; for a few days I was almost beside myself with grief. There are so few men in Germany who are a real source of delight to me ; most people I simply put up with, like a patient animal. But with Stein it is different ! "

Yet one loyal disciple remained—Peter Gast, who in all the years from 1876 to 1888 never wearied of serving Nietzsche and of helping him in all his multifarious

work, so far as his own career allowed. He knew how to bring him joy and encouragement, not only through his exhilarating music, which my brother looked upon as a treasure trove, but also through his tactful and reverent letters.

It will be said that even in his later years Nietzsche was not devoid of friends. True; but he missed just those who in his youth had caused him to forget how lonely he was at bottom—those friends in whom he delighted as his peers: Wagner, Rohde and Stein.

CHAPTER XXII

WOMEN, LOVE AND MARRIAGE

In comparison with friends and friendship, women and love played but a small part in my brother's life. This we can already see from the aphorism: "Love ranks far below friendship, for love demands exclusive possession, whereas a man can have several good friends, and these again can become friends of each other." Yet if he did not look upon love as that primal, world-moving force of which poets sing, it would on the other hand be an utter mistake to call him a misogynist. I never could understand how this view came to be held, for I have always borne in mind an aphorism of his which certainly shows no trace of misogyny or contempt for women: "the perfect woman is a higher type than the perfect man, and moreover a far rarer type." It is true that he had a certain distaste for the commonplace apotheosis of the German woman, as expressed in the newspapers and at public dinners. He was too much of a good European not to feel somewhat amused when all the feminine merits and virtues were ascribed to the women of Germany. There is, however, one type of Teutonic femininity which he always admired and regarded as the type most suited to the German character: that is, the woman of the country squire class, who in quiet self-consciousness and with all the marks of good breeding rules over the extensive domain of her household, and whose health, naturalness, cheerful courage and active piety it is a pleasure to contemplate. My brother perhaps formed this ideal, not only from the present age but also from the Homeric poems. There, too, we find

the most honoured woman not taking part in public life, but acting as the best of counsellors to her husband and children, as the wise mistress of an extensive household, who with all her dignity, modesty, patience and self-control subordinates herself to the will of her husband, even in doubtful cases, as when for instance he brings a concubine into the home. Andromache thus finds words of tenderness and indulgence, when she says that Hector has been "infatuated by the Cyprian goddess."

It is regrettable that my brother dealt with "woman" only in scattered passages. At the beginning of the seventies he had the intention of writing a book on the subject, but perhaps he realised that as a bachelor he did not possess sufficient knowledge. At any rate, he once said to me: "Only married men ought to write about women." Yet there is a vast number of stray remarks in his books and in published and unpublished letters, which show somewhat fluctuating views about woman, love and marriage. I intend to devote a special volume to this theme, and in the present book I must keep within narrow limits.

My brother writes on one occasion: "We cannot think too highly of women, but that is no reason why we should have false ideas about them." Judging from my personal experiences I can only say that my brother both in word and action treated the female sex with a tender, almost paternal care. Never did he betray so much as a shadow of misogyny, and his hard words apply only to the emancipated women, who, he thought, would on the whole do great harm to the status and influence of their sex. It must not be forgotten that Fräulein Lou Salomé had given him some unpleasant, nay horrifying glimpses into the soul of a modern *émancipée;* and above all that he had to deny her the quality which he would solely have recognised in a woman who pursues serious scientific studies, to wit, "heroism of knowledge." This accounts for the bitter

tone of many of his remarks, especially in *Beyond Good and Evil.* This book is full of antitheses directed against several ludicrous assumptions on the part of woman-suffragists, who in those days still made the unpleasant impression that is often created by the fanatical pioneers of new intellectual movements. Against their main thesis—the demand for the absolute personal freedom of woman and her equality with man—he sets up as an antithesis the Asiatic conception of woman as a masculine chattel, to be kept in a harem. Here, however, I must point out that the place where this was written is Nice! The nearness of Monte Carlo attracts to Nice a flood of doubtful—or far from doubtful!—female types, and I fancy that any respectable man would like to see the greater part of them shut up in a harem (not his own, for choice). Moreover, my brother looked at this problem from another point of view. Frau von Plänkner told me that there was a Swede at Nice who had a very beautiful and virtuous wife, and that Nietzsche always pitied the husband for having to lead that gracious creature through the troop of lascivious males. In this case, too, the Asiatic conception of woman as a chattel to be shut up would have seemed to him more dignified. There is no denying that my brother's verdicts on woman varied very widely, and that some of his remarks on the subject are excessively severe, just as is the case with many remarks on the other side. Yet clever women may learn more from his counsels than from a hundred books written by the male and female champions of their emancipation. Some of these clever women have already become convinced that my brother was their best friend and mentor, and are gratified to hear the following passage: "They want to 'cultivate' women more, and, as they say, make the 'weaker sex' stronger through culture: as if history did not persistently teach us the lesson that the 'cultivation' and enfeeblement of humanity—enfeeblement, disruption, weakening of the

will-power—always go hand in hand; and that the strongest and most influential women whom the world has known (Napoleon's mother is a recent instance) owed their power and influence over men to their will-power, and not to schoolmasters!"

My brother longed to see the human race strengthened and beautified, but the first requisite for this is beautiful, strong and healthy mothers. That this aim can be reached by means of public school training will hardly be maintained by the most passionate advocate of women's rights. My brother writes: "On no account must our public school training be applied to girls! The training that often turns clever, ardent boys, thirsting for knowledge, into copies of their teachers!" Moreover, my brother desired that the female sex should be as clever and attractive as possible, and did not think that this end could in any way be furthered by emancipation. Hence, when he attacks the emancipation movement, he does so with a certain astonishment at the fact that so clever a sex allows itself such follies: "There is *stupidity* in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-bred woman—who is always a clever woman—ought to be heartily ashamed." He held that by this movement the female sex stood to lose far more than it could ever hope to gain. He tested this thoroughly by the examples that lay to hand.

> "In the three or four civilised countries of Europe, a few centuries of training will convert women into anything you please, even into men; not in the physiological sense, it is true, but in every other sense. Under such influences they will come to acquire all the masculine virtues and strong points, but they will have to assume all the masculine weaknesses and vices into the bargain; so much, as I have said, can be done by constraint. But how shall we endure the necessary transition period, which may perhaps last for some centuries, and during which all the feminine follies and meannesses, their ancient birthright, still predominate over all that they have acquired and learnt? This will be the

NIETZSCHE'S MOTHER IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR.

period in which anger will be the only quality that has a manly appearance; anger at the fact that all the arts and sciences are flooded and swamped by an outrageous dilettantism—that philosophy is talked to death by brain-racking chatter—that politics are more fantastic and partisan than ever before—that society is in complete disintegration, because the champions of the old ways have become ridiculous even to themselves, and endeavour so far as possible to stand outside the conventions. For if women's greatest power once lay in the conventions, how would they ever manage to regain a similar amount of power, after the conventions have been abandoned?"

Accordingly my brother felt it his duty to issue a warning. "It is just because I have a higher and deeper and even more scientific conception of woman than her male and female emancipators that I oppose the emancipation movement. I know better where their strength lies, and say of them 'they know not what they do.' Their very instincts are at war with their present aspirations!" Such is the point of view from which we must regard all the anti-feminist remarks in his writings. It is consistent with this standpoint that in practice he was, of all the men I have ever met, the most chivalrous and considerate towards women; not only towards young and pretty girls and the intellectual and famous among older women, but also towards uninteresting old spinsters and rough women of the people, who certainly did not belong to the ornamental portion of their sex, and through their ugliness, uncouthness and banality failed to inspire courtesy in other men. I am not speaking only my personal experience, but on the testimony of others, as for instance his fellow-boarders on the Riviera. Stories are still told of his politeness towards women to whom no one else showed any kindness. His tenderness towards invalid women can best be seen from the evidence of those concerned. That pious, distinguished, invalid English woman whom my brother often met in Sils-Maria gave me a touching account of

the delicate attentions he paid her, and how he always prevented the conversation from turning upon his philosophy. In the end he implored her, almost with tears, not to read his books; "because you know," she added, with charming humour, "after studying his philosophy, which one of his female disciples explained to me rather brutally (and all wrong, too, no doubt), so weak and sickly creature as I would have had no right to go on living at all." I should like to emphasise the fact that my brother had a strong preference for pious women; he even maintained "that a woman without piety was for a profound, godless man something altogether repulsive or ridiculous." The pious women who made his acquaintance or heard of him from others returned his kindly appreciation, and spoke of him in the most laudatory terms. They simply could not understand how this noble thinker could fail to be a good Christian, and at heart they deplored this mistake. Princess Feodora, sister of our Empress, gave eloquent expression to this idea in a poem addressed to Nietzsche.

> "And all the angels turned their heads and wept,
> For he, their mate and brother, went astray,
> He missed his way and wandered in the twilight."

The old English woman always used to say "There was something religious about him." She meant, no doubt, his tender consideration for her views, which in all their talks he assumed as his own.

How has it come about, then, that my brother is regarded on the whole as a misogynist? I think the reason may be found in a brief sentence from *Zarathustra*: "Thou art going to women? Forget not thy whip!" Thousands of women know no more of Nietzsche than this sentence. They do not even take the trouble to look up *Zarathustra* and see who the speaker is; to wit, an old woman. Even those who read the whole chapter seem to miss its playful character. I will give a brief summary. Zarathustra wanders alone and is asked by

a friend why he is slinking in so lonely a fashion through the twilight. He says in reply that he has in his mantle a little truth, which has been presented him by an old woman. She had said to him, "Zarathustra spake much also to us women, but never did he speak of women." Zarathustra had answered, "Of woman one should talk only to men." But when the old woman pressed him, he had said much on this subject, both good and bad. In point of fact Nietzsche is only glorifying the affectionate, obedient woman, who is rated somewhat low by her emancipated sister of to-day, and perhaps also by weak men, who do not really know what they want. The chapter ends as follows: "Then the old woman replied to me, 'Zarathustra has said much that is pleasing, above all for them that are young enough to mark his words . . . . and now as a token of thanks do thou accept a little truth. Assuredly I am old enough to utter it.' 'Woman, give me thy little truth,' said Zarathustra. And thus spake the old woman: 'Thou art going to women? Forget not thy whip!'"—Everyone who has a sense of irony and humour will enjoy this poetic presentment of a somewhat bitter truth—a truth which will surely gain assent from all women who have lived in society or who know women of the lower orders, where woman as a rule ventures to be more natural than under simple middle-class conditions. There are women of unbridled impulses, who need a master—for of course the whip is only a symbol of mastery—and indeed a strong master, in order to be kept in control.

The origin of this remark, by the way, lies in an amusing little story. When Fritz was on a visit to us at Naumburg in the spring of 1886, I read to him Turgeniev's short story, *First Love*. A charming young person, of somewhat peculiar temperament indeed, is loved at the same time by a father and his son. The father is a robust, brutal man of forty, the son an

idealistic youth of eighteen. The fair one prefers the father. Later on the young idealist watches a scene in which the girl goes on her bended knees to ask a favour from his father, but the latter strikes her with a riding-whip so that red weals appear on her white arms;—yet she loves him in spite of all. While I read this story, my brother made all sorts of humorous remarks, but as regards this scene he expressed his disapproval of the lover's behaviour. I could not help pointing out to him, from certain instances known to both of us, that there really are women who can only be kept in control by a brutal display of power on the part of the man; women who, as soon as they do not feel that symbolic whip raised over them, become shameless and impudent, and make a plaything or even a door-mat of the man who shows them tenderness and devotion. My brother knew the instances very well, and had often spoken of them with indignation. On this occasion, however, he leant back on the sofa, raised his arms and cried out with well-feigned astonishment, "So the Lama advises men to use the whip!" "No," I answered, laughingly, "of course the whip isn't meant for Lamas, for sensible, virtuous women; they want to be treated with tender love and consideration. But for the others!" A year later my brother met me in Rome and gave me the first part of *Zarathustra*. I came to the chapter where the old woman says to Zarathustra, "Thou art going to women? Forget not thy whip!" "Oh, Fritz," I cried in horror, "*I*'m the old woman." My brother laughed and said he would not let anyone know. Since we had read the short story, Fritz may have revised his theories or increased his knowledge of women, so that he now recognised the germ of truth in the "whip" episode, and felt impelled to give it special prominence.

My brother complains bitterly about the readers of his writings: "Whoever tries to grasp them and misses his hold, like one who has no right to such books, at once

makes himself ridiculous—a little fit of rage impels him to pour out the real contents of his silly soul; and who knows what may then come to light?" He goes on to bewail "their incapacity to see what is new and original, their clumsy fingers that cannot grasp a *nuance*, their stiff pedantry, which stumbles and falls over one mere word." I should say that the feminists have often stumbled over the sentence, "Thou art going to women? Forget not thy whip!"

If my brother's attack on female emancipation is so uncompromising, that is only the logical outcome of his philosophy, of his care for the coming generation and for a higher culture. Professor Vaihinger, in his *Nietzsche as Philosopher*, puts the case very well:

> "For Nietzsche, the highest culture could only exist where powerful, untamed men with strong passions came to the fore . . . . where the natural, manly instinct of the will to power is not banned or hemmed in by a thousand legal formulas. That is why Nietzsche, as we have seen, regarded the tendency towards State Socialism as a danger to culture, a symptom of decadence. He was bound to hold a similar view regarding the feminist movement, so far as that movement involves efforts to endow woman, who is naturally weaker, with masculine qualities and rights, and to remove the difference between the sexes. Nature has done wisely in creating this inequality. She has given the male greater strength, and an innate instinct to command, while she has made it the function of woman, as the weaker, to be subordinate, to serve and to obey. To make women equal with men seems to Nietzsche a revolt against Nature and a falsification of culture. Hence Nietzsche looks upon the emancipation movement as a symptom of decadence, and against this revolt he directs the most pointed shafts of his irony. In this sense Nietzsche is an *anti-feminist*. Yet it would be a serious mistake to look in Nietzsche for such brutal assaults on women as we find in Schopenhauer; Nietzsche shows the deepest reverence for what he considers the true character of woman, especially the function of motherhood. After all, the purpose of marriage is to create the men of the future by a careful process of selection.

In a subtle epigram Nietzsche sums up his conception of the relation between the sexes: "Man's happiness lies in 'I will!' woman's happiness in 'he will!'"

It is a deplorable thing that our modern civilization does not go hand in hand with Nature—I mean that so many admirable girls never marry. We ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that feminism is a movement of spinsters, and that its adherents are generally childless women. That is the reason why in England, where for several decades the female population has so greatly outnumbered the male, the movement began earliest and is now taking such an irrational course with regard to the suffrage. It should be admitted that the old conventions were designed solely for the wife and mother, and that the enormous increase in the number of unmarried women has made the situation very difficult. What are these unwedded and childless women to do with all their powers and talents? My brother sometimes forgot this point, since he had little knowledge of the women who have to earn their own living. Were he alive to-day, when so many healthy, pretty, active girls fashion a career for themselves, he might see fit to revise his opinions. After all, a man, however subtle a psychologist he may be, can never quite read into the soul of a proud, energetic maiden. It is hard to have to wait for the husband who is to give her life an aim and a purpose, and she prefers to take her destiny into her own hands. At any rate, even Nietzsche would complain if to-day when only half of the adult female population marries, the rest were to fritter away their lives in frivolous and useless pursuits. How many ridiculous old maids there were in the past! This type, occupied solely in petty household duties and still pettier gossip, has almost entirely vanished. Unfortunately, another type has also vanished; the good aunt, who sacrificed herself for the nephews and nieces, and suppressed her own personality for the sake of their weal and woe. My brother

and I had aunts of this kind, and always looked up to them with reverence. They were, indeed, of a particularly admirable type; they were fond of solitude, but always had an open heart and ear for the joys and sorrows of the rising generation. My brother writes, after the death of one of these aunts: "It is just because I knew so little of my father and can only guess what he was like from stray reports, that my nearest relatives were more to me than aunts are to most people. I am glad when I think of Aunt Riekchen and others—how they all retained striking characters till the very end of their lives, and took care to depend less and less upon external aid, upon the doubtful good-will of humanity. I am glad of this because I find here my own racial characteristics—the characteristics of all who bear the name of Nietzsche."

The quality on which my brother here lays such stress —of not wishing to depend upon the doubtful good-will of humanity—is a distinguishing mark of the unmarried women of to-day. They do not want to be a burden to others in their old age, as was formerly the lot of so many women, especially of those who had no private means. To grow old without being able to make use of one's own powers, to be compelled to rely on the good-will of others—that was a hard fate.

Thus my own attitude towards feminism is somewhat different from my brother's, although some developments of this movement seem to me most undesirable. It is really a pleasure to see the position that is now taken by spinsters no longer in their first youth, and to observe how wonderfully well they wear. I speak from experience, for during the last twenty years I have had several lady assistants in the work upon the Nietzsche archive and upon the complete edition of my brother's works. All these assistants have been a striking success, and I cannot speak too highly of their conscientiousness, reliability, loyalty and love for their task. We read in

the Bible that God created woman as a helpmate ; well, nowadays, when they cannot all be helpmates of their husbands, they fulfil that function admirably in other spheres. One need only ask the scholars what a blessing feminine help has been to them ! But I must speak here, not of my own experiences, but of my brother's views, which during the last twenty years might perhaps have altered—or perhaps not.

My brother's ideal of women was in fact the ideal cherished by every man of high character : the brave woman, who by her cheerful, loving personality tries to lighten her husband's burdens, to refresh him after his dreary hours of work and of wrestling with difficult problems, who relieves him of the petty worries of daily life, and shows some understanding for his higher aspirations ; the healthy, beautiful woman who brings strong, healthy children into the world and gives them all that a mother's love and care can provide. In other words, it was the ideal hitherto glorified by every artist. My brother writes of the Sistine Madonna : " Here Raphael sought for once to paint a vision ; but such a vision as may appear and will appear to young men of high character, even though they are without ' faith ' ; the vision of their future wife, a clever, high-souled, reticent and very beautiful woman, who shall carry their first-born in her arms. Let old men, who are accustomed to prayer and devotion, admire the superhuman touch in the scene, just as that worthy greybeard on the left of the picture is doing ; we younger men—so Raphael seems to call to us—will satisfy ourselves with the beautiful maiden on the right, who with her challenging (and by no means) devout glance is saying to the spectator ' That mother and with her child—a pleasant, inviting sight, eh ? ' " The mother with her child should always be for us the most moving of all pictures, and the noblest symbol to mark the continuance of humanity, the unbroken chain of love that binds each generation to the

next. This is the ideal which my brother always regarded and treated with the tenderest reverence. He considered that a grave danger was involved if—as seemed to be the case in his own age—this ideal of mother and child were no longer looked upon as the highest. He felt that the present tendency of the woman movement was to lay too much stress upon the individual personality, with its frequent petty selfishness and love of comfort, and that the necessity for answering the question "What drawbacks for the human race does the movement involve?" might thus be entirely forgotten. He feared that under the influence of the unmarried, who usually stand at the head of the movement, an ideal unfavourable to the propagation and higher development of humanity might arise, and that in this way just the best women, the bravest and most high-souled, would come to loathe the idea of marriage.

My brother even thought it possible that under the influence of feminism, as of Christianity, the origin of life would be made unclean. Now the origin of life was always regarded by him as the highest and holiest of mysteries, and for his profoundest ideas he often used the metaphors of conception, pregnancy, relation between mother and child. It was his most earnest wish that the sexual life should be conceived as holy in the highest degree: "Every sign of contempt for the sexual life, every degradation of that life through the conception of 'impure,' is a sin against all life—the real sin against the Holy Ghost of life." Every thinking man will realise that a philosopher who saw the highest goal in the improvement of humanity, in the superman as a general type and not merely as an isolated instance —who writes for women in *Zarathustra*, "May the light of the stars shine in your love! May it be your one hope to give birth to the superman!"—that such a philosopher must ask us to treat the sexual life as holy, to treat woman in her pregnant state as holy, to treat

woman in general as holy, and must demand that "she shall be pure and beautiful, like a precious stone, irradiated by the virtues of a world that has not yet come into being."

An admirer of my brother once said to me that no sacred book in the world contained such glorious sayings about marriage as *Zarathustra*. Let me merely give an instance of the deep earnestness with which he asks young men to examine themselves, before entering into matrimony:

"I have a question for thee alone, my brother: I cast this question into thy soul like a plummet, that I may sound its depth.

"Thou art young and desirest a wife and child. But I ask thee, art thou a man that hath a right to desire a child?

"Art thou the conquering one, the self-vanquisher, the master of thy senses, the lord of thy virtues? That is what I ask of thee.

"Or is thy desire the cry of the covetous beast? Or of loneliness? Or of discontent with thyself?

"My will is that thy victory and thy freedom should yearn for a child. Living monuments shalt thou build to thy victory and thy liberation.

"Thou shalt build beyond thyself. But first thou must thyself be builded aright, four-square in body and soul.

"Thou shalt not only multiply thy seed, but make it grow higher! And for this thou shalt use the garden of marriage.

"A nobler body shalt thou create, a first movement, a wheel that rolleth by its own impulse—a creator shalt thou create.

"Marriage: by that I mean the will of two to create one who is greater than they that created him. Reverence for each other I call marriage, and reverence for him that is inspired by such a will.

"This be the sense and truth of thy marriage. . . .

". . . . But even your highest love is but an ecstatic vision and a devouring flame; a torch that is to light you to loftier paths.

"One day ye must love beyond yourselves! So ye must *learn* to love! And therefore ye must drink the bitterness in the cup of your love.

"For there is bitterness even in the cup of the highest love; so does this love make thee yearn for the superman, so does it cause thirst to thee, the creator!

"A thirst for the superman, an arrow and a yearning for the superman: tell me, my brother, is this thy will to marriage?

"Holy do I call such a will and such a marriage."

Yet, alas! how seldom nowadays does marriage resemble the ideal picture that my brother has delineated! In various places he describes how badly marriages may turn out, and how all these galling relationships in love and matrimony "beginning with a great many brief follies, and ending in a long drawn-out stupidity," develop into passionate hatred of the sexes. This train of thought prompted him to make the strange statement that "the course of love is sex-war, its basis deadly sex-hatred." He wrote this note just after hearing a performance of *Carmen*, and we can see from this that Bizet's music gave him the clearest idea of that tremendous, gloomy, fateful passion which he never experienced himself, and of which he used to say earlier, with a smile of incredulity or amazement, "And all this fuss about a little girl!"

My brother could not imagine anything more distressing or fatal for a man's character than an unhappy marriage. Hence he proposes a sort of experimental mating:

"Ill-assorted couples I have always found the most vindictive; they make all the world suffer for the fact that they can no longer go each his own way.

"That is why I want sincere people to say to each other: 'We love each other: let us see that we go on loving each other. Or is our promise to be a mistake? Give us a respite and a brief mating, so that we may see if we are suited for a long marriage. It is a serious matter for two always to be together!'

"That is my advice to all sincere people: and what would my love for the superman and the coming race signify if I spoke and advised in any other way?"

According to my brother's views, the most desirable basis for a marriage would not be falling in love, but a deep friendship. "Marriage," he writes, "should be a friendship, a means of strengthening our own ideal through another ideal; each should see the other's ideal from his or her own!" . . . "The best element in marriage is friendship. If that friendship is strong enough, it has power to look beyond and even ignore the sexual aspect. Without friendship, marriage makes both parties small-minded and contemptuous."

His conception of a genuine love was high and reverent. So late as the year 1886 he writes: "I have never desecrated the name of love!" For his lofty nature, love in the vulgar sense was a painful thing; he writes of himself: "There really are men who are fundamentally chaste: they are gentler in spirit than you, their laughter is more kindly and more ample than yours. They even laugh at chastity, and say, 'What is chastity? Is not chastity a piece of foolishness? But this foolishness came to us, and was not of our seeking. We offered this guest a lodging in our hearts: now he lives with us—let him stay as long as he pleases!'" And this charming guest liked him as a host. In 1888 he writes: "What does chastity in a man mean? That he is still refined in his sexual taste; that in matters of love he does not desire what is brutal, morbid or perverse!" He was firmly convinced that healthy men and women alike were chaste and continent. He often ascribed sexual hyperaesthesia to alcohol and other stimulants. "It is bad to live in cities; they contain too many debauchees."

My brother was a warm advocate of marriage, though indeed only for healthy people, coming of a healthy stock. We find the following jottings among his notes: "For the future of marriage; larger burdens to be laid on bachelors than on others, as regards both taxation (in legacies, etc.) and military service, beginning at a

specified age and increasing.—Privileges of all kinds for fathers of large families; under certain circumstances a plurality of votes. A medical certificate to be required before every marriage, countersigned by the local authorities; in this certificate, several specified questions must be put by the doctors and answered by the affianced couple ('family history'). As an antidote to prostitution (or as a means of ennobling prostitution): temporary marriages, legalised (for periods of years or months) with a guarantee for the children; trustworthy members of the community to stand sponsor for every marriage."

As for my brother's personal position towards marriage, I must note it as the merest chance that he did not marry while a Professor at Bâle, especially during the years 1872-74. In spite of the uncertain health resulting from his ambulance duties in the Franco-Prussian War, and the eye trouble due to his overwork, he felt that he was constitutionally sound, and therefore had every right to marry. Professor Deussen describes how in 1871 and 1872 he found Nietzsche at Bâle "in the full pride and exuberance of health," and even in 1888 my brother writes (in *Ecce Homo*) of the sixteen years since 1872, "on the whole I was healthy."

He often expressed, both in speech and in writing, his intention of marrying. Thus in the autumn of 1874 he writes to Fräulein von Meysenbug: "What I want to get very soon, I may tell you in confidence, is a good wife, and then I don't think I shall have any wishes unfulfilled." In December, 1874, he writes to Gersdorff: "Good friends are an admirable invention, and on that account the lot of man may be called fortunate. So far it has been the only way in which we could give of our best and have any influence, beyond our own personality. The time will come when we must also do our other duty, and take steps to secure a vigorous offspring, equal to ourselves in body and soul."

Thus we see that a wife and child formed an essential

part of his plans for future happiness, and if these schemes were never realised, it is because they were forced into the background by the intellectual problems which he pursued with such passionate ardour. In 1885 he writes: "One always has some more pressing thing to do at the moment than marrying; that's how it has always been with me, I'm afraid! All of us who stood near to him—especially Wagner and Fräulein von Meysenbug—did our best to remind him from time to time of the plan. He writes to Gersdorff on the point: "It's really delicious to think of you and the Bayreuth people sitting in a committee for the consideration of my marriage! Yes, but—surely *I* have a right to say something! There are many women on this planet, to find the right one is my affair. Am I, like some knight of old, to go on a crusade through the world, in order to reach that promised land which *you* point out to me? Or do you think the women would come to me for inspection, till I chose the right one? This scheme seems to me rather impossible. If not, it's for you to prove the contrary and show its wisdom by your own example." When the subject came up again later, and visions of perfect mates—clever, beautiful, rich—were conceived for my brother, Wagner said chaffingly: "Where are you to take one without stealing? Such young ladies are hard to find."

My brother, by the way, knew very well what it was to be in love; not only as a student, when he was deeply smitten with Hedwig Raabe, but later on in life as well. It is noteworthy that all the women who really touched his heart were beautiful. The Dutch young lady whose refusal of my brother was described in *The Young Nietzsche* was a most attractive person. If I could collect the portraits of all these charmers, everyone would say, "A regular galaxy of beauty!" The three photographs which are in my possession are all notable cases in point. One looks as if she were a model for Clytie. Probably he never admired or loved any woman more than that

strikingly beautiful young Parisienne whom he met in 1876 at Bayreuth. I think she was really the embodiment of his ideal, especially as she was highly musical, and had a most pleasant laugh. He set great store by this last feature. In later days he often told me how unhappy he felt at the time in that he had only made the acquaintance of this enchanting creature when she was already married. In *Ecce Homo*, it is true, he makes a joke upon the subject, but the joke did not come from his heart, or else he had to some extent forgotten his sentiments of twelve years earlier.

Herr C. A. Bernoulli, in order to lend some interest to his tedious book *Overbeck—Nietzsche*, has inserted a large number of fictitious statements. One critic observes very aptly that the book is like a rag-bag, which one stuffs indiscriminately with all manner of odds and ends. Thus Herr Bernoulli has made the sensational discovery that my brother was passionately in love with Frau Cosima Wagner. If only Rohde and Gersdorff were still alive, how heartily they would laugh at this! In the ordinary course, there would be no need to refute this amusing invention of Bernoulli's; but various ardent Wagnerites, who cannot bear to think that Nietzsche was led to desert Wagner by deep artistic and philosophical convictions, have tried to exploit the fiction and thus to falsify the whole history of Nietzsche's relations with Wagner. Hence the truth must here be established.

There is no doubt that my brother had an extraordinary reverence for Cosima Wagner; thus he writes to Malwida von Meysenbug: "Frau Wagner, as you know, is the most sympathetic woman I have ever met." High appreciation and reverence, however, are very far removed from passionate love. Whoever is anything of a psychologist, and knew my brother at the time when he was most intimate with Wagner, must be aware that in comparison with Wagner no one counted at all,

or counted only in so far as he stood in some relation to Wagner. It was as Richard Wagner's wife that Frau Cosima earned my brother's veneration, and it was as Richard Wagner's wife that she afterwards incurred from him the bitterest reproaches. She had "popularised and Christianised her husband," he said, "and had turned Wagner into a Liszt. Frau Cosima Wagner is the only woman in the grand style that I have ever known; but I lay at her door the charge of having corrupted Wagner."

Apart from all this, Cosima personally was far from being the ideal woman who might have carried my brother off his feet in a torrent of passion. She was very tall and thin, her nose and mouth were far too large, and she could not laugh, or at any rate her laughter sounded most unpleasant, so that she usually smiled instead. All these qualities were at variance with the graceful type which my brother admired, and which he always summed up in the phrase "a sweet little woman." Anyone who takes Herr Bernoulli as a guide to Nietzsche will soon be floundering in a morass of baseless assumptions.

In spite of all the fascinating women who touched his heart, my brother was deterred from marrying, not only by his insufficient means, but also, we may fairly assume, by his fear of "eternal misunderstanding." "That is no doubt the guardian spirit who so often prevents persons of different sex from forming hasty unions, to which their senses and their hearts summon them—and *not* any Schopenhauerian 'guardian spirit of the race'!"

The more the classical scholar developed into the philosopher, the more his attitude towards marriage became altered. In the seventies, when candidates for matrimony were proposed to him, he demanded above all "intellectual qualities," but later on, in the eighties, he would not hear of intellectual ladies as helpmates. In 1888, when I spoke highly of one such lady, he wrote

to me: "For me, much intellect in a woman is still very little, and as a rule this so-called 'intellect,' which imposes only on superficial men, is simply a piece of absurd pretentiousness. Nothing is more wearisome than an intellectual goose of this sort, who doesn't even know how boring she is. . . . You think that love would change her, but I don't believe in any change being wrought by 'love.'" In a draft for a letter he writes: "It never enters my head that I can be loved; to love me, a woman would need to have some idea of what sort of a man I am. For men of my stamp there is no such thing as marriage, unless in the style of our Goethe."

In the winter of 1886 he discusses the point in greater detail: "What would suit me better, perhaps, is a good domestic wife, one who would be content with the duty of keeping me in a proper condition for doing my difficult work. But from this point of view, so far as my experience of women goes, they are all inadequate; so that I have lost all faith in the idea. She would have to be young, *very* cheerful, *very* active, and blessed with little or no 'culture'! and what is more, a good housekeeper by natural inclination. There—there's something for you to laugh over!"

The conclusion shows that he had not much confidence even in a life-partner of this type, and thus the following aphorisms express what came more and more to be his view of the matter: "Will the free spirits live with women? On the whole my opinion is that, like the prophetic birds of antiquity, they must prefer, as the modern speakers and thinkers of truth, to fly *alone*.—It is laughable when a society of paupers decides to abolish the right of inheritance, and it is no less laughable when childless men take part in practical legislation: for they have not enough ballast in their ship to be able to sail securely into the ocean of the future. Yet it seems to me no less absurd when one who has chosen for his sphere universal knowledge and the assessment of existence as a whole burdens

himself with the personal cares of a family, with winning bread, security and social position for wife and children. By so doing, he shrouds the end of his telescope with a dark veil, through which hardly a single ray from the distant world of stars can pierce. Thus I come to the conclusion that, where the highest philosophical thinking is concerned, all married men are suspect."

In the end he grew sick of all our planning, although his protests were still very gentle. A friend of his writes to him in 1886: "My wife has just got your letter, in which you so gently declined this match-making scheme. It must be about the hundreth, but, to quote *Julius Cæsar*, 'he put it by every time gentler than other; but for all that, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it.'[1]"

His later pronouncements on the marriage question also convey the notion that a philosopher must sacrifice his personal comfort, so that he may be free to contemplate mankind. His loving, communicative nature yearned for a happy, harmonious environment, for wife and children, but the fear that the boldness of his opinions might hurt his nearest and dearest and lead them, like himself, into difficulties, always prevented him from giving way to his desire for an affectionate circle. At the beginning of January, 1888, he writes: "Yesterday, as I was on my usual walk, I suddenly heard, from a turning off the road, somebody talking and laughing with a laughter that came from the heart (it almost sounded as if it were you): and when the somebody came into view, it turned out to be a charming brown-eyed girl, who looked at me almost as a fawn might look. Suddenly my lonely philosopher's heart grew warm within me—I thought of your marriage projects, and all through the walk my mind couldn't keep from running on this delightful girl. No doubt it

[1] This is a patchwork of two separate quotations from Casca's account of the offer of the crown to Cæsar; Act I., Scene II.—Tr.

would do me good to have such a gracious creature about me—but would it do *her* good? Wouldn't my views make her unhappy? And wouldn't it break my heart (supposing I loved her) to see so lovable a person suffer? . . . No—no more talk of marriage!"

In a somewhat more robust mood he writes, on another occasion: "What is more, my opinions are horribly and quite impossibly audacious, I mean of an audacity impossible for *German* conditions, for good, respectable friends and neighbours. But to go on for ever playing a part, as I have so often done, is not at all to my taste; after all, in one's own home at least, one likes to be honest. In short, if I took a 'life-partner,' I should have to jump out of my skin.

"No, it isn't a wife that I want, that's certain; what would suit me better would be a young, jolly daughter, who would look up to me and attend to my wants. Best of all it would be to have my dear old Lama again. A sister is an admirable institution for a philosopher, especially when she is cheerful, plucky and affectionate (no old kill-joy like G. Keller's sister!)—but this is the sort of truth that one only recognises when it's too late!"

Another vigorous letter, written in the same spirit: "For me to marry now would perhaps be sheer stupidity; it would mean the loss of that independence which I have fought for with my heart's blood. Why, I should have to become a citizen in some European community, exercise a vote, to take account of wife and child, of my wife's family, of the place I live in, of the people I had intercourse with! Such a state of bondage would be the ruin of me. Better to live poor, sickly and aloof in some out-of-the-way corner, than to fill a pigeon-hole in this modern world of mediocrity! I have no lack either of courage or of good spirits. I have preserved both, because I have no acts of cowardice or insincere compromise upon my conscience."

Thus it was the consideration of his tremendous life-

task that made him choose a solitude without wife and child, and from this solitude grew that terrible abandonment, even without friends, when it seemed that no note of love could reach him any more, that abandonment which caused him such indescribable suffering.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE WILL TO POWER

Here we may ask the question, when did the philosopher first conceive of the will to power as the embodiment of the will to life? Such questions are very hard to answer, since in looking for the germ of my brother's main ideas we always have to go so far back. As in the case of a strong, healthy tree, it needed many years of growth before his ideas reached their final stature. There is only one exception—that of the eternal recurrence, which first flashed upon him in the summer of 1881, and was revealed through hints barely a year later. The question as to when the idea of the will to power first dawned upon him has already been answered conjecturally in *The Young Nietzsche.* He told me himself that it was in August, 1870, amid the hurly-burly of the Franco-Prussian War. As ambulance worker he saw various regiments of our wonderful German army rush past him; ready to face battle and death, glorious in their pride of life, their courage for the conflict, a perfect expression of a race that must conquer or perish. Then, for the first time, he felt most vividly that the strongest and highest will to life is manifested, not in the paltry struggle for existence, but in the will to combat, in the will to power and mastery. Many were those who went through the same experiences, but they did not see things with the philosopher's eyes. When my brother afterwards looked back at these events, how different and many-sided that feeling of pity, so highly extolled by Schopenhauer, must have appeared to him, in comparison with that marvellous glimpse of the will to life,

to combat and to power. Here he saw a condition of things in which man feels his strongest impulses, his conscience and his ideals to be identical, and he saw that condition of things not only in those who carried out the work, but above all in the commander himself. Now, perhaps, for the first time the problem occurred to him, whether the great man has a right to sacrifice lives—a right that is conceded to leaders in war, and has been conceded to the greatest spiritual leaders of mankind and to all great discoverers, in order that they may be enabled to attain their aims :

The first notes for the main idea of his chief prose work date from the autumn of 1882: they find their first poetical expression in *Zarathustra:*

> "Where I found life, there did I also find a will to power; and even in the will of the servant did I find the will to be master.
>
> "The weaker serveth the stronger through the promptings of his will, that would fain be master over him that is yet weaker; that pleasure alone he would not willingly forego.
>
> "Even as the smaller yieldeth himself up to the greater, that he may enjoy his power over the smallest, so doth even the greatest yield himself up and for the sake of power stake his life.
>
> "For the greatest yieldeth himself up to a life of danger, to a throwing of the dice with death."

From this time onward, we may say, all his published and unpublished writings of the years 1883—1888, with the exception of *Zarathustra*, are portions of that great work which a cruel fate has given us only as a collection of fragments.

That the author wished to have ample time (he speaks of six and even of ten years) before he thought of the final execution of this gigantic task, and at first only collected some precious material and pursued extensive studies, is only natural. Moreover we see from the plans of 1884 that he had not yet decided which of his main

ideas—eternal recurrence, the transvaluation of all values, the organisation of castes with the superman at the top, or the will to power as a principle of life, growth and struggle for mastery—would be privileged to serve as the nucleus of this work. He seems, however, to have recognised more clearly from year to year that the tangled skein of life might best be unravelled through the principle of the will to power.

In 1885, after completing the fourth part of *Zarathustra*, he seems from his notes to be determined on making the will to power as a principle of life, the central point of his philosophical masterpiece. We find the title: "The Will to Power. An Interpretation of All that Happens." In the winter of 1885—1886, however, he intended to precede it by a much smaller book, for which we have a whole series of notes. This he calls: "The Will to Power. An Attempt at a New Interpretation of the World." It will readily be understood that he shrank from the stupendous task of working out his idea to the full, of tracing the will to power in Nature, life and society as a will to truth, religion, art and morality. How often he must have cried despairingly "One solitary explorer—and all that great virgin forest!" Hence, in order to make his task easier and more reviewable, he is always trying to carve up the great work into sections. Thus in the spring of 1886 he plans to write ten new treatises, and perhaps to publish them as new "Thoughts out of Season":

"1. The Will to Power. An Attempt at a New Interpretation of the World.

"2. On the History of Modern Depression.

"3. Music.

"4. The Artists. Mental Reservations of a Psychologist.

"5. Experiences of One Learned in the Scriptures.

"6. We Godless Ones.

"7. Beyond Good and Evil. Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

"8. Thoughts about the Ancient Greeks.
"9. *Gai saber*,[1] Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird.
"10. Noontide and Eternity."

In a projected preface he writes:

"Those four first Thoughts out of Season, to which I am now, after ten years, appending a fifth, sixth and seventh, were attempts to speak of my experiences and aims in such a way as to emphasise, not my own most individual thoughts, but the thoughts I had in common with many a child of our age. I was endeavouring to attract to myself the type of men who are my kindred.

"In short I was throwing fish-hooks to catch my 'peers.' I was young enough then to go fishing in this way with impatient hopes; to-day—a hundred years later, if I may measure time by my own standard!—I am still not so old as to have lost those hopes, that impatience.[2]

"What I wrote then—or rather *painted*, somewhat hurriedly too, and, it seems to me, in free and bold fresco style—would be no truer to-day if, now that my hand and eye have perhaps acquired more skill, I were to portray it in firmer, purer and more delicate outlines. Each period of life understands 'truth' in its own way; and he who comes to those paintings with young, impetuous senses and great expectations, will find in them as much truth as he is capable of seeing."

This was written at a time when the manuscript of *Beyond Good and Evil* (finished in April, 1886, at Nice) had been "tied up with a string and laid aside." From this period we find a whole series of notes which evidently belong to two of these new Thoughts out of Season—"Music" and "The Artists: Mental Reservations of a Psychologist." On the journeys from Nice to Venice and from Venice to Naumburg and Leipzig, mentioned in a previous chapter, he seems to have thought seriously of writing some new Thoughts out of Season. During his stay in Leipzig, however (May—June, 1886), he formed the resolution of devoting the next few years

[1] The Provençal origin of *Joyful Wisdom*.—Tr.

[2] The original has *Geduld* (patience), which appears to be a slip for *Ungeduld* (impatience).—Tr.

THE NIETZSCHE ARCHIVE AT WEIMAR.

solely to *Beyond Good and Evil*, which was to be a preparation for the great work, and to the composition and publication of *The Will to Power*—a resolution which, indeed, he failed to carry out.

While correcting the proofs of *Beyond Good and Evil* at Sils-Maria he employed every leisure hour in sifting the material for the masterpiece which he proposed to publish in four volumes. He drew up a table of contents in 52 sections, and marked about 150 passages in his notes with red ink numbers for the sections to which they belonged. Moreover, he made out a comprehensive sketch for the whole work, in an order which, with slight alterations, has on the whole been preserved. The sketch runs as follows :

"THE WILL TO POWER.

AN ATTEMPT

AT THE TRANSVALUATION OF ALL VALUES.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

"Book I.: The Danger of Dangers (a representation of nihilism as the inevitable outcome of the values hitherto recognised). Enormous powers are unfettered; but they are contradictory; the unfettered powers destroy each other. In democratic communities, where everyone is a specialist, the questions 'whither?' and 'for whom?' are not asked. Description of how manifold stunting of all individuals (for the performance of functions) acquires a *meaning*.

"Book II.: A criticism of values (logic, etc.). Shows the discord existing everywhere between the ideal and its individual conditions (*e.g.*, sincerity among Christians, who are continually forced to lie).

"Book III.: The problem of the legislator (including the history of solitude). How to chain up again the unfettered powers, so that they may not destroy each other; our eyes are opened to the real increase in power.

"Book IV.: The hammer. What sort of men must they be who can reverse their values? Men who possess *all* the qualities of the modern soul, but are strong enough to transmute them in a perfectly healthy fashion; their means to their task.

"Sils-Maria, summer of 1886."

In September, 1886, he writes to me expressing complete satisfaction with his state of health, and adds: "The next four years will be taken up with my chief work, in four volumes. The very title is enough to frighten people: 'The Will to Power. An Attempt at a Transvaluation of all Values.' For this I need *everything*, health, solitude, good spirits, perhaps a wife." To Freiherr von Seydlitz he writes: "Probably I shall make a pilgrimage to Corte in Corsica (the place where Napoleon was, not born indeed but—what perhaps is far more important—conceived). I also am conceiving something; you will guess what from the cover of my last book, which as a matter of course I sent you."

It would be an utter mistake to assume that in *The Will to Power* Nietzsche intended to give his system. We know how greatly he distrusted all systems, and how he shook his head over any philosopher who systematized his ideas beyond hope of change. "A systematizer," he exclaims, "is a philosopher who will not any longer admit to his intellect that he is alive, that he is expanding vigorously and ever throwing out his roots like a tree; one who simply cannot rest until he has whittled down his intellect into a lifeless, wooden thing, a four-square stupidity, a 'system.'" It is quite true that in this great work he meant to exhibit his philosophy, his outlook upon life; not, however, as a dogma, but as a preliminary ruling for future investigations.

We have seen in a previous chapter how his work was interrupted by his retrospect of his earlier writings and by the new editions of those books. Yet all the prefaces written in 1886 show how greatly occupied he was with the volume, especially Book V. of *The Joyful Wisdom* ("We Fearless Ones"), which contains some of the material for *The Will to Power*, and is essentially akin to it in conception.

In January, 1887, the prefaces and Book V. of *The Joyful Wisdom* were ready for the press, so that he could

once more turn to *The Will to Power*. He worked at it eagerly for the next few months; the terrible earthquake in February did not interrupt his labours, although all Nice was full of "shattered nervous systems." He stayed at Nice until the end of April, and so little impression did the earthquake make upon him that this was the very first time during which he summarised the main ideas for the book and arranged them under the following heads:—

"THE WILL TO POWER.

AN ATTEMPT AT A TRANSVALUATION OF ALL VALUES.

Book I.

"European Nihilism.

Book II.

"Criticism of the Highest Values Hitherto Recognised.

Book III.

"The Principles for a New Code of Values.

Book IV.

"Race and Breeding.

"Nice, March 17th, 1887."

From Nice my brother went at the beginning of April to Badia, near Cannobio, and thence to Zürich, principally for the sake of the library; but his stay there seems to have been less productive than he had hoped, for the corrections of Book V. of *The Joyful Wisdom* and the additions to the volume took up a great deal of his time. From the middle of May to June 10th he was at Chur, and seems to have done a fair amount of work there. He had stayed at Chur not from choice, but because he heard that it was still very wintry in the Engadine, and that there had been fresh falls of snow in the pass. On the journey from Chur to Sils-Maria he broke his journey at the Lenzer Heide, and there wrote the introduction to *The Will to Power*. Soon afterwards,

however, when in the Engadine, he once more laid the work aside in order to write *The Genealogy of Morals.* In the intervals of reading proofs, *The Will to Power* was resumed. He realised, indeed, that he required an enormous amount of material for this book, and that the library which he took about with him or had deposited at Sils-Maria was far from adequate. Accordingly, by September, 1887, he had decided to go to Germany instead of to Venice, though he did not at all like the idea. He writes to Peter Gast regarding the pros and cons of his journey (15th September): "To tell you the truth, I was hesitating between Venice and—Leipzig; the latter for purposes of research, since, as regards the main task of my life that now lies before me I have still much to learn, to enquire and to read. Yet this would mean, not "autumn," but a whole winter in Germany; and, all things considered, reasons of health strongly dissuade me from this dangerous experiment for *this* year. So it will be Venice and Nice after all:—and indeed, even for spiritual reasons, I need for the moment a thorough isolation still more urgently than research work upon a thousand and one individual problems."

Hence he went to Venice after all, spending some weeks there with Gast. So far as Gast remembers, Nietzsche was not exceptionally busy at Venice; evidently he was taking a holiday for the sake of his health. In October, however, as soon as he returned to Nice, he began to work with might and main at the fabric of his book. On December 20th he writes to Gast: "There is something huge and portentous about the enterprise I am now embarked upon," and on January 6th, "I confess frankly that the last few months have been full of insight and inspiration; that I once more have the courage to perform 'the incredible,' and to make the fullest possible use of that susceptibility to philosophical impressions, which marks me off from other men."

This work, so gigantic in conception, remained a fragment. It was reserved for us editors of the Nietzsche remains, with our feeble powers and frequently imperfect understanding, carefully to collect the precious materials in accordance with the author's directions, so far as any were given. The first edition did manage to do this in a presentable form, and the task was difficult, considering the author's intention of giving the book to the world in this fragmentary condition. If only the master's own hand had worked out this enormous material in all its logical sequence—as in *The Genealogy of Morals*—and had adorned it with all the splendour of his incomparable style, what a book we should now possess! What adds to our regret is that we know from his private memoranda how he meant to complete the task :

> "As Introduction : The gloomy loneliness and barrenness of the *Campagna Romana*. Patience in uncertainty.
>
> "My work is to contain a general verdict on our century, on the whole modern age, on the 'civilisation' we have attained.
>
> "Each book as a conquest, a clutch—*tempo lento*—with dramatic complications up to the end, then finally the catastrophe and sudden redemption."

My regret at the imperfect publication of *The Will to Power* applied chiefly to the first editions of the year 1901. I soon recognised their scanty, superficial form, which showed no regard for Nietzsche's express wishes. Since the new editions of 1906 and 1911-12 have made such an excellent impression, and have contributed so signally to the intelligent study of Nietzsche, I have come to feel less concern about the matter. A private note from the pen of Dr. Richard Oehler is particularly consoling :—

> "There is perhaps no reason to deplore the fact that Nietzsche's philosophical masterpiece, *The Will to Power, a Transvaluation of all Values*, was not completed by the author. It is true that in this work, as in his others, Nietzsche would have warmed the cold substance of ideas with the glow of his

personal feeling, and have clothed the sober scientific discussions in an attractive, resplendent dress. The book, in its imperfect form, is certainly devoid of these qualities. Yet on the other hand, his ideas are thus preserved to us in their immediate, original shape; we can see all the different points of view, all the varying modes of expression, as they occurred to the author while he was thinking out his problems. We therefore possess much that Nietzsche would unquestionably have deleted in preparing the book for press. It would not be extravagant to maintain that we would rather renounce the enjoyment of his final artistic touches than the advantage of absorbing his ideas as they issued from his brain."

Among the stumbling-blocks in the first edition of *The Will to Power* we may perhaps reckon the erroneous construction put upon certain terms. I venture therefore to give some explanation of the words that were particularly misunderstood, such as "nihilism," "immoralism," "unmorality" ("nihilistic," "unmoral"). "Nihilism" and "nihilistic" have nothing to do with a political party: the terms refer to the attitude which refuses to recognise any value or meaning in life, or any ideals. Nor have the words "immoralism," "unmorality," "non-moral" the remotest connection with sexual excesses and aberrations—a meaning assigned to these terms by coarse, vulgar and stupid people, because in ordinary parlance they are generally applied to such matters. By "morality" my brother understood "a system of values which concerns itself with the conditions of human life." With the words "immorality" and "unmorality" he attacks our present code of values, which cannot be justified on physiological or biological grounds, and therefore rob life of all meaning. It would perhaps have been better if he had coined and used the words "amoral" and "amorality," which would certainly have prevented a good deal of misconception. I should like, by the way, to emphasise the fact that only a philosopher of such eminence as Nietzsche may allow himself to criticise our present moral values—a philo-

sopher who throughout his life showed so clearly that he not only acted upon these values in unswerving fashion, but was in reality above them, and accordingly could set the goal higher and make yet sterner demands upon himself. Such goals and problems are only for the few: at any rate, as he says, they need "clean hands, not muck-raking fingers."

Above all, I must lay stress on the fact that his philosophy is based upon caste-organisation, *not* upon an individualistic morality: "the spirit of the herd must prevail among the herd—but not seek to extend its sway beyond the herd." He says, however, not only that we ought to be deeply thankful for all that morality has done for thousands of years, but that we should pay an unqualified homage to the morality hitherto prevalent. Whoever seeks to raise himself above that morality must bear the terrible responsibility for his action, and only by extraordinary achievements can he justify his position.

Peter Gast writes:

> "Nietzsche's doctrines apply only to exceptional men—and to the *forbears* of future exceptional men. With the mass of humanity he has nothing to do: a thousand 'thinkers' have worked about enough for the mass of humanity, while hardly anyone has worked for the rare types. To be sure, by means of such exceptional men, Nietzsche's spirit will penetrate to the masses and some day purge our civilisation of all its pampering, degrading, vicious elements. Nietzsche is a moral force of the first order—more moral than anything that calls itself 'moral' to-day!"

The words "herd," "herd-animal," and "herd-morality" may perhaps also have given umbrage. Nietzsche himself found occasion to apologise for them: "I have made a discovery, but it is not an edifying one; it runs counter to our pride. However much we free spirits (for we are here talking 'between ourselves') may regard ourselves as free, even in us there is a sentiment

that is always wounded when anyone classes man among the animals. Hence it is almost an offence, requiring an apology, that with reference to humanity I should continually have to speak of 'herd' and 'herd-animal.'" To be sure, he does not consider it necessary to explain why he has chosen these terms and used them so often. I think this is only because he himself (in spite of his playful assertion to the contrary) took no offence at them; for we were brought up in a religious circle, and used the word "herd"[1] and "shepherd" without any disparaging connotation.

Other words to which he gave quite a new meaning are frequently misunderstood, *e.g.*, "wickedness" and "evil." Both words ordinarily convey the idea of "malicious" and "bad," whereas he understands by them something hard, stern, but also proud—in any case, a lofty sentiment. He writes accordingly to Brandes: "There are many words that I have flavoured with a new salt, so that they don't taste the same to me as they do to my readers."

The process of thought in *The Will to Power* is admirably summarised in a private note by Dr. Richard Oehler:

> "Nietzsche's work of transvaluation is a magnificent forecast of the further development of human civilisation. The future is always the great object of his thought, but it is not merely the future of an individual nation, a definite human type, a class, a particular branch of civilisation, and so forth, but the future of civilisation for humanity as a whole; that is to say, the vision, some day to be realised, of the social, scientific and religious shaping of life. 'What is to come,' 'a prophecy,' and similar expressions are of frequent occurrence in the rough drafts for this book. 'But we can't know anything about the future,' says the Philistine. 'Are these not mere useless chimeras?' By no means! Nietzsche's vision of the future is very far from being an arbitrary Utopia. From

[1] The Germans use the same word (*Heerde*) for "herd" and "flock."—Tr.

the realities of the past and present he deduces, with the unerring aim of a farseeing genius, the consequences that must inevitably follow in the natural course of cultural development. Nor does he merely see visions of the future; he consciously moulds its form. Nietzsche impresses his will upon the future. He is a creator of values. A profound knowledge of the values recognised up to the present leads him to the criticism of those values; he sees the elements in them that are evil, fatal, obstructive and inimical to life. Starting from this point, he formulates his demands and undertakes the mighty task of transvaluation. His marvellous instinct for the requirements of a healthy, natural life gives him the clue to the values that are to prevail in place of those that have hitherto been dominant. It is his aim to redeem the world from 'the denaturalisation of morality,' and 'to restore Nature in the moral sphere.' Yet he does not blindly assail any chance ideal, but starts from the certain facts of life. Accordingly Nietzsche's work of transvaluation deals not only with that which may some day happen, but with that which *must* come and *shall* happen.

"In accordance with the plan which appears to be the one most favoured by the author, Nietzsche intended, in the first book of *The Will to Power*, to describe the rise of European nihilism during the next few centuries. He is capable of doing this, because he has lived through this nihilism in himself, lived it to the end, he has it 'behind him, under him, outside him.' Nihilism is the inevitable outcome of the values of existence as hitherto interpreted. Its period of predominance must come, 'because the very values that have hitherto prevailed lead to this ultimate result; nihilism is the logical consequence of our great values and ideals.' This great movement of the future is sketched out for us in its causes, in the symptoms that pave the way for it, in its premonitory signs, in the phenomena that mark its course. The second book, then, in a 'criticism of the highest values hitherto recognised,' gives detailed reasons why nihilism is bound to come. The inconsistency of our present valuations must soon lead to their destruction from within. 'Our whole European civilisation has for a long time been in an agony of tension, which increases from decade to decade, and seems to be heading straight for disaster.' 'This future is already speaking through a hundred signs, this destiny is announcing itself everywhere;

all ears are already pricked up for this music of the future.' Yet nihilism cannot last for ever; some time or other a counter-movement must set in. 'Eventually we shall have need of *new* values.' Hence the negative side of Nietzsche's work is only a preparation for its positive achievement. After demolition comes construction. This construction is provided by the third book, with 'the principles for a new code of values.' Nihilism is only a 'transition state,' and in itself contains the germs for a new, more vigorous life. 'There is something of decay in all that marks the modern man; but side by side with the disease we can see signs of strength and power of soul as yet untried.' In the positive part of his work, Nietzsche gives us a tremendous conception of the power residing in this soul of the future. He has discovered the formula of unity that can supply us with a name for the counter-movement which is to redeem the world from nihilism: to wit, 'the will to power.' This is the basis for the new code of values. Its force and significance in society and in the individual, in science and in art, are carefully investigated. It is the firm rock in the stream of being, and by its means the men of the future will raise themselves up from decay and dissolution and attain a sure strength and joy in winning the goal. The will to power is the kernel of the transvaluation of all values.

"Finally the fourth book, entitled 'Race and Breeding,' aims at showing how, as a consequence of the new values, a new human type will arise, a nobler type than has appeared or could appear up to the present. There is no doubt that in the chapters 'Dionysos' and 'Eternal Recurrence,' which as they stand are the most fragmentary of all, this prophetic vision of the noblest man, this challenge to the future would have found its most perfect expression, alike in splendour of style and in richness of thought."

Unfortunately, the material for this last section is far more scanty than for the others. There is a Nietzsche manuscript which, apparently through Overbeck's carelessness, went astray after my brother's mental disease overtook him at Turin, and fell into strange hands. This manuscript emerges from time to time and then shyly hides itself again; for instance, in 1894 it was offered to Frau Ida Dehmel for £250. If my efforts to

obtain it should meet with success, we might possibly have the rare good fortune of being able to fill in the lamentable gaps in Book IV. of *The Will to Power*.

By February, 1888, the first draft of his philosophical masterpiece was finished. His feeling at having completed the task must have been one of supreme exaltation and triumph beyond compare, but at the same time he must have felt an inexpressible longing for those nobler men to whom this work was to be consecrated. He had been looking for them since *Zarathustra*. "If now, after a long, voluntary isolation I again turn to men, and cry 'Where are ye, my friends?' it is done for the sake of great things. I wish to create a new caste: a league of noble men, to which those whose minds and consciences are oppressed can go for counsel; of men who, like myself, are not only able to live outside the ordinary political and religious creeds, but have got beyond morality."

We may now ask, what were to be the views of these nobler men, or to what views were they to be guided? My opinion is that the author of *The Will to Power* assigned to them a train of thought something like the following: For thousands of years exceptional men have endeavoured to make the world about us explicable to themselves. They have been the creators of all that lies about us, and also of all that lives in us. Even the greatest, however, have not ventured as yet to claim for themselves that it was their will to power which had made it possible to visualise and explain the world. Their greatest modesty lay in this: they never dared to admit that they actively shaped their destiny, but regarded themselves as its passive instruments. That is why the Greeks, those yea-sayers to life, created a divine world peopled with figures of the highest strength and beauty, to which they not only ascribed their loftiest moments of inspiration, but also assigned the burden of all that was terrible and inexplicable in their existence.

That is why the Christians, those deniers of life, created a world beyond, where their ideals, impossible for this world, should find fulfilment and reward. Now man has constantly been endeavouring more and more to subjugate the universe and all its material forces. The more he has tried to explain this world and press its energies into his service, the more fully has he realised—through these very scientific methods—that it has been the leading spirits of humanity who have always been creating the world afresh for man, by constantly endowing it with a new meaning. All that our ancestors created, however, stood in a definite relation to what they regarded as true, that is to say, what had to be true for their conditions of life. The question now arises, do our present views still correspond to our conditions of life, to the upward progress of humanity? However grateful we may be for all that religion, morality and philosophy have done for us up to the present, we cannot help feeling that we now require new values, suitable to our knowledge and to our conditions of life. The values hitherto recognised have been useful indeed for the weak and the abject, but injurious for the prominent individuals, weakening their self-assurance and consciousness of strength, crippling and repressing them through the ideals of mediocrity which at present reign unchallenged. That which may be a blessing for the mediocre, is often a poison for the great—and *vice versa!*

Such were perhaps the ideas that Nietzsche wished to implant in those nobler men to whom he addressed himself. To them he wished to turn, and exclaim:

> "On, on, ye nobler men, fashion for yourselves new paths and new values which are fitted only for the noblest and strongest, and which do not belittle this world with all its difficulties, but make it appear the best and most desirable of worlds. Your ancestors built the world according to their ideas, and, as their minds were in many ways still narrow, raised and created a world beyond. Now shall you noblest

men make of this our earth a glorified, heroic world, full of battles and victories in the whole intellectual and physical domain. And of yourselves you must make the best that in your power lies, you must raise yourselves to be a higher type of man, one that makes faith in humanity once more possible!"

[For this was the desire that my brother cherished all his life, and to this end all his plans and projects were directed: that the perfect man, the man who justified life, the superman should be granted us as the acme of a nobler, stronger type.]

"What an endless amount of distress, privation, bad weather, sickness, depression, isolation we have to endure! Yet after all, we manage to put up with all this, born as we are to a subterranean, struggling existence; every now and then we emerge into the light, we live once more through our golden hour of victory, and we stand there, as we were born, unbreakable, strung up and ready to aim at new and yet more difficult, more distant targets, like a bow-string, ever tightened by necessity.—But if there are any heavenly beings beyond good and evil, who grant us favours—may they grant me from time to time but a glimpse of something perfect, rounded off, happy, powerful, triumphant, something that can still inspire dread! A glimpse of a man who justifies our species, of a happy being who completes and redeems humanity, so that we can preserve our faith in mankind!"

Yet even for us average folk a new world of happiness is opened up, even our eyes shall see the man who justifies life. We must, however, have confidence in ourselves, we shall test ourselves to see how we may achieve our best, how we may give our life as much value as possible. We shall lay aside our "petty vanity" and realise that we do not achieve works of the highest perfection, and cannot become leaders and discoverers; we shall be glad that we may perhaps be allowed to "submerge ourselves in a great type." It will be our pride once more to serve the noblest men, to be the disciples and instruments:

belonging either to a powerful, well-ordered institution (such as the German corps of officers or civil service—Nietzsche often pointed to both as a source of pardonable pride); or to that band of scholars, physicians and teachers of the Old and New World, who also possess the instincts of our excellent army, and of whom my brother says "that they can command and likewise, in a proud manner, obey; that they stand in the rank and file, but are capable at any time of acting as leaders; that they prefer danger to comfort; that they do not weigh, in huckster fashion, what they may do and what they may not; that they are more hostile to mean, sly, parasitical qualities than to evil qualities."

The other day I read a bitter jeremiad: "The idea of power has everywhere fallen into discredit. Men shrink from confessing that they want to rule over women; and if ever there was a natural right, this is one. Parents whiningly declare themselves ready to enter into the domain of their children; in definance of their duty, they acquiesce in a loss of authority, in order to preserve the love (they mean, the unrestrained liveliness) of the youngsters. The rulers have lost all backbone, and give up the idea of ruling; the possessing classes let themselves be bled. All this happens, not from any conviction that things must be allowed to slide, nor from a belief in the approach of a golden age, but because everyone wants to pass for 'modern,' no one wishes to be treated as a 'barbarian.'" It looks as if my brother's fervent advocacy of the will to power as a law of nature had come in the nick of time.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CASE OF WAGNER—NIETZSCHE CONTRA WAGNER

My brother began the year 1888, the last of his literary career, with his working powers unimpaired. He was actively engaged upon his first great redaction of *The Will to Power*, and he gazed forth at the future as at a broad, sunlit expanse of sea. To Deussen he writes: "Now there is only one thing that I want for years to come: quiet, oblivion, and a kindly sun and autumn to ripen what has to be ripened, finally to sanction and justify my whole being (a somewhat problematical being, for divers reasons!)."

As soon as this redaction was finished, however, and he returned from creative ecstasy to sober, workaday reality, he saw with deep regret that the very persons to whom his teachings and ideas were addressed still failed to appear. From the silence of his old friends he inferred that there was no one who understood him either in Germany or in Switzerland. He showed little sign of how their indifference pained him, but in *Ecce Homo*, after complaining most bitterly of the Germans' want of tact and delicacy, he writes:

> "It is my nature to be gentle and benevolent towards everyone—I have a *right* to make no distinctions: but this does not prevent me from having my eyes open. I except no one, not even my friends—I hope this is not a mark of inhumanity towards them! There are five or six things which I have always made a point of honour.—For all that, it is a fact that every letter I have received for years past has seemed to me a piece of cynicism. In their benevolence towards me there lies more cynicism than in any hatred. . . . I will tell any one of my friends to his face that he has never

thought it worth while to *study* any of my books ; I can guess, from a hundred and one little signs, that they have not even an elementary acquaintance with the subject-matter of those books. As for my *Zarathustra*, who among my friends sees anything more in it than an unpardonable (but, fortunately, quite ineffectual) arrogance ? "

After the appearance of *The Genealogy of Morals*, which, like his other books, had met with nothing but indifference or misunderstanding, he had already written me a letter severely denouncing his friends, a letter which, as I told him in my answer, made me feel very sad. But in Paraguay it was always nearly three months before one could get a reply to any letter one had sent to Germany. In March, 1888, he wrote to me explaining why his denunciations of his friends had been so severe. This explanatory letter, however, pained me even more than the first ; even to-day I cannot read it without tears.

" This time I must write my poor Lama a really nice, kind letter, after having shocked her so last time, or rather the time before last. I must admit, though, that things are going very badly with me this year, and if you were close at hand you would make allowance for the cry of agony in my last letter. At times I have no control over myself whatever ; I am almost a prey to the most gloomy resolutions. Am I growing bilious, by any chance ? Year in, year out I have had to swallow so many unpleasant things, and when I look back, I try in vain to find so much as one pleasant experience. All this has resulted in a sensitiveness that is pitiful and altogether ridiculous ; so that everything that reaches me from outside makes me ill, and the tiniest molehill becomes a mountain. Day and night I feel an unbearable sense of strain, caused by the task that lies before me and the highly unfavourable conditions under which I have to carry out that task ; that is where the shoe pinches, at any rate. The feeling of being alone, the lack of love, the universal ingratitude and even insolence to which I have to submit. . . . But I don't want to go on further in this tone. On the credit side of the account you must set this : that your brother is a

plucky brute, that he has managed to do some astonishing things even in the past year. But why must every one of my exploits lead ultimately to a defeat? Why do I get no encouragement, no sign of interest or heartfelt reverence?

"Thanks to an exceptionally fine winter and to good food and plenty of walking exercise, my health has kept fairly good. There's nothing ill about me except my soul. Nor will I deny that the winter has been rich, too, in intellectual profit for my main task; so you see that my intellect is not unsound, nothing is unsound, nothing but my soul."

Fortunately, April brought him a surprise which cured him of his depression. In the winter of 1887-88 he had found reason to know that he was not entirely forgotten in Europe; he began to have closer relations with Georg Brandes, from which he derived much satisfaction. He had already heard that this gifted writer was interested in his books; a Viennese acquaintance told him of this in the summer of 1887, mentioning expressly how angry Brandes was to see that Nietzsche's friends and countrymen maintained such a total silence about his writings. My brother hereupon sent him copies of *Beyond Good and Evil* and *The Genealogy of Morals*, and Brandes thanked him by letter in charming fashion. In the spring of 1888, at the very time when my brother in despair had resigned himself to continuing his work without arousing any further interest among his contemporaries, Brandes delighted him still more by the news that he was delivering lectures on Nietzsche at the University of Copenhagen. My brother was astonished beyond words, and wrote in a happy strain to Brandes: "My dear sir, this is indeed a surprise!—How did you find the courage to speak in public about so obscure a person as myself? . . . . So you imagine that I am known in the dear Fatherland? They treat me there as an eccentric and absurd phenomenon, as one whom there is no need to take seriously. . . ." Later on he writes: "During these weeks in Turin, where I am staying on till the

5th of June, I have felt better than for many years, above all more philosophical. Nearly every day I have had enough energy for one or two hours to be able to take a complete view of my philosophy from top to bottom ; the vast multitude of problems lay before me as if in relief, and all clear in outline. This needs a maximum of strength for which I had scarcely dared to hope. All through there run connecting links, for years I have been on the right track, one builds one's philosophy like a beaver, one is inevitable and doesn't know it ; but one must see the whole, as I have just seen it, in order to realise this. I feel so greatly relieved and strengthened, in such good spirits—I attach a little tail of farce to the most solemn things. What is the reason for all this ? Isn't it the good *north winds* that I have to thank, the north winds that don't always come from the Alps—sometimes they come from Copenhagen ! " To our mother he also writes in a cheerful strain, saying that he has ordered a smart suit of clothes : " I have decided to be a little more particular about my appearance ; I have been too negligent of late. This seems to me symptomatic of a certain improvement in my health. So long as one is a wreck, one doesn't care how one looks." Such was the effect of hearing that an admirable scholar had decided to lecture about him—while the German universities, indeed, maintained their contemptuous silence ! In *Ecce Homo* he writes sadly : " Ten years—and no one in Germany has considered it a conscientious duty to defend my name against the absurd silence under which it has lain buried : it was a foreigner, a Dane, who first had the fine instinct and courage to speak of me, who vented his indignation upon my so-called friends. . . . In what German university to-day would lectures on my philosophy be possible, such lectures as Dr. Georg Brandes—thus once more proving himself an eminent psychologist—delivered last spring at Copenhagen ? "

I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to Georg

Brandes for his decision to deliver these lectures. The following notice, which appeared in various foreign journals, did *not* appear in the German newspapers, although my brother had sent his publisher a translation of the French paragraph :

> " All who are interested in Friedrich Nietzsche's philosophy will be glad to hear that last winter Dr. Georg Brandes, the eminent Danish critic, devoted to this philosophy a long series of lectures at Copenhagen University. The lecturer, who showed, not for the first time, his skill in expounding difficult ideas, imparted to an audience of more than 300 a lively interest in the bold and original views of the German philosopher : so that the lectures resulted in a brilliant ovation for the lecturer and for his subject."

My brother stayed at Turin for the first time in this spring of 1888. He had originally intended to remain there only for a short period, but the climate and the city itself made such a favourable impression on him that he prolonged his stay. It was, however, the good news from Copenhagen that raised his spirits more than anything else. He writes to our mother about Turin :

> " At last you too are to have a letter from me again. I am sitting in Turin, up to my eyes in work. That, as you will find, is a *good* sign ; for up to now, in all the places where I spent the spring, work was out of the question. The spirit was *un*willing, the flesh was weak ; and my digestion was in a bad way. *Here* the air is splendid, drier than I have found in any other city. It's very exhilarating, and gives one a tremendous appetite ; there have been days when I thought I was in the Engadine. It's all because the high mountains are so near ; on three sides of Turin you can see the snow-capped Alps. They're a fairly long way off of course, but still even from the middle of the city you get a view of the world of mighty peaks ; it looks as if the streets ended there. Turin is a handsome and important city, full of fine squares and palaces. The population is 270,000. Many princes have their seats here, and it's the headquarters of the general staff, and so a very military place. Then there's a university, and twelve theatres, some of them excellent. The bookshops have

a good selection of books in three languages (Italian, French and German).

"This is really the only town that I care to live in. Its chief pride are its splendid, spacious porticos and colonnades, more magnificent than anything of the kind in all the rest of Europe, and moreover stretching for a long distance through the city, with a total length of 10,860 yards (that means two good hours' walk). The colonnades shelter you against all weathers: and so clean and beautiful are the marble and other stones, that you think you are in a drawing-room."

At first, as he writes to Brandes, he had applied himself with gleeful energy to *The Will to Power*, and he seems to have had ideas of re-arranging the whole material—the best possible proof of his active mood. During this work, however, a subject arose which, he felt, called for special treatment. While he was examining the modern age, the problem of Richard Wagner forced itself pre-eminently upon his notice. He had at first intended to deal exhaustively with this problem in the first book of *The Will to Power*. It seems that various reasons led him to discuss the matter in a separate treatise. Two years earlier he had had thoughts of writing a fresh essay on Wagner in some new Thoughts out of Season, in the one entitled "Music" or in "The Artists: Mental Reservations of a Philosopher." He had already seen clearly, from all sorts of experiences, that it was almost his duty to express himself once more on this subject and to show exactly where he stood. On all sides there had been fatal misconceptions, since the untutored younger generation thought it feasible to reconcile Wagner as "thinker" with Nietzsche as philosopher. Nietzsche was fully aware that he himself was chiefly responsible for this mistake; hence he writes: "The misunderstanding about Richard Wagner has by now reached enormous proportions in Germany; and since I have had a share in increasing it, I am anxious to pay my debt and do what I can to

remove the errors." It is impossible for the present generation to realise how little of importance had been said about Richard Wagner before 1872, when my brother came forward to champion his cause. Outside the circle of the initiated, no one thought of seeing anything in Wagner but a revolutionary in the realm of operatic music. It was my brother's merit or fault, call it what you will, that Wagner became connected with the idea of a new and loftier German culture and with the Greek spirit. Accordingly, the author of *The Birth of Tragedy* and of the essay "Richard Wagner at Bayreuth" in *Thoughts out of Season* knew only too well that he was largely to blame for the bewilderingly high esteem in which Wagner was held. From year to year, however, he saw more clearly that he had set up a delusive idol for the Germans, especially for young Germany; and that their adoration of that idol only served to enhance the German defects—obscurity, turgidity and heaviness—and even tricked them out in the semblance of virtues. Not that my brother sought to abolish Wagner-worship as a stage in the mental development of our modern German youth; on the contrary, he regarded it as an indispensable factor in that development. Thus he writes to Heinrich von Stein: "I have been told that you, perhaps more than anyone else, are devoted heart and soul to Schopenhauer and Wagner. This devotion is a priceless treasure, provided it comes and goes at the proper time." From numerous symptoms, however, my brother recognised that the Wagner cult had lasted long enough, and that its influence was no longer beneficial. It would be a good thing, he thought, if the German could now awake from his sombre dream of passion, which during the period of flat, dreary materialism had no doubt taught him much that was deep and serious, and could open his heart and mind for new ideals, for all that my brother so sadly missed in Wagner: "the *gaya scienza*,

the light tread, wit, fire, grace, the higher logic, the dancing of the stars, exultant spirituality, the tremulous light of the South, the smooth sea, perfect symmetry." He wished to see the German youth, not as a heavy, gloomy, life-denying dreamer, but joyous, saying "yea" to life, anticipating from life a thousand delightful possibilities, in order to find scope for his powerful will. But, alas! who listened to his voice at a time when "denial of life" and decadence ran riot? He grew impatient, finding no one who had the desire or the capacity to grasp the problems of ascending or declining life; he saw with horror how it was just the decadent ideals that were fostered by the Wagnerian art, and how this very fact caused that art to gain more and more ground. What pained him more than anything, however, was the discovery that music was losing its power of brightening the world and was becoming more and more "gloomy and pessimistic."

In 1886 he had laid aside his notes on Wagner, because he had clearly foreseen that a special treatise on the Wagner problem, detached from the general body of his philosophy, might give fresh occasion for manifold errors. Now, however, he was constantly receiving from Bayreuth circles reports which caused him veritable alarm. These Bayreuth people were making Wagner into an absurd, inflated figure, a figure utterly at variance with reality. It was, in fact, the Wagnerites, and not their hero himself, who opened so wide a gulf between Wagner and Nietzsche. Thus Nietzsche writes: "No one has loved and honoured Richard Wagner as much as I; and if he had not finally had the bad taste—or was it an unhappy necessity?—to make common cause with a type of 'intellect' impossible for me, with his hangers-on, the Wagnerites, I should have had no reason for bidding him farewell during his lifetime; for he was the boldest, profoundest, and least understood among all the problematic spirits of our age. In fact,

my friendship with him has done more to advance my knowledge than any other friendship; but it must be remembered that his cause and my cause were not to be confounded, and that it needed a good deal of self-conquest before I learnt to make the proper distinction between 'his' and 'mine.'"

The strange metamorphosis of the Bayreuth Master vexed not only my brother, but others who had really known Richard Wagner. In the early spring of 1888 a message from Hans von Bülow was delivered to my brother. The message contained a severe criticism of the Bayreuth circle, and ended with the challenge: "Friedrich Nietzsche really ought to write an explanation of his departure from Bayreuth; I am sure that we should learn a good deal from such an explanation. I myself intend to deal with a kindred theme."

Whether this message, which according to Nietzsche's notes he received twice, gave the impetus to *The Case of Wagner* can no longer be established. Probably his occupation with the problem of the modern age, as a chapter in *The Will to Power*, had shown him clearly that the world had entirely failed to grasp one of his chief doctrines—the contrast between ascending life, as manifested in the master-morality and in Classical art, and declining life, as manifested in the slave-morality and in Romantic art. Above all we recognised that the modern man comprises within himself both these opposite codes of values, and that one of the most striking instances of this modern spirit, with all its contradictions and its pernicious influences, was Richard Wagner himself. On examining the matter he evidently saw that a discussion of this instance would take up too much space in *The Will to Power*, and accordingly he once more delved into his notes and wrote the short treatise entitled *The Case of Wagner*.

Inconceivable as it may appear to those who are not under the influence of my brother's psychology, the fact

remains that, in spite of his caustic interpretations and repeated outbursts of scorn and indignation, he was always strongly inclined to revert to his youthful worship of Wagner. The very bitterness of his language testifies how high he placed Wagner, what hopes he entertained, and what a sad disappointment it had been to see this man, the bravest of the brave, fail to reach his goal, bowing the knee to success and feebly swimming with the current, instead of giving that current a new direction. Peter Gast writes: "All the hopes that Nietzsche had connected with Wagner's name in *The Birth of Tragedy* and the fourth of the *Thoughts out of Season* were dashed to the ground by *Parsifal*. The atheist Wagner, who had once in bold mood written *Art and Revolution* and *Art and Climate*, had been converted into a whining Christian bigot, brusquely dismissed even by his master, Schopenhauer." Those who understand my brother can even see clearly how greatly he still admired Wagner (objectively to some extent, from the standpoint of a psychologist) as the most brilliant and impressive example of the modern soul, with its eyes squinting in two opposite directions, and of the needs which that soul desires to satisfy.

I have often been told that my brother, in spite of his youth, exercised great influence on Wagner, and could have exercised an even greater influence. This is evident, they say, in the third act of *Siegfried*, which rises so far above the other first two acts. Wagner himself assured me repeatedly that his association with my brother had inspired him to compose this music; and my brother writes to Peter Gast on the point (April 27th, 1883): "Finally came the death of Wagner. How that tore open the old wounds! It has been the most trying ordeal of my life, so far as justice towards humanity is concerned—all this intercourse and breaking-off with Wagner; yet I had ultimately reached that state of 'indolence' of which you speak in your letter. What

can be sadder than indolence, when I think of the days when the last part of *Siegfried* was being composed! We loved each other then, and had the highest hopes of each other—it was indeed a genuine love, without any reservations." In 1886 he writes: "*The Birth of Tragedy* perhaps struck the most joyous note in Wagner's life; he was in raptures. There are some very fine things in the *Götterdämmerung*, things that he perhaps owes to this condition of unexpected joy and supreme hopefulness."

It was only in the Tribschen period that any influence on Wagner was possible. My brother writes in 1880, with a mournful recollection of Tribschen: "I loved the man, when he was living upon an island and excluding the world, though without any hatred: that is how I understood his attitude! How far he is from me now that he is swimming with the current of national cupidity and national rancour, and is trying to satisfy the craving which these nations, bemused with politics and the greed of gold, feel for religion! I used to think that he had nothing to do with the moderns—what a fool I was!" Look back upon his former views, he writes in *Nietzsche contra Wagner:*

> "It will perhaps be remembered, at any rate by my friends, that when I first approached this modern world I made mistakes about it and overrated it—at all events, I was full of hope. The philosophical pessimism of the nineteenth century as expressed in the writings of Hume, Kant and Hegel, appeared to me (perhaps from some personal experience or other) to embody a loftier power of thought, a triumphant fulness of life. I regarded the sense of *tragedy* as the highest luxury of our culture, as its most precious, most aristocratic, most dangerous form of extravagance, but for all that, in view of the enormous wealth of that culture, as a *permissible* luxury. In the same way, I interpreted Wagner's music as the expression of a Dionysian strength of soul; in that music, I thought I heard an earthquake letting loose a primæval life-force that had been dammed up for ages, little caring whether our so-called 'culture' of to-day were overwhelmed by the

flood. The world can see to-day how mistaken I was, and it can see also that the qualities I ascribed to Wagner and Schopenhauer were really—my own. . . ."

In a later note he says, morosely:

"Music—for Heaven's sake, let us regard music as a *recreation* and nothing else! On no account must we treat music as, through contemptuous misuse, it has come to be treated to-day—as a stimulant, as one more whip-lash for exhausted nerves, as a mere Wagnerism!—Nothing is more unhealthy (*crede experto!*) than the Wagnerian abuse of music; of all forms of idealistic clap-trap it is the worst. There are few things that make me more angry with myself than the thought that in my youth, against all my instincts, I came under the spell of Wagner. Wagner and youth—that is nothing more nor less than *poison* and youth. . . . It is only six years since I have once more come to know what music means, thanks to a careful recollection of an instinct that I had almost forgotten, thanks above all to the priceless good fortune of finding a kinsman in instinct, my friend Peter Gast, the only musician of our day who still knows what music means!—What do I *want* from music? That it should be gay and profound, like an October afternoon. Mild, kindly —*not* heated. . . . That it should bask in the sun, that everything about it should be sweet, strange, subtle and spiritual. That its feet should trip in wayward fashion. Every attempt I have made in these six years to 'feel at home' with Wagner has failed. After every first act I felt bored to death, and left the theatre. With what poverty, thrift and cleverness this genius is endowed by Nature! How patiently one has to wait before he gets a new idea!"

In 1888, when enthusiasm for Wagner had begun to reach the man in the street, such a verdict already ran counter to public opinion. But after all, whenever my brother expressed his views upon Wagner, he managed to arouse opposition. In 1872 it cost him his classical career at the university, of which brilliant things had been prophesied on all sides; he lost his reputation as a conscientious university teacher. Accordingly he writes

regarding *The Case of Wagner* to Malwida von Meysenbug, in a letter which was never despatched: "I know quite well how gravely I am compromising myself again; but that's only a reason why I should go ahead. In the days when one compromised oneself by speaking in favour of Wagner, I did not flinch from the task—perhaps you don't know what Wagnerism cost me?"

It is quite certain that no one has ever given more thought to the Wagner problem than my brother did—he was led into this wrong path by his great friendship for Wagner. A time will come when the world will no longer realise that to some extent he measured *all* artistic questions of the day by this standard; and will be unable to understand how a Nietzsche, who opened up problems of eternity which a thousand years can hardly suffice to solve, could have spent so much time and thought on this one problem. The taste in any given form of music changes very quickly, except in the case of sacred music, which is bound up with religious cults. The things that endure and have value for the longest space on this changeful earth are philosophies and religions and all that is connected with them. Wagner, who with eager effort grasped at the laurel-wreath of everlasting fame, knew this perfectly well. It is possible that some such thought was at the back of his mind when he endeavoured to found a new religion. With *Parsifal*, a new Christianity was to blossom at Bayreuth, and its sacred music for all eternity was to be the music of *Parsifal*. But what a strange notion—to found a new Christianity in an opera-house! What astonished my brother more than anything was the Christians of to-day, who could acquiesce in such a scheme: "I marvel, by the way, at the meekness of the Christians who go to Bayreuth. Personally, I would not for a moment endure some of the things that Wagner says. There are notions that do *not* suit Bayreuth. . . . What! A Christianity revised for female Wagnerites, perhaps *by*

female Wagnerites—for in the old days Wagner was altogether feminine — ? I can only repeat, the Christians of to-day are too meek for me!" It is a pity that my brother never made the acquaintance of the Princess Wittgenstein; he might perhaps have come to think more highly of present-day Christians. This serious-minded and clear-thinking lady—*une grande Chrétienne*, as the French say—regarded *Parsifal* with the greatest indignation. I quote from Adelheid von Storn's *Two Generations* the following passage in a letter written by the Princess: "And *Parsifal?* No doubt Wagner's genius has succeeded in reproducing the religious spirit in music with an intensity such as has never before been known. . . . The question is, though, whether sincere Christians will approve of seeing such remarkable skill in parody applied to their holiest sacraments. Kundry, that caricature of the blessed Magdalen! And all that nonsense in the whole libretto, which puts mediæval poetry on such an absurd plane. . . . But it would take too long to show every point at which the most sacred things in our Christian faith are insulted. Some day there'll come a reaction. . . ."

My brother, by the way, however much he may have deplored the tenor of the text in *Parsifal*, was by no means averse to the music. He admired it, and even saw in it a real kinship with the sentiments and musical compositions of his youthful period. An almost comical scene was enacted between us, a scene described by my brother himself in a letter to Peter Gast (Tautenburg, July 25th, 1882):

> "On Sunday I was at Naumburg, in order to prepare my sister a bit for *Parsifal*. It was a queer job! In the end I said, 'My dear sister, I composed exactly the same sort of music when I was a boy, at the time I was composing my oratorio.' Then I fetched out the old papers and played the music over again after all those years: the *identity* of mood and expression was miraculous; why, some passages, *e.g.*, 'The

Death of the Kings,' seemed to us more appealing than anything we had played from *Parsifal*, yet for all that quite Parsifalian! I confess that I once more realise with a shock how closely akin I am to Wagner. I'll give you an opportunity of judging the matter for yourself—it's so odd, that I can't trust myself.

"You quite understand, my dear friend—all this doesn't mean that I want to have *Parsifal praised!* What a sudden decadence! What Cagliostro tricks!"

It must not be forgotten that my brother is here speaking only of the piano score. He had never seen *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, although he had heard extracts from it at concerts, and with these he was delighted. He writes (January 21st, 1887) from Nice to Gast regarding a concert performance of the prelude at Monte Carlo:

"The other day, for the first time, I heard the introduction to *Parsifal* (at Monte Carlo!). When I see you again, I will give you a full account of the impression it made on me. By the way, taking the purely æsthetic point of view, and ignoring such questions as 'What purpose *can* or *should* such music serve?' one feels inclined to ask, 'Has Wagner ever done anything better?' Here we have the highest psychological consciousness and certainty regarding what has here to be said, expressed, *communicated;* the most concise and direct form, every nuance of feeling being given in almost epigrammatic style; a music of high descriptive power, such as makes one think of a cunningly wrought shield: and, finally, at the base of the music, a marvellous, sublime presentment of psychical feeling and experience, a presentment that does Wagner the highest honour—a complex of conditions which many men, even 'higher men,' might regard as incompatible, of judicial sternness, of 'loftiness' in the more terrifying sense, of an insight which cuts through souls as with a knife, and of pity for that which is seen and judged in those souls. You find this sort of thing in Dante, but nowhere else. I wonder if any painter ever painted with such a despairing glance of love as Wagner does in the closing bars of his Prelude?"

It is touching to see in my brother's private memoranda

how he is always trying over again to find excuses for Wagner, although he had entered on a path of which he approved so little, and had tried to deny life through his music, instead of glorifying and saying "yea" to life. In the end my brother did as most men do, when something goes wrong (Moses seems to have set a precedent to serve for all time): he put the blame upon the woman. "Wagner's *Parsifal*," he says, "was first and foremost an act of condescension on Wagner's part to the Catholic instincts of his wife, the daughter of Liszt."

His last weeks at Turin were spent in planning *The Case of Wagner;* but as some very warm days came at the beginning of June, my brother hurried off to Sils-Maria, having heard from there that the summer had begun in the Engadine. On his arrival there the weather was hot, almost sultry, but soon came a sudden change; for five weeks rain fell incessantly, with a chilly atmosphere and a gloomy sky. Some nights it even froze, and this had a bad effect on my brother. His room could not be properly warmed, so that he caught a severe cold and after that a sharp attack of influenza, with eye-aches and headaches. In any case he had to abandon his long walks, and in consequence, feeling bored, he read and wrote far too much and overstrained his eyes. He copied out the manuscript of *The Case of Wagner* twice in full: the first time his hands were numbed with cold, his eyes were smarting, and the pen was "so infernally scratchy" that neither the publisher nor (so he said) he himself could read the script. The whole period was bad for my brother's health; his whole physical system needed sunshine and a clear sky.

As soon as fine days came again, he recovered his old zest for work, wrote out the whole manuscript over again, with several alterations, in four days, and asked the printers to have it ready at the earliest possible date. For the following summary of the contents I am indebted to Peter Gast.

"*The Case of Wagner.*

"*Preface.* Wagner as an artistic combination of the modern psychical forces, as an epitome of modernity, of decadence.

"(1) Comparison with Bizet. Wagner's music clogs the listener's soul, Bizet's gives it wings.

"(2) Freedom from moralic acid in the theme of *Carmen.*

"(3) The old-maidish morality of the Germans. Wagner has a cunning knack of meeting that morality half-way.

"(4) Wagner, originally a sensualist of the Feuerbach school, becomes a Romantic pessimist.

"(5) Wagner's art is morbid. Its brutal, artificial and innocent (idiotic) elements are stimulants for the jaded palate.

"(6) How the modern musician blabs his most intimate secrets.

"(7) Wagner's musical style. The petty (*motiv*) becomes master over the whole. A miniaturist beyond compare.

"(8) Wagner theatricalizes music, he is no born musician.

"(9) Wagner as 'dramatist' (a mere scene-painter). His plots and problems are the same as those of the Parisian decadents.

"(10) Wagner as man of letters. His music wants to 'have a meaning'; he must teach this theoretically. His bent towards spiritualization, towards 'the idea'; in this respect an heir of Hegel.

"(11) Wagner betokens the predominance of the *actor* in music. The golden age of the mimetic artists. A training of automatons.

"(12) (*a*) The theatre seeks to be the standard for all arts.
(*b*) The theatrical artist corrupts the genuine artist.
(*c*) Music becomes an art of lying.

"*Postscript.* 'What Wagner costs us.' (*a*) The German opposition to Wagner. (*b*) The desire to get rid of him. (*c*) The taste of the amateur and the dilettante gains the upper hand. (*d*) Wagner flatters the instinct of obscurantism. (*e*) Wagner corrupts women, nerves, thought.

"*Second Postscript.* By the side of Wagner, other musicians of our day do not count: he is *complete* corruption, the others in this respect only go half-way.

"*Epilogue.*

"Ascending life. Master-morality. Classical art.

"Declining life. Christian morality. Decadent art.

"The modern man has in himself *both* conflicting moralities: he is a physiological contradiction: he is 'false,' he squints."

There was a time when I deeply regretted that my brother had written *The Case of Wagner*, for I was a whole-hearted admirer of that musician. But the more I have penetrated into Nietzsche's world of thought, the more I have come to see that the book was inevitable. The obscurity and confusion would otherwise have reached alarming proportions, although perhaps the book was written too early. Certainly no one understood it: nowhere in the Press did my brother find a judicious verdict. "A kingdom for one sensible remark!" was his bitter cry. The most amazing feature of the whole business was the general assumption that my brother's change of attitude towards Wagner was a thing of yesterday. This showed him clearly that no one had read his books; for otherwise the change would have been noticed ten years earlier. Owing to this discovery in December, 1888, he hastily wrote the short treatise *Nietzsche contra Wagner*, which in all essentials contained nothing but passages dealing with Wagner from the books he had published since 1878. He called them "Documents of a Psychologist." During the last twenty-five years these two books have come to be far better understood, and they now find cordial acceptance from many who were once blind worshippers of Wagner. Such readers will feel the force of the following words, which my brother wrote regarding *The Case of Wagner* in November, 1888:

"In order to do justice to this book, one must have suffered pain from the destiny of music as from an open wound. What is it that tortures me when I grieve over the destiny of music? The thought that music has lost its power of transfiguring the world, of saying 'yea' to life, that it has become a

music of decadence and is no longer the flute of Dionysus. . . . Assuming, however, that you look upon the cause of music as your own cause, as your own tale of woe, you will find this book full of tender consideration and gentle beyond measure. To be cheerful and good-humoured in such cases, to raise a laugh against oneself into the bargain—*ridendo dicere severum* where *verum dicere*[1] would justify any severity—is the very essence of moderation. After all, who doubts for a moment that I, old gunner that I am, am perfectly capable of bringing up my heavy artillery against Wagner? I kept back all my deadliest ammunition, for I loved the man."

It is quite possible that this treatise would have been better understood if the author *had* used his heavy artillery and had defended his own position. Nevertheless, all who consider *The Case of Wagner* in relation to his general philosophic outlook will feel the deep seriousness, the passion and the pain that underlie this apparently humorous attack. My brother was far too sensitive to be able to speak of all that his heart felt. A proud warrior hides his wounds. There is no question that the rupture of his friendship with Wagner was the most momentous and painful experience of my brother's life. It is sad indeed for me to mark the traces of this agony in his private notes and letters. "Was the rupture inevitable?" I often ask myself. When I went to Bayreuth in 1882 for the performance of *Parsifal*, Wagner, fêted as he was by all the civilised nations of the world, suddenly said to me: "Since your brother left me I have been alone!" Had not Wagner looked so infinitely sad when he said this, I should have emboldened myself to say: "But it was your fault." It always seemed to me as if the breach could have been avoided. All that was asked of Wagner was that he should have the magnanimity to set Nietzsche entirely free. Wagner, however, demanded from those around

[1] Alluding to Horace's *ridendo dicere verum quid vetat?* (What forbids us to tell the truth with a smile?)—TR.

him complete submission to his views. Such a demand may have suited men of lesser intellect, but as regards Nietzsche it was a piece of sheer arrogance. Yet not even Wagner, I think, ever quite got over the blow; my brother certainly did not. Men of commanding genius seldom realise how rare a thing genius is, and how it is an even rarer thing for two supreme intellects to form an intimate friendship. After the separation, both may have breathed more freely for a time, and have fancied that it would not be so difficult to replace the lost friend, yet in the end neither found adequate consolation. Heinrich von Stein told me in touchingly modest fashion, how he always felt that Wagner was seeking some compensation for the loss of Nietzsche's friendship, and was constantly disappointed. (This was during the years 1885-86.) My brother also sought compensation, and in his isolated condition was less successful than Wagner, who came into contact with some men of great distinction. Finally my brother came to the conclusion that Wagner was robbing him of the few friends whom he might have influenced. That, I think, was the hardest blow of all.

The fact that there were other reasons to widen the gulf between Nietzsche and the Bayreuth master was well-known to many. In 1878, my brother and I met Richard Pohl at Baden-Baden. The subject of Wagner at once came up, and from the very reserve that my brother imposed upon himself Pohl guessed more than was desirable. "Yes, of course," exclaimed Pohl, turning to me, "Professor Nietzsche wishes to be alone when he worships Wagner, and now that we are coming along in troops, he won't join in our devotions." My brother laughed, and said afterwards that there was some point in this remark. At any rate, he writes in 1886: "There is no doubt that Wagner's art is to-day influencing the masses. Surely this fact is not without significance for that art itself? There are in art three good things for

which the 'masses' have never had any sense—refinement, logic and beauty (*pulchrum est paucorum hominum*): not to speak of a thing that is still better—to wit, the *grand* style. From nothing is Wagner more remote than from the grand style."

Yet in spite of the fact that my brother's taste declared itself so strongly opposed to Wagner's art in general, he was never chary of expressing his love and admiration for particular details, and for Wagner as a striking phenomenon. Thus he writes in *Ecce Homo:*

> "From the moment that the piano-score to *Tristan* appeared —my congratulations, Herr von Bülow!—I was a Wagnerian. I saw the earlier works of Wagner beneath me—still too common, too 'German.' . . . But to-day I am still looking for a work of the same dangerous fascination, the same infinite terror and charm, as this *Tristan*—and through all the arts I search in vain. At the first note of *Tristan*, all the strange beauties of Leonardo da Vinci lose their enchantment. This opera is undoubtedly Wagner's high-watermark: it enabled him to recover from *The Meistersingers* and *The Ring*. To become healthier—that is a *retrogression* for a man like Wagner. . . . I consider it a piece of supreme good fortune to have been born at such a time and in such a country that I was *ripe* for this work: so far does my curiosity as a psychologist carry me. The world is poor for him who has never been ill enough for this 'sensual delight in hell': in this case it is allowable, nay almost imperative, to use a mystical phrase. I think I know better than anyone the tremendous capacities of Wagner, the fifty worlds of strange enchantments to which he alone could take wing: and since I am strong enough to turn the most questionable and dangerous things to my advantage, and thus to become stronger, I call Wagner the greatest benefactor I have ever known. We two are akin in having suffered more deeply, even from each other, than any men of this century could have suffered; and this will always link our names together."

I have often been asked, What sort of music did Nietzsche really want? He always spoke with real delight of Bizet's *Carmen*, and was deeply affected by

the early death of the composer from whom he had hoped so much. He writes to Rohde regarding Mozart: "In the long run, a man of my stamp—*profondément triste*—cannot away with Wagner's music. We need in our music the South, the sun at all costs, bright, simple, innocent Mozartian joy and tenderness. As a matter of fact, I ought to have about me men of the same characteristics as this music: men with whom I can take a rest from myself and laugh at myself." And in *Ecce Homo* he writes:

> "I have one word more for the most exquisite ears: as to what I really demand from music. That it should be merry and deep, like an October afternoon. That it should be intimate, unconstrained, tender, a sweet little woman full of impishness and grace. . . . I will never admit that a German can know what music means. Those whom we call German musicians, especially the greatest, are *foreigners*, Slavs, Croats, Italians, Netherlanders—or Jews; where this is not the case, they are Germans of the strong breed, of the type now obsolete, men like Heinrich Schütz, Bach and Handel. Personally I am still so much of a Pole[1] that I would sacrifice all other music for Chopin; for three reasons, I except Wagner's *Siegfried* idyll, perhaps also some things of Liszt, who is superior to all other musicians in noble orchestration; finally, all that has been composed on the other side of the Alps—*this side*.[2] . . . I should not care to give up Rossini, still less *my* South in music, the music of my Venetian *maestro*, Peter Gast. And when I say the other side of the Alps, I really mean Venice. For me there is no distinction between tears and music—I cannot think of happiness, of the *South*, without a shudder of awe.
>
> "On the bridge I stood,
> Mellow was the night,
> Music came from far—
> Drops of gold outpoured
> On the shimmering waves.
> Song, gondolas, light,

[1] Nietzsche claimed to be descended from "a noble Polish family called Nietzky."—Tr.

[2] Nietzsche first says "the other side" from the German point of view, then "this side," because *Ecce Homo* was written at Turin.—Tr.

Floated a-twinkling out into the dusk.
The chords of my soul, moved
By unseen impulse, throbbed
Secretly into a gondola song,
With thrills of bright-hued ecstasy.
Had I a listener there?"

CHAPTER XXV

THE SUMMER OF 1888: *THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS*

THE summer months of 1888 at Sils-Maria, with their pouring rain, dark skies and wintry temperature, were very trying for my brother. He, who was accustomed to get his ideas and think out the plan of a book in the open air and while walking, was now almost confined to his room, a room that had little air and light, and was inconvenient in other ways. He could not even keep the solitary window always open, for with his sensitiveness to bad smells he could not endure the odour of the carpets as affected by the damp air. It was only because the people of the house observed the scrupulous cleanliness which is universal in the Engadine, that my brother was able to put up with this simple —nay, more than simple—apartment. Although my brother, as a "modest scholar on his travels," used to dress very plainly, and lived altogether on a most thrifty scale, there was one point in which he was extremely particular, namely, cleanliness. It must not be supposed, indeed, that he was satisfied with this wandering life and continual residence in boarding-houses for foreigners and in shabby lodgings. He was really making a sacrifice, for with his artistic sense he longed for a harmonious, comfortable environment. In this matter he was severe towards himself; yet he thought that he could put up with such inadequate lodgings in such glorious spots as Nice and Sils-Maria for this reason—that he could make the wonderful countryside his real home, using his room as a mere shelter from the rain, a place where he could write out what he had planned in thought while on his

rambles. In a provincial town of the North, large or small, he could not possibly have endured such quarters for long. Still in the winters of 1886-7 and 1887-8 he had had a pretty, well-furnished room in Nice, which he often mentions with pleasure. He often felt angry at the thought that his "exacting health" compelled him to live in such expensive places as the Riviera and the Engadine on his modest income as a retired professor, and pointed out the contrast between his mode of life and his inclinations :

"The paradox of my life is this: that I regard the lack of all the things I more radically need, as a radical philosopher —liberty to choose my career, wife and children, friends, society, country home, faith, freedom almost from love and hate—as so many privations, because I am happily a living being and no mere compound of abstractions. I must add that in any case I am not blessed with consistent health—and that when I am well, I find the burden of such privations less hard to bear. What is more, I am still unable to combine the five conditions, on which a tolerable equilibrium of my changeable health might be based. For all that, it would be a fatal mistake, were I to deprive myself of the above eight freedoms in order to secure these five conditions: that is an *objective* view of my position.

"What complicates the matter is that I am also a poet, and need the things that all poets need: among them, strong sympathies, a well-ordered home and the like (with regard to these needs I can only call my life a dog's life). A further complication is this, that I am also a musician: so that in point of fact nothing in life has given me so much joy as music, even including my own, and at all events the music of my admirable *maestro* Peter Gast."

Even the four wishes which he notes as follows were denied him :

"I need

"(*a*) Some one to look after my digestion.

"(*b*) Some one who has a happy-go-lucky spirit, and can laugh with me.

"(*c*) Some one who is proud of associating with me, and keeps 'the others' up to a proper pitch of respect for me.

"(*d*) Some one who can read aloud to me without making the book seem stupid."

There is no doubt that my brother, with his physical and mental sensitiveness, suffered under unfavourable conditions more than was necessary. Yet he had acquired a wonderful capacity for turning the poison of suffering into a blessing: hence he did not even want to hear of coarse callousness: "It is nothing to be as hard as a Stoic—by means of callousness one sets oneself free. One must have the contrast in oneself—tender feeling and its antidote: the power of not bleeding, but of turning every misfortune to good account." Later on he writes: "I have long since determined not to take my wishes and plans so seriously. If I don't succeed in one thing, I succeed in another: and I don't know whether on the whole I have not just as much reason to be grateful for my failures as for any success. The things that make life worth living to me must be sought elsewhere."

As a counterpoise to his great capacity for suffering, my brother possessed the quality of finding one or more good sides to every unpleasant mischance. Looking back on his life, he notes with pleasure how he unconsciously turned every experience to his advantage: "On the whole, like a blind swimmer, I have in turn approached all the foods I need: first, sharpening of the intellect, then elevation and sacrifice of self, then justice and independence, then a considerate gentleness towards all that is independence. Pain has taught me to value the scattered joys of existence, partisanship has taught me solitude, the scholar in me impelled me to understand the artist, and so forth."

In 1888, again, he writes to me: "Whoever knows anything of me is primarily aware that I have been through more than anyone on earth. The evidence for

this is even written in my books ; line for line, they are the outcome of experience in new realms of the soul, and therefore, taken together, they depict a real growth, an addition to the concept of life. A feeling that has often come over me—and that not only in intercourse with some German scholar, who spoke to me with amiable seriousness of himself and of his little affairs—was this : 'every day you acquire more than that man acquires in his whole life ! And worse things, too, there's no doubt of that !' "

This overflowing gratitude towards life, this inward happiness at himself and at the inevitable course of his development, showed itself in a thousand ways to all his associates. Even with regard to the years of illness, 1879-81, he cannot repress a feeling of deep thankfulness : "I have often asked myself whether I am not more indebted to my most painful years than to any other. My innermost nature teaches me that all inevitable events, seen from above and in the sense of a mighty dispensation, are also useful in themselves—they must not only be endured, they must be *loved*. . . . *Amor fati :* that is the kernel of nature. And as for my long sickness, do I not owe to it much more than to my health ? To my sickness I owe a loftier health, a health that grows stronger through all attacks that do not utterly destroy it ! To my sickness I owe my philosophy."

In order to grasp the fulness of this gratitude, we must remember what Friedrich Ritschl already said of him in his youth : "Nietzsche can do anything he sets his mind to do." This is perfectly true, and even if his gigantic task lay before him like a deep and perilous sea, he never faced it with a sense of impotence, of inability to surmount the dangers, but gloried in his strength to plunge into the waters, confident of reaching the further shore. A few more favourable circumstances, above all a little circle of intelligent disciples to take up his new

doctrines and assist him in his tremendous labours, were all that was needed to make him the happiest man that has ever lived! And perhaps in spite of all, he *was* the happiest. A gipsy woman whom my brother and I once met on a walk in the Unstrut valley was very anxious to tell his fortune. My brother gave her money, but rejected her advances. The woman cried reproachfully: "So lucky, so lucky, and I mustn't tell his fortune!" "The woman is right," said my brother, laughingly, "I *am* a lucky man!"

He soon got over the horrible weeks of bad weather and influenza. On August 11th he writes to Mrs. Fynn:

> "What a day that was, dear lady, the tenth of August! The weather was warm, the sky clear and deep blue; all that I took in hand turned out well; every other hour came a pleasant surprise (among them a private concert all to myself, got up by an excellent musician from Hamburg, Herr von Holden; he had practised a piece by my Venetian *maestro* Peter Gast, and played it six times running—by heart!) In the morning I walked round the lake of Silvaplana, in the afternoon I was in the Fixtal. There were at least 70 strangers there, all looking like convalescents, for until the day before yesterday the weather was really enough to make one ill. And when I got home in the evening, counting up all the good things the day had brought me, there was still another present for me—your kind, charming letter! Such an undeserved letter!—But the winter was a bad one for me, a period of gloom and sadness, without sunshine above or in my heart. The whole stay in Nice was a failure. When philosophers are ill, they do as animals do, they are mute, and crawl into their dens. . . . The heat in Italy drove me to the Engadine early in July—unlucky creature that I am! The weather we had beggars description; my state of health grew so bad that it reminded me of my darkest days. Terrible eye-strain, every other week a day or two in bed, a dreadful headache with all its dreadful consequences. Being unable to go out, and shivering in my room by day, I couldn't even sleep at night. Then, too, a total lack of society: my eyes too weak for reading, a permanent state of boredom. For the last three weeks the

weather has been *different:* not exactly better, but with good, if brief, interludes. There were days of severe winter, with icy winds; even now the country looks very wintry, owing to the quantity of snow. But yesterday and the day before, the highest earthly and Engadinish perfection!"

The weather now began to improve, and he also had pleasant company. In the summer of 1888 my brother lived a comparatively social life. He saw a good deal of Fräulein von Salis, who in her little book *Philosopher and Nobleman* has many interesting things to tell of this summer. He speaks very well of other acquaintances, too: "I greatly enjoy the society of the Berlin Professor Kaftan and his wife. They are old Bâle acquiantances of mine, staying here for the first time." There were other German professors, too, with whom he had pleasant relations.

As the summer went on, he was seized with a veritable frenzy of creative energy. He seems to have spent some particularly fine days in revising the *Dionysos Dithyrambs.* They received their final form, and incidentally a new title: "Songs of Zarathustra, which he sang to himself, to make his last solitude endurable."

Other work was in preparation. On September 7th he writes to the publishing firm of C. G. Naumann:

"This time I will give you a surprise. You think, no doubt, that there is no more printing to be done; but lo and behold! here I am forwarding to you the most clearly-written MS. that I have ever sent you. The book is one which in get-up is to be a twin to *The Case of Wagner.* Its title is *Leisure Hours of a Philosopher.*[1] I must have it brought out now, because at the end of next year we shall probably be taken up with the printing of my chief work, *The Will to Power.* As the latter is very serious and severe in tone, I cannot follow it up with anything in a light vein. Nor, on the other hand, do I want it to follow immediately upon the satirical diatribe against Wagner.

"The present treatise, which is of no great length or scope,

[1] Afterwards changed to *Twilight of the Idols.*

may perhaps also serve to draw public attention to my work, so that *The Will to Power* does not meet with the preposterous silence that befell *Zarathustra*."

The intention of having this treatise printed and published at once was altered in some respects, after *The Case of Wagner* had appeared and been read through by the author. He writes to the publisher (September 15th):

"This morning I read the new book through from beginning to end—it is entirely free from errors. A few subtle alterations, including some in the arrangement of lines, are no doubt due to Herr Gast. The get-up of the book conveys the impression I wanted to convey—my hearty thanks to you for having given me such excellent advice in this important matter. It seems to me now a very happy notion of mine to have written an epilogue; this epilogue shows the connexion between *The Case of Wagner* and the main ideas of my philosophy.

"The five last pages will enlighten the world about me far more than any essays or dissertations, assuming—and the assumption is perhaps legitimate—that the book finds a large number of purchasers—and readers.

"In the meantime, I have come to the conclusion that at the present moment it would be most inadvisable to publish any further volume. By doing so, we should only weaken or destroy the impression to be made by *The Case of Wagner*, and remove the urgent necessity for a perusal of my *earlier* writings. I therefore beg you, my dear sir, to let this MS. lie over for a time (let us say, for the present, until next Easter). I should prefer you not to send it back to me. As a thinker one must not trouble about what is finished and done with (for this reason, I hardly ever keep copies of my own books). . . .

"I have just heard that Hans von Bülow is bringing out a a treatise on this subject. I am very glad to hear it: we two are the only men who have the courage and the knowledge to give intimate details of *The Case of Wagner*."

Hans von Bülow's book was to be entitled *Wagnerites, Old and New*, so my brother was informed by Freiherr von Gersdorff and by others. We find an answer from

my brother to an unknown correspondent, thanking him for the information, but saying that the fact was already known to him. Nothing has been heard of von Bülow's book, however, and his widow thinks that there must be some mistake, for she cannot remember hearing any discussion of the matter.

As regards his new book my brother writes to Peter Gast (September 12th, 1888): "I have a rather striking piece of news for you. A few days ago I sent Herr C. G. Naumann a MS. with the title *Leisure Hours of a Philosopher*. This innocent-looking title conceals a very bold and accurate summary of the essential *heterodoxies* in my philosophy: so that the book may serve to initiate the public and whet its appetite for my transvaluation of values (the first book of which is nearly finished)." On September 27th he writes from Turin to Gast, who feared that the title might give rise to misunderstandings: "So far as the title is concerned, your objections anticipated my own thought. In the end I extracted from the preface a formula which will perhaps meet your requirements. . . . The new title (which involves some trifling alterations in three or four places) is *The Twilight of the Idols: or, How to Philosophize with a Hammer*. The meaning of this formula—which after all is fairly clear in itself—is explained in the brief preface. Later on, he adds: "As a matter of fact, with this book the reader has me in a nutshell: a great deal in a small compass."

In *The Twilight of the Idols* he again used part of the matter for *The Will to Power*, in order to give, as it were, an epitome of his philosophy. He laboured under the old delusion, that an epitome of this kind could pave the way for his masterpiece. It seems to me that the effect of the little book at the time was only to alarm and bewilder the public.

In *The Twilight of the Idols* my brother once more expresses his opinion of the Germans, but this time

almost in the spirit of a foreigner. After living for nearly twenty years in Switzerland, Italy, and the South of France, he felt himself quite a stranger towards his native land. Yet after all his philosophy was intended for all the cultured nations of the world, and not only for the narrow confines of Germany. Hence he is perfectly justified in saying: "He who recognises values which he rates a hundred times higher than the welfare of 'fatherland,' society, blood-relations, values which are international and know no native country or race—such a man would be a humbug if he sought to play the patriot." He looked upon himself as a "good European."

These sentiments, however, did not prevent him, in *The Twilight of the Idols*, from giving the Germans their due. I will merely quote one sentence, which does not seem to be very widely known:

> "Perhaps I understand the Germans, perhaps I can even tell them a few home truths. Modern Germany represents a large amount of efficiency, inherited and acquired, so that for some time to come she even has a right to be extravagant in spending from the hoard that has accumulated. It is *not* a lofty culture that has gained the upper hand in Germany, still less a refined taste, an aristocratic instinct for 'beauty.' Yet she possesses virtues that are more manly than any other country in Europe can show: an ample share of courage and self-respect, sterling honesty in the relations of life, a high sense of duty, great industry, great stamina—and a hereditary temperance which needs the spur rather than the drag. I must add that here men obey without feeling humiliated by obedience. . . . And no one despises his opponent. . . ."

He also had several objections to make, these being developed in the section, "Where the Germans are Deficient." In spite of his preference for France, he was not so Gallic in his sympathies as is nowadays assumed in some quarters. The intrigues of French political parties in the eighties seemed to him already very unpleasant, more unpleasant even than their

counterpart in Germany. What he loved most in France was the France of the days before the Revolution, and then that most remarkable antidote to the Revolution —Napoleon. Still, even to contemporary France he accorded the great privilege of being the home of art, of style, of higher culture and of psychology. He writes about the reading he likes:

"There is a small number of earlier French writers to whom I always come back again. French culture is the only culture I believe in, and I regard all that goes under that name elsewhere in Europe—to say nothing of German culture—as a a mere misconception. . . . The few instances of real culture that I have come upon in Germany have all been of French origin; above all, Frau Cosima Wagner, by far the best authority on matters of taste that I have ever known. Pascal I not merely read, but love, as the most instructive victim of Christianity, killed by slow torture, a torture that was first physical and then psychological, as one might reasonably expect from this most horrible form of inhuman cruelty. Of Montaigne's playfulness I have something in my soul, and perhaps—who knows?—in my body. My artistic taste compels me, not without anger, to vindicate the fair fame of Molière, Corneille and Racine as against a disorderly genius like Shakespeare's. Yet all this does not prevent me from finding the Frenchmen of our day a very charming company. I cannot see in what century of history you could muster such a galaxy of subtle and penetrating psychologists as in modern Paris: I mention tentatively—for the number is not small—the names of MM. Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaître, or, to give special prominence to one of the strong race, a genuine Latin, to whom I feel strongly drawn, Guy de Maupassant. Between ourselves, I even prefer this generation to its great teachers, who are all somewhat corrupted by German philosophy (M. Taine, for instance, by Hegel, to whom he owes his failure to understand great men and great epochs). Wherever Germany's influence extends, it *corrupts* culture. It was the Franco-Prussian War that 'redeemed' the intellect in France. Stendhal, one of the luckiest windfalls of my life—for all that is important in him I have come upon by chance, not through the recommendation

of others—is quite invaluable with his psychological second sight, with his grip of reality, reminding one of the great masters in this sphere (*ex ungue Napoleonem*[1]). Last, but not least, I will name an *honourable* atheist—a rare and almost undiscoverable species in France—Prosper Mérimée."

His preference for the French, however, need not seem astonishing or excessively painful to us Germans. After all, he often indulged in "a bout of genuine patriotism," when he would say, "I love the Germans." It was, however, an unlucky passion, since it met with no return, and accordingly his wrath was that of a wounded lover.

In the year 1888, which was so rich in days of productive energy, he no doubt often felt the supreme joys of creation. Yet he who knows such happiness must also know the agony of finding that no one in his own country will accept the precious gifts of his working hours, and of seeing himself forgotten and despised in a land where he ought to be honoured and understood.

"Ten years have passed—
Hath no drop reached thee?
No rain-fraught wind? No dew of love?
But who can love thee,
Thou too, too rich one?
Thy happiness parches the soil around
And withers love—
A rainless land . . . .
There is none to thank thee,
But thou thankest all
Who take from thee:
By that token I know thee,
Thou too, too rich one,
Thou, poorest of all that are rich!
Thy riches torment thee,
Thou givest of thyself,
Thou nor sparest nor lovest thyself,
The great torment is ever upon thee,
The torment of overfull granaries, of overfull heart,
Yet there is none to thank thee."[2]

[1] A play upon the Latin saying, *ex ungue leonem*—"from the claw (you can recognise or reconstruct) the lion."—Tr.

[2] From the *Dionysos Dithyrambs*.—Tr.

In our school-books we learn the fable that genius disdains the verdict of the multitude, that those destined for immortality have an unquenchable belief in themselves and in their future renown, that the adverse criticism of their contemporaries is only a spur to drive them forward on the path of fame. What we forget to teach the young is how terribly genius suffers under such an isolation. The man of genius speaks—a dead silence follows, he might as well have been speaking in a vacuum. He speaks more loudly, more shrilly, more passionately —his countrymen scornfully shrug their shoulders. In the blissfulness of creation he is the mighty hero, who conquers everything and needs no companion in adventure ; but when the work is over, there come the days when he yearns to be understood. There are dark hours, when the man of genius begins to lose faith in himself, and looks with fear and trembling at the lonely and perilous path that lies before him. At such times a word of sympathy (not of offensive pity), a warm, loyal hand-clasp would be a most grateful solace. My brother suffered terribly under the silence and misunderstanding that befell him in Germany, however much he endeavoured to hide his pain.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE FINAL PERIOD OF ACTIVITY

In the second half of September the weather again became very bad, and prevented my brother from getting away: "My presentiment, that the closing days of my stay at Sils would be a severe ordeal for me, has come true. We have had extraordinary floods for the last week: everything is swamped; it pours day and night, sometimes rain, sometimes snow. The rainfall during the last four days has been nearly three times the average for the whole month." On September 16th he writes: "All the world thinks I have left Sils. I wish I had, but what's the good of wishing? The 'higher' Power of Nature, after ill-using me up here for the whole of the so-called summer, ends up by keeping me a close prisoner. I wrote to-day to Turin, where I was expected to arrive about this time, 'Cannot get away. Great floods. Railway to Chiavenni-Colico blocked in several places.' The postmaster will let me know when everything is in order; I expect to be detained here for a week." And so it turned out, for he did not reach Turin till September 22nd. He writes from there: "My journey was full of trials and tribulations. I did not get to Milan till midnight. The most unpleasant feature was a long night journey in Como, through flooded country, over a narrow wooden bridge—by torchlight! Like a game of blind man's buff! Tired out by the relaxing air of Lombardy, I arrived at Turin; but, strange to say, in the twinkling of an eye everything was all right again. A wonderfully clear air, autumn tints, an exquisite sense of well-being over the whole scene."

This involuntary stay in Sils-Maria, however, had given

my brother occasion to do a vast amount of work. He writes to me (September 14th):

"Against all my inclinations, I have had to wait till the end of my Engadine summer (?) before writing to you. Everything was in a dreadful muddle for most of the year, and my health was far from good; so that when things took a turn for the better, I tried to make up for lost time by working at high pressure. I really have accomplished a good deal, and can now find time for more philanthropic tasks, even for writing letters. . . .

"To my regular resorts, Nice and Sils-Maria, I have added a third as an interlude—Turin. Both from a climatic and a human point of view, it is the most sympathetic spot I have yet discovered. A big city, but quiet, distinguished, aristocratic, with a University, good libraries, excellent attention to my wants, first-rate theatres. Prices are very low, food and air are good, there is plenty of water, and one gets delightful walks—everything suits me down to the ground. The larger bookshops sell books in three languages (French, German, and Italian), so that for scientific literature I am far better off than in Leipzig itself. The ring of high mountains which surrounds Turin on three sides keeps the atmosphere dry and pure, just like at Sils and Nice. As I am in the midst of the most important work of my life, a regular course of living for several years is absolutely essential. Nice for the winter, Turin for the spring, Sils for the summer, Turin for two months in the autumn—that is the scheme. My diet is also normal, that is to say quite individual, and arranged in accordance with my personal needs. This of course involves an avoidance of all eating in public places or in company. The success of this system of living, which is the result of gradual experiment, is shown in an enormous increase of productive energy. The three essays of last summer" [*Genealogy of Morals*] "were planned, carried out and sent off to the publishers within less than twenty-five days. I achieved a similar feat this summer, as soon as things took a turn for the better" [*The Twilight of the Idols*]. "In Turin I have turned out, with ridiculous ease, an important essay on the psychology of musicians, which you will receive this autumn. The first book of *The Transvaluation of All Values* is nearly finished.—Not bad news, eh, my dear Lama? The worst of it is that I have to get my books printed at my own

expense—and the time has gone by for ever when the relations between myself and the present age can be anything but war to the knife! With this somewhat Red Indian conclusion I send my best wishes to you, my dear Lama, and to your Bernhard."

In this letter he writes to me for the first time of a work called *The Transvaluation of All Values*. His philosophical masterpiece had previously always been entitled *The Will to Power*, and "Attempt at a Transvaluation of All Values" had been merely a sub-title. After the completion of *The Twilight of the Idols* the sub-title came to be the main title, and moreover a radical alteration was made in the contents. Taking only a part of the vast material for *The Will to Power*, the chapters "A Criticism of Christianity" and "Morality and Philosophy" from the second book, and "Dionysos" and "Eternal Recurrence" from the fourth book, he intended to weld them into a new volume, *The Transvaluation of All Values*. The contents of the first and third books seem to be disregarded for the time being. Hence the "Transvaluation of Values," beginning as it does with *The Antichrist*, must again be looked upon only as a part of the great philosophical masterpiece entitled *The Will to Power*. The four books of this new work were called: I. The Antichrist, an Attempt at a Criticism of Christianity; II. The Free Spirit, a Criticism of Philosophy as a Nihilistic Movement; III. The Immoralist, a Criticism of the Most Fatal Form of Ignorance; IV. Dionysos, The Philosophy of the Eternal Recurrence. *The Antichrist* alone was completed in September 1888; for the other books we have only a few scattered notes bearing directly upon their subjects.

I must lay special stress on the fact that my brother did not publish *The Antichrist* himself, and that in its original form it was probably written in a less violent tone. I will not go so far as to say that, if the book had been published by him, any of its main features would

have been altered; but I think that, had the author written it in a calmer frame of mind, he would have expressed himself in a style more akin to that of *Beyond Good and Evil*. In the latter book, he never forgot to mention what a boon Christianity has always been and can still be, as a religion for the masses.

Some personal details concerning my brother's attitude towards Christianity will no doubt be of interest. As he was always so careful to avoid hurting the feelings of those with whom he came into contact, it is not surprising that on the whole he rarely voiced his opinions on the subject. In 1871, when he was still under the spell of Schopenhauer, he writes to Freiherr von Gersdorff:

> "That analysis of the relation between religion and philosophy, which you mention, is certainly one of the painful duties of life. If we are summoned to that duty, we should arm ourselves with wisdom and gentleness. In such conflicts, it is always so difficult to avoid animosity; whereas, after all, in the great darkness of existence, it is here that the real domain of pity lies. Through your actions, at any rate, you should always emphasize your heartfelt assent to the dogma of love and pity. This is the safe bridge that can be thrown even across such chasms.
>
> "Furthermore, there is a noble art of knowing when to be silent about such matters. Speech is a hazardous thing, and on these occasions one seldom finds the right word. What a lot there is that one must not say! Views on religion and philosophy, in particular, should be tabooed. They are the roots of our thought and desire, and hence should not be dragged out into the garish light of day."

He had, moreover, a real liking for sincere, pious Christians. Especially as regards piety, all who had intercourse with him at Bâle will concur with my statement. There was a mutual attraction between him and those who really took their Christianity seriously. Accordingly he writes: "My attack on Christianity is not due to any personal grievance; I have always had a friendly feeling towards earnest Christians. Though an out-and-

out opponent of Christianity, I am far from bearing a grudge against any individual for the fatal blunder of centuries. . . ." One of these sincere Christians, Herr Adolf V——, remarked to me that it was a reproach to present day Christianity that a man like Nietzsche was unable to be a pious Christian. He could not let the matter rest, and one night after evensong he came to my brother in order to convert him. These excellent people forgot, however, that they had nothing new to tell him ; he had felt it all, just as deeply and fervently, in his boyhood. He writes somewhere : " At the age of twelve I saw God in all His glory." Perhaps the very reason why from youth onwards he drew further and further away from Christianity lay in his deep religious sense, which could find no satisfaction in the Christianity of our day. As he often remarked, he had not undergone any struggles, but it was extremely painful for him to have to give up his faith in God. " Perhaps there never were more thoroughgoing atheists than to-day for this reason, that there never were men who became atheists with greater reluctance." Never has the loss of faith in the Christian God been lamented in more heartfelt language than by my brother. He writes in the spring of 1882 :

> " *Excelsior !* Never more wilt thou pray, never more worship, never more repose in boundless trust—thou renouncest the privilege of standing before an ultimate wisdom, an ultimate mercy, an ultimate power, and unharnessing thy thoughts—thou hast no constant watcher and friend for thy seven solitudes—thou livest without gazing upon a mountain, that hath snow on its head and fire in its heart—there is now no redeemer for thee, none to promise a better life—there is no more reason in that which happens, no love in that which shall happen to thee—thy heart hath now no resting-place, where it needeth only to find, not to seek—thou refusest any ultimate peace, thou desirest the eternal recurrence of war and peace :—man of self-denial, wilt thou deny thyself all this ? Whence wilt thou gain the strength ? No one ever had such strength ! "

Yet even then he hinted at his supreme hope—the profit that might arise for humanity from this heaviest of losses: "There is a lake that one day denied itself the pleasure of flowing off, and threw up a dam at the place where it had been used to flow off; since that day, the waters of the lake have been continually rising. Perhaps that very self-denial will also lend us the strength that enables us to endure self-denial itself; perhaps man will continually rise, from the moment when he no longer *flows out* into God."

He detested all those obscure expositions of Christianity, which laid claim to scientific judgment, and in so doing made every logical conclusion sadly to seek. One day he heard Schopenhauerian philosophy, as it were, being preached from the pulpit—I mean Schopenhauer as interpreted to suit Christian doctrines and ideas. With all his admiration for the philosopher and for the preacher, whose personality he looked upon with great respect, he could not help having the painful consciousness that a deception was being practised. All these modern devices for interweaving Christianity with the most heterogeneous religious ideas were distasteful to his intellectual honesty. At all events, this inherited honesty and sincerity lay at the root of his attitude towards Christianity. "The Christianity of my forbears reaches its logical conclusion in me: a stern intellectual conscience, fostered and made paramount by Christianity itself, turns against Christianity: in me, Christianity raises itself and overcomes itself."

He gave a great deal of thought to Christianity; in fact, he fancied that he bored his friends with the subject. Thus he writes to Peter Gast: "It has occurred to me, my dear fellow, that the continual discussion of Christianity in my book must seem strange, nay unpleasant to you. Christianity, however, is the finest ideal I have ever come across; from my childhood's days I have studied it in many phases, and I don't think I have ever

felt meanly towards it in my heart of hearts. After all, I am the heir to several generations of Christian clergymen." He always took pride in his pious ancestors and showed reverence for true Christians: "The two finest types of men I have ever met in the flesh have been the perfect Christian (I pride myself on belonging to a stock that has taken its Christianity seriously in every sense) and the perfect Romantic artist, whom I have found far below the Christian plan. It stands to reason that when one has turned one's back on these types, because they fail to satisfy, one cannot easily be contented with any other sort of modern man—that is why I am condemned to solitude."

It is quite untrue to say that my brother hated Christianity—I mean that gentle, beautiful teaching of Jesus, which he recognised as being no teaching of dogma, but a guide for action. Hence, too, his preference for Catholicism, in that it sets up an order of rank and lays stress on "good works," unlike Protestantism, which insists mainly on that "faith" which is difficult to control. He set great store by the elevating effect of Christianity and Buddhism upon the weak and the ailing: "Religion—the discovery of a religious significance in life—brings sunshine to such tortured souls and makes them able to endure the sight of themselves. It has the same effect upon them as an Epicurean philosophy has upon sufferers of a higher grade; it exhilarates them, refines them, makes the most of their suffering, and ultimately hallows and justifies their existence. Perhaps there is nothing more admirable in Christianity and Buddhism than their art of teaching even the lowest to rank themselves through piety in a higher apparent order of things, and thus to make them contented with the real order of things, amid which they have to struggle so hard—and this very hardness is necessary!"

Till the end of his career as a thinker he cherished a tender love for the Founder of Christianity. All his

wrath is directed against St. Paul and his like, whom he considers as responsible for perverting the gentle teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, designed for the lowly-born, and turning it into a universal religion, which did harm to all aristocratic values and all aristocratically minded, strong and powerful men. He can hardly find enough words for his indignation at this! Hence he writes in *Beyond Good and Evil:*

> "But another may come in an opposite spirit, no longer Epicurean, but with some divine hammer in his hand, to attack this arbitrary movement for crippling and degrading humanity into the shape of the European Christian, as for instance it crippled and degraded Pascal. Will not such an one exclaim, in anger, pity and horror: 'Oh, ye blockheads! Ye arrogant, compassionate blockheads—what have ye done? Was *that* a work for your hands! How ye have hacked and maimed my fairest masonry! And what did *ye* gain by it all?' Christianity, I make bold to say, is the most fatal form of self-exaltation that the world has ever known. Men who are not lofty and hard enough to dare to mould humanity like artists; men who are not strong and far-seeing enough, who cannot exercise enough noble self-mastery to acknowledge the primal law that thousands must fail and perish; men who are not aristocratic enough to see the abysmal differences of rank between man and man:—such men, with their 'equality before God,' have hitherto swayed the destinies of Europe, till at last a stunted, almost ridiculous type has been bred, a herd-animal, a well-meaning, sickly, mediocre creature—the present-day European. . . ."

From year to year my brother grew more and more anxious about the future of humanity, seeing that men grew ever more petty and more miserable. Hence, in order to understand the angry mood that pervades *The Antichrist,* we must never lose sight of the two main points that determine my brother's attitude towards Christianity. One of these two points is, that through the setting-up of the Christian ideal as the sole ideal the brilliant exceptions, the lucky accidents of the human

type are threatened with extinction. "What is that we combat in Christianity? This—that it seeks to break the stronger, to drain their courage, to make the most of their weak moments and attacks of weariness, to turn their proud confidence into uneasiness and compunction, that it knows how to make their aristocratic instincts sickly and poisonous; until their strength, their will to power are turned against their very selves, until the strong are ruined through excess of self-contempt and self-abuse, that terrible form of ruin for which Pascal is the most famous example." He loved Pascal, as a man of his own stamp, and he felt Pascal's ruin like that of a dear friend, nay even as if he himself were threatened with that disaster.

The other point is the unhappy results of the doctrine that all souls are equal before God: "As regards the doctrine of equality, the first stammering accents were uttered in a religious sense, later on it was turned into a system of ethics. No wonder man ends by taking it seriously as a practical proposition—in a political, democratic, socialistic, irritably pessimistic sense." He made this Christian doctrine responsible both for the French Revolution, which dealt so severe a blow to the belief in privilege, and, as we see from all his notes, for the socialism of the present day. (It must not be forgotten, by the way, that Goethe's view of the French Revolution and of the "martyr at the stake" was almost identical with Nietzsche's.) Moreover, the author of *The Antichrist* was always haunted by that delightful vision of what mankind might have been if this doctrine had not held undisputed sway for two thousand years. Yet he was fully aware that it was the powerful men of that very period who contributed to the spread of Christianity and to the high value set upon that religion. They represented the supreme power so badly and in so perverse a fashion that the insignificant, humble, virtuous Christian was bound to appear the more estimable type. If the Roman

emperors had all been men like Julius Cæsar, Christianity would certainly never have become such a potent force. (The Christian had a right and duty to exist, but not as the sole standard of value and the highest ideal.) Hence the philosopher of *The Will to Power* teaches us again and again that the representatives of the supreme power, temporal as well as spiritual, ought to be conscious of their tremendous responsibilities, in that they are able to carve in the marble of humanity and to spoil the most precious of materials for hundreds, nay thousands of years.

People have often told me that they cannot understand why my brother was so exasperated against present-day Christianity—this lukewarm Christianity which no longer breaks the strong. It must have become more feeble in the last thirty or forty years, for in our childhood and youth we felt it as a very real power, and knew strong and efficient men whose character it shattered. That is why that wonderful style of *The Antichrist* and *The Case of Wagner* still quivers with the passionate excitement that possesses a profound and religious spirit when it turns against an idol which it once loved and reverenced. The enemy must be fought, for it is an enemy that threatens by its influence to annihilate those vigorous doctrines which are to give mankind new leaders and masters.

Professor Raoul Richter, in private conversation, always styled Nietzsche a man of most religious temperament, and in his lectures, too, he expressed the same idea in admirable terms. I quote merely the beginning of a lecture or article published in the now defunct *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* [*Augsburg Gazette*]:

> "There is a widespread theory—one which till recently was never disputed—that Nietzsche's sole attitude towards religion was one of bitter enmity and opposition. Those who only know a little about Nietzsche, know that he declared war to the knife against Christianity and called one of his

books *The Antichrist.* Those, however, who have learnt to look more deeply into the essential features of all religions, and who have more than a passing acquaintance with Nietzsche's works, are coming to see more and more plainly that this philosophy has cleared the ground for a new conception of religion; that Nietzsche himself was an eminently religious person, working out his heartfelt convictions in a practical way; and finally, that the religious influence of his work and of his personality is already beginning to germinate. These achievements are so great that in comparison with them the attack on the national creed is of minor importance for Nietzsche's religious position."

In the four months from mid-June to mid-October my brother had produced four books of the highest importance, writing out the MSS. himself: *The Case of Wagner*, *The Twilight of the Idols*, *Dionysos Dithyrambs* and *The Antichrist.* Looking on this feat as a whole, one feels that it is little short of miraculous. True, he generally used material that had been already prepared for *The Will to Power*, but for all that nearly everything was re-cast, and the strain on his eyesight was tremendous. Strange to say, no one seems to have noticed this phenomenal energy, nor did he give the impression of being inordinately busy. Fräulein von Salis, in her little book *Philosopher and Nobleman*, writes regarding this summer of 1888: "When I last had intercourse with Nietzsche I received signal proof of his restless, quite unconscious energy. During that terribly busy summer and autumn of 1888, while preparing and producing several volumes, he walked almost every week three times along that lengthy and only partly interesting road to Silvaplana, in order to deliver and receive proof-sheets. Weak though his eyes were, he read the proofs as well, and never complained of having too much to do."—As a rule he never worked at night, but at this period he must have burned the midnight oil, for he often mentioned the fact that once "when the spirit

moved him," he got up at two in the morning and wrote down what had been passing in his mind. He would observe that he heard his landlord, Herr Durisch, open the door softly and steal away to shoot chamois. "Who knows?" he added, "perhaps I, too, was shooting chamois."

Professor Kaftan, too, a Bâle colleague who did not share my brother's views, describes quite dispassionately, in his article "From the Workshop of the Superman," how simple and natural Nietzsche's manner towards him was at their frequent meetings and walks together. He betrayed not the slightest trace of any morbid excitement. Professor Kaftan assumes (wrongly, in my opinion) that this excitement only came over him while he was writing; "in personal intercourse," he says, "Nietzsche adopted quite a different tone from that of his writings." He goes on to observe:

> "Not that he kept his views in the background; but he spoke of them with perfect composure, as one talking among his friends of serious matters in which he is conscious of wide differences of opinion. And this was the man who had written *The Twilight of the Idols!* In one passage of that book I seem to trace an echo from one of our conversations. Nor would it be true to say that his manner in society was a mere mask. It must have been an urgent need with him—so importunate was he in the matter—to go about with some one to whom he could speak out. The very first morning after I arrived he paid me a surprise visit. We never parted without his insisting on an appointment for our next meeting. When my wife and I went away he came to see us off, although the hour was one at which he usually took a rest. In short, there was not the slightest suspicion of a mask; in everything he did he showed the simple and unassuming kindness that lay at the root of his nature."

An Italian acquaintance of my husband relates how Nietzsche at Turin showed a friendly interest in all whom he met. One little story is significant. There was a café where my brother used to go every day and

read the *Journal des Débats.* One day, a departing guest hastily closed the door, and his little dog, who was running after him, had its paw jammed. The owner went off without noticing this, and there the dog remained, whimpering. My brother was the only person who took pity on the dog; he asked the waiter for a bowl of water, took out his handkerchief, and made the dog a regular bandage—an art he had not forgotten from his days in the ambulance corps. Everyone looked pleased at the incident, and the dog lay down at my brother's feet. Suddenly the owner reappeared at the door, and whistled; the dog ran out at once. Some days later, when my brother was again reading the *Journal des Débats,* the little dog came in, touched his leg with its paw, and growled a little; my brother looked up, and saw that it had in its mouth the handkerchief, now washed and ironed. In this way its master had found the kind friend, and he expressed his hearty thanks. Trivial in itself, this little episode shows how my brother's exacting brainwork had not made him blind to the world about him, or robbed him of his simple humanity.

We have no means of knowing whom my brother met at Turin in that autumn of 1888. It must have been someone who had known Count Gobineau personally, and was well versed in German literature and criticism. He seems to have misled my brother as to Gobineau's love for Turin; Gobineau knew little of Turin—he died there, it is true, but only while intending to pass through. My brother's spiritual relations with Gobineau were very transient. He first heard of the Count in the autumn of 1877, through Malwida von Meysenbug. About this time I began to read him aloud one of Gobineau's books, but my brother did not seem greatly interested. He first began to take real notice of Gobineau on hearing with what energy and sincerity the latter had denounced *Parsifal,* and even Richard Wagner himself. Afterwards

Nietzsche felt that Gobineau would have been well fitted to imbibe his own doctrines, and regretted that he had never made the acquaintance of this admirable thinker. So far as I know, he read but little of Gobineau's writings, and that too with the prejudice still prevailing in France against Gobineau as a stylist and writer of French. Of Gobineau as a man, however, I heard him speak in terms of the warmest admiration.

The following letter, addressed to me from Turin (October, 1888), testifies to his sense of well-being there:

"So here I am again in *my* good city of Turin, the city that Gobineau, too, loved so well. . . . I suppose it matches us both. The proud, distinguished air of these old Torinese suits me down to the ground. You cannot imagine a greater difference than that between Leipzig—good-humoured but vulgar to the core—and this Turin. Besides, the Torinese and I have a curious similarity of taste in all vital matters—not only in architecture and street-planning, but also in cookery. The food here is just the thing for me, and my physical powers have increased to an amazing extent. It's a real misfortune that I didn't make this discovery ten years earlier. I am indeed sorry that I spent this summer of evil memory in the abominable Engadine, instead of in Turin. At any rate, I escaped from Sils in time; it would hardly be feasible now to travel from there to Italy, for the great floods in Italy, Switzerland and France are still going on. The summer here was comparatively cool, but that would have been no reason against my staying here, on the contrary, a cool summer in Turin is for me a pleasant average temperature. Everyone here is satisfied with the year's weather, a state of things I have not heard of anywhere else in Europe. . . .

"This time I am no longer a stranger here, and my position has improved in many ways: a striking contrast to my wretched existence in Nice. Wherever I go, I am treated as a man of mark. You ought to see how glad everyone is to meet me, how in all classes they show the best and most tactful side of their nature, and assume their politest and most amiable manner. Still, of late years I have had the

same reception everywhere, except in Germany; that's the only country where I have had unpleasant experiences.

"If ever my biography is written, this statement should be put in: 'only among Germans was he treated badly.'

"Our new Emperor grows more and more to my liking. The latest thing is that he is setting his face strongly against anti-Semitism and the *Kreuzzeitung*.[1] . . . He would already understand the principle of the will to power!

"Now just a few words to close this letter—it is already too long, but you must chew over it for the whole winter, my dear Lama, for I'm not going to write any more letters. There's a great deal of work to be done, and, as you know, my eyes won't stand much strain: so I mean to read and write as little as I possibly can. I must make the most of my new-found strength and of this wonderful autumn weather, for the sake of my great mission. Now that my life has reached its zenith, and the tasks before me are perhaps more arduous than any human being has ever undertaken, this sudden access of strength and self-confidence is nothing short of a miracle!—In this golden autumn, the finest I have ever known, I am writing a retrospect of my life. It is not meant for the public; no one shall read it except a certain good Lama, when she comes across the sea to visit her brother. . . . I want to hide and bury the manuscript, it shall moulder away, and when we have all crumbled to dust, it may celebrate its resurrection. Perhaps the Germans will then be more worthy of the great gift that I intend to offer them. Fondest love from

"Your brother,

"(now quite a big pot)."

Accordingly, on October 15th he begins the new book with that overflowing thankfulness towards life, which, in spite of all suffering, all reverses, lay at the very core of his being.

"*ECCE HOMO.*

"How One Becomes What One Is.

"On this perfect day, when everything is maturing, and not only the grape is growing brown, a ray of sunshine has just fallen upon my life; I see the past, I see the future, never at

[1] The leading clerical newspaper in Germany.—Tr.

one time did I see things so many and so good. Not in vain do I to-day bury my forty-fourth year, I have a *right* to bury it—all the life that was in it is saved and can never die. The first book of *The Transvaluation of all Values*, *The Songs of Zarathustra*, *The Twilight of the Idols*, my attempt to philosophise with a hammer—all these belong to this year, nay, to the last three months! How can I be anything but grateful for all that life has given me? And so I will tell myself the story of my life."

In this mood of exultation, a sort of clear-sightedness came over him; the veil fell from his eyes, and he saw himself, his whole life, growth and development pass before him in the clearest outlines, but almost as something external. He peers into the lowest depths of his own soul, but he sees more—he sees the soul and the suffering of every man of genius. . . .

An old title-page to this book still bears the inscription, in his handwriting, "For my Friends." But the intention of burying this retrospect of his life, and having it published long after his death, was soon given up. Once more he desired to draw attention to his great work, to pave the way for the transvaluation of values.

Dr. Richard Oehler writes regarding the composition of *Ecce Homo*:

"On November 4th, 1888, as Nietzsche himself states, *Ecce Homo* was finished. Although the printing of *The Twilight of the Idols* was not yet completed, Nietzsche on November 6th sent *Ecce Homo* to his publisher, with the following words: 'Another surprise for you—if anything I do can surprise you know! As soon as *The Twilight of the Idols* is settled in every sense, I want you to begin printing a new volume. I am quite convinced that I must bring out a new book, one that shall prepare the world thoroughly for *The Transvaluation* which I mean to publish in about a year from now. We must create a feeling of expectancy, otherwise the history of *Zarathustra* will repeat itself. During the last few weeks I have been most happily inspired, thanks to an incomparable sense of fitness, greater than I have ever known before; thanks also to a wonderful autumn and to the delicate attentions paid to me

everywhere in Turin. Thus between October 15th and November 4th I have accomplished an extremely difficult task—that of describing myself, my books, my views, my *life*, in fragmentary fashion, so far as was desirable.' On November 13th Nietzsche writes to Gast: 'The aforesaid manuscript has already taken a crab's walk to the printers.' We see, accordingly, that it was sent to Leipzig in the week 6th-13th November. At the end of November, after forwarding various addenda, he asked the publisher to let him have the whole MS. again, so that he can recast it and make it complete. By December 6th this task was ended, and he despatched it to Leipzig with the assurance that no further alterations on his part were required."

Dr. Oehler writes of *Ecce Homo :*

"Nietzsche had an unusual capacity for bringing his life and work clearly before the eyes of others. *Ecce Homo* is the final testimony to this gift of his, the last link in a long chain of introspective development.

"Two other forms of creative activity, rarely found together, were happily united in Nietzsche: the power of creating as a free spirit, forgetful of self, soaring in ecstasy high above all criticism and sober reflection; and the ability to gauge his own personality with a shrewd glance, to dissect, to use the microscope. It may be that two powerful currents of heredity produced this curious combination. Strange as it may seem, the two impulses do not cancel each other, on the contrary, they lend strength to each other. The fruits of his introspective instinct, his clear vision for his own character, his 'personal' revelations are no whit inferior to his objective creations in charm, beauty, maturity and value. Who, for instance, could help feeling the deepest sympathy for what Nietzsche says about *Thus Spake Zarathustra ?* His inexhaustible power of production will always arouse interest and admiration for his personality. No man has ever had such a 'comprehensive' soul, no one has ever known such a variety of psychical experience, no one has ever been able to invest his *ego* with so much colour and variety. Nietzsche's continual change of front is due to his ever discovering fresh possibilities in himself, and seeing himself from different points of view. The phases of objective creation underwent corresponding changes. *Ecce Homo* triumphantly closes the series."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CATASTROPHE

While my brother was working with might and main at *Ecce Homo* and its addenda, he had to submit to all sorts of attacks. The first came from Fräulein von Meysenbug, who on receiving *The Case of Wagner* from him wrote a most unsympathetic letter, in a tone of mockery and unfairness such as could hardly be expected from one who was usually so gentle. My brother was deeply wounded by this affront. We can gather his indignation from the various notes he took for an answering letter. I select some of the less violent passages: "Have you really guessed why I sent you 'Wagner's death-warrant'?—I wanted to give you a further proof of the fact that you have never understood what I was driving at. The reasons why I turned my back on Wagner three years ago are here stated in literary form, and as moderately and playfully as possible; for I might have used severe and contemptuous language, had I wished. I *withheld* all my deadliest weapons. . . . That profound lack of instinct, of subtlety in distinguishing between 'true' and 'false,' with which I reproach the modern age—you are an extreme case in point, you who all your life have held mistaken views about nearly everyone, even about Wagner, and still more (to name a rather more difficult subject) about me! . . . . Are you utterly in the dark as to my task? As to the meaning of 'transvaluation of all values'?"

Malwida, indeed, understood no more of this than did his other friends. Moreover, for years she had not mentioned her disapproval of the change in my brother's

relations with Wagner; accordingly he had erroneously assumed that she realised why the breach was inevitable. She must have read his writings in a very superficial manner, otherwise the sentiments expressed in the above letter would have led her to utter a protest long before. But she was just like the rest—the most striking passages in my brother's books had been ignored. Malwida's letter induced my brother hastily to write his *Nietzsche contra Wagner*, immediately after the final revision of *Ecce Homo*. Thus it will be seen that in the six months from mid-June to mid-December, 1888, he produced, wrote out and prepared for the press half a dozen works of consummate intellectual power.

Even I caused him trouble, because I had written saying how sad and shocked I was at *The Case of Wagner*. The draft for a letter expressing his indignation was afterwards discovered. The letter was never despatched; he feared that it might prevent me from reading *The Twilight of the Idols* and *The Antichrist*: "Such books might wound you terribly—and me too, at the thought that they were wounding you. For this reason I am even sorry that I sent you *The Case of Wagner*." Fräulein von Meysenbug, by the way, endeavoured by apologies to tone down the impression created through her spiteful letter of the autumn; but my brother remained sore in spirit. Not only was his sincere reverence for his old friend diminished, but he saw all too clearly what he had to expect from the Wagnerites. If even kind-hearted Malwida wrote like this, how the others would roar! Freiherr von Gersdorff, the only person, apart from Peter Gast, who had shown his dispassionate approval of *The Case of Wagner*, had already warned him of this peril in September. It is true that my brother loved fighting and danger—"a heart full of courage and good cheer now and then needs a little danger, otherwise life is not worth living"—but he did not want to fight those who were near and dear to his soul. He found such quarrels

incredibly painful. Great, powerful, impersonal enemies were those he desired: "Life is at its noblest when it provides us with the noblest opponents. Our enemies are a standard by which we may be gauged: *my* enemies are Christianity, morality, 'truth.' . . . Surely I have a right to be proud of such enemies!"

At this moment, however, it was the petty enemies from the Wagnerian camp who raised their heads. E. W. Fritzsch, of Leipzig, who had published not only the works of Wagner, but also those of Nietzsche up to the third part of *Zarathustra*, was induced to insert an article by Richard Pohl, "The Case of Nietzsche, a Psychological Problem," in his *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* [*Musical Weekly*] for October 25th, 1888. Pohl had the impudence to charge Nietzsche with dishonest, personal motives for declaring against Wagner and his music. With malicious glee he informed the world that Nietzsche had composed an opera, and that Wagner's verdict on it had been "silly trash." It is difficult to understand how Fritzsch can have been so tactless as to publish such fabrications in his paper, so wanting in respect for one of his own authors (and that, too, the creator of *Zarathustra!*) as not to guard him from such attacks. The effect that this public affront produced upon my brother, far off as he was and powerless to defend himself, is beyond description. He knew very well that, had he still held a post of dignity at the University, neither Fritzsch nor Pohl would have dared to issue the attack. They thought, however, that a lonely man, one who went his own way without any clique to help him, might be assailed with impunity. He had already voiced his indignation as to the low esteem in which solitude was held: "The higher, philosophic man, who is a solitary, not because he wants to be alone, but because he cannot find his peers: what peculiar perils and tortures are reserved for him to-day, when the belief in caste-organisation has vanished, and in consequence such

a solitude is neither respected nor understood! There was a time when the sage, by thus dwelling apart, became almost holy in the eyes of the multitude; but to-day the hermit sees himself encompassed by a cloud of gloomy doubts and suspicions."

The worst feature of his loneliness was that there was no one in his neighbourhood to comfort and reassure him about such incidents as this article, no one to make the sensitive thinker realise that there must be many people who would treat such insinuations with the contempt they deserved. Apart from Peter Gast, no one expressed his indignation: none of the old friends of his youth raised his voice in defence. Nietzsche had always thought that in such cases he could rely on their aid: "It should be a point of honour with my friends to guard my name and my worldly security, to build me a fortress that would protect me against brutal misunderstanding; I myself ought not to raise a finger in my defence!" Yet all were silent, and his wounded spirit, that had always been so loyally devoted to his friends, asked itself in anguish: "Why do I meet with no encouragement, no sympathy, no heartfelt reverence? How is it that no one ever feels offended when I am slandered?" Like a hero at bay, he fought with every effort of his courage, even with scorn, mockery and derision, against these attacks and against the indescribable sorrow of his soul, but he needed stronger and stronger sleeping-draughts to counteract the gloom and melancholy of his sleepless nights.

Assault followed upon assault, and the effect was more than usually painful, owing to the high pressure at which he had been working for the last six months. Other enemies had arisen from the malicious brood of dwarfs who hate everything lofty and superhuman. A certain anti-Semite, who had evidently lain in ambush for some time, waiting for the favourable moment, was emboldened by the attack in the *Musikalisches Wochen-*

blatt to take vengeance for some remarks directed against the anti-Semites in Nietzsche's more recent writings. In some anonymous letters he cleverly contrived to make my brother believe that my husband had sent from South America an article attacking *Zarathustra*, and that with his and my approval this was to be printed in an anti-Semitic paper. It was a most spiteful invention, designed with the sole purpose of showing the lonely philosopher that he had lost the few who were still near and dear to him. It was not till after my husband's death (this misfortune befell me five months after my brother's stroke occurred) that I found among his papers a letter from my brother which he had concealed from me, a letter mentioning this attack and passionately reproaching my husband with having stolen away and corrupted the sister who was his most loyal disciple. After bitterly accusing my husband he continues: "I take one sleeping-draught after another to deaden the pain, and for all that I cannot sleep. To-day I will take such a dose that I lose my wits. . . ." The whole letter sounded like the last wail of his tortured soul. The bow snapped, the hero broke down—during the last days of 1888 a paralytic stroke overtook our loved one, and crippled that incomparable brain for ever.

On what day his mental trouble declared itself cannot be precisely determined; we only know that it was during the last days of 1888. The people of the house noticed nothing, they only wondered why he drank so much water, sometimes three or four carafes at a time; till suddenly, while walking in the street near his lodgings, he fell down and was unable to get up again. His landlord found him, and with much effort succeeded in helping him up to his room. He lay there about two days on the sofa, scarcely moving and never uttering a word. When he woke up from this lethargic state, the symptoms of mental derangement were clearly apparent; he talked loudly to himself, sang and played very loudly

and would not admit any one into his room : he said he was composing an oratorio. He lost the sense for the value of money, paying, for instance, twenty francs for a small repair to a tea-urn, for which one franc was asked ; still, he went out at times. The idea that, owing to causes which will be described later, he walked about alone in the streets of Turin without complete possession of his senses, a target for the nondescript crowd that thronged around him, is indeed heart-rending. At this period, too, he covered some sheets of paper with the wildest fantasies, mingling the legend of Dionysos Zagreus with the story of the Passion and with the history of people whom he knew. The god, torn to pieces by his enemies, rises again and walks along the banks of the Po, seeing all that he has ever loved, his ideals, the ideals of the present age, far beneath him. His nearest and dearest have become enemies, who have torn him to pieces. These three sheets, which were addressed to my husband in Paraguay and to our mother, contain attacks upon Wagner, Schopenhauer, Bismarck, the Emperor, Professor Overbeck, Peter Gast, Frau Cosima Wagner, my husband, my mother and myself. He signed all his letters at the time "Dionysos" or "The Crucified One." Even these notes contain passages of arresting beauty, but on the whole they are clearly the work of a fevered brain. In the first years after my brother's stroke, when we still cherished the vain hope that he might recover, these papers were all destroyed by my mother. She thought that Fritz, with his warm heart and admirable taste, would be deeply wounded if he ever came upon such writings in after years. I made myself a copy from one of the sheets.

Some of the letters signed "Dionysos" or "The Crucified One" reached Bâle. Jakob Burckhardt received one, and, forgetting his old antipathy to Overbeck, visited the latter to ask him what he thought of it. Overbeck also received one of these letters, but

did not take it so seriously; as he told my mother, he regarded it as a curious joke. Later on, Overbeck went with the two letters to Professor Dr. Wille, director of the local asylum, a kindly and conscientious man, for whom my brother had a great liking. Professor Wille overcame Overbeck's hesitation and urged him to go off at once to Turin. It was difficult for Overbeck to decide upon this step; but the fact that he went must always be accounted to him as an arduous and genuine proof of friendship. Wille told me later that he greatly regretted not having given Overbeck one of his own assistants, who could have taken with him all the necessary medical outfit. We also regretted this later, especially as the companion whom Overbeck took was evidently a person of dubious character. Not only did he demand an exorbitant fee for his journey, and afterwards pester my mother with his claims, but we suspect also that through his agency that roving manuscript of my brother's fell into strange hands.

The Italian owners of the house where my brother lodged were deeply moved by his joy at meeting Overbeck. He ran towards Overbeck with open arms, saying to him in Italian "My dear fellow, I've been living extravagantly, and no doubt you are bringing me some more money." (Nevertheless, over 900 francs were found among his papers.) Then he burst into tears. I must mention here that my narrative of the last days in Turin is derived entirely from that Italian acquaintance of my husband's, who at the latter's request had at once gone to ask the good people of the house what could still be done. At the time, these worthy Italians had no idea that their lodger was a famous man, and they told in all simplicity, without any exaggeration, how things had gone with my brother. They did not even attempt to put themselves in a favourable light, but regarded all that they had done as a mere matter of duty. I cannot deny that I recognise a good deal of unfeeling exaggeration in

Overbeck's account ; Peter Gast was of the same opinion, and for this reason he did not show me the letters addressed to him by Overbeck. I read these letters for the first time in Bernoulli's book. I was much affected when Overbeck told me that my brother had sung his Venetian gondola song, from *Ecce Homo*, with a catch in his voice and a strange melody. Overbeck, who had not yet seen the text, was amazed at its peculiar beauty. Some of the isolated facts related by Overbeck in plain, unvarnished fashion, were of great value to the doctors. I forbear to dwell on this point, for it is to be dealt with later by medical experts.

In Bâle my brother was handed over to Professor Wille. Some days later our mother fetched him thence and, in the company of a doctor, took him to Jena. She had at first insisted, with perfect justice, that she had the right to make him stay with her. Overbeck, however, was all against this step, and accordingly my poor brother was taken to Jena. On this subject I prefer to say as little as possible ; I will only mention the fact that about eight months after his arrival there I received a letter from Dr. Langbehn, the "Rembrandt-German,"[1] saying how indignant he was at seeing that none of my brother's friends had investigated the unsuitable conditions under which he was brought to Jena. He had read Overbeck's letters to the asylum authorities, and was astonished to see that Overbeck introduced the great Nietzsche as if he were some insignificant scholar, without the remotest hint as to his distinguished position. At that time Nietzsche's name was unknown in Germany. The only person who took a kindly interest in my brother in Jena was Frau Geheimrat[2] Gelzer, whom I shall always remember with heartfelt gratitude. The kindness that both she and her

[1] Author of the well-known book *Rembrandt as Educator*, which made a great stir in Germany during the nineties.—Tr.

[2] *I.e.*, Mrs. Privy Councillor.—Tr.

husband showed towards the invalid, obscure philosopher should never be forgotten. Our mother was not allowed to visit my brother at the asylum, because he was in the men's quarters. Thus it was a terrible shock to her when Dr. Langbehn gave her such an unfavourable account of the way in which the invalid had been brought to Jena. I must, however, remark that Professor Binswanger complied with my brother's wishes as far as possible and did much to alleviate his condition. The mistake lay in Overbeck's directions, based upon a false sense of economy—a fact which made many people angry, Gersdorff for instance. By way of excuse for Overbeck's ill-timed thriftiness I must observe that about this time his Bâle pension was reduced by one-third. Considering the usual generosity of the Bâle authorities, I have never been able to explain this action. Yet there was no need to be saving, for in the meantime a large sum in royalties had accumulated at the publisher's. Together with the illness, fame had come at last.

Dr. Langbehn, above all, blamed Nietzsche's friends for not supplying the doctors with any material for diagnosing the case, neither specimens of his handwriting nor any particulars of his previous life, regarding the use of sleeping-draughts and so forth. Dr. Langbehn did not write to me in Paraguay a single syllable concerning his intention to cure my brother, until the whole project had been abandoned. My mother, however, wrote to me of Langbehn. "God has sent me an angel." Both now requested that my brother should be taken to Naumburg, to stay with our mother: Langbehn wished to support her in her attendance on him, and even to effect a cure. . . . . This commendable plan, owing mainly to Overbeck's objections, but also to other influences, was not immediately carried out. Accordingly Dr. Langbehn became highly indignant and reproached my mother with being pulled this way and that by various influences. The death of my husband necessitated my staying in

Paraguay, until I could set my affairs in order and deliver the colony into other hands. It made me very sad to hear from Dr. Langbehn that he was entirely withdrawing from the case. In 1893, long after my return to Germany, he wrote to me: "I am still firmly convinced that I could have effected at the least a marked and permanent improvement, more probably a complete cure, if I had been able to continue the treatment in the way I intended. At the time, I declared myself ready for every sacrifice of strength, time and money. My offers were rejected: the responsibility for this rests on other shoulders. May THEY not find the burden too heavy! Very likely matters would have taken a different course, if *you* had been in Germany at the time. In any case you will not misconstrue my intentions; and this brings me to the main object of my letter. If you think you owe me any gratitude for those intentions, I beg you to prove it, in your forthcoming biography of your brother, by *making no mention* of my name or of what I did."

This is the reason why I made no allusion to the affair while Dr. Langbehn was still living. I should like to emphasize the fact that he was inspired by the noblest motives, in seeking to remove my brother from the Jena asylum, where the conditions were so unsuitable for a man of his status, and to effect a cure himself. My mother, too, gratefully acknowledged that he had given her the courage to insist on my brother being brought to Naumburg. This was actually done after he had been at Jena for about a year. How deeply my brother suffered under the various drawbacks at Jena—although, with that inborn courtesy which never left him even during his insanity, he made no complaint on the subject—is shown by the touching words which he wrote for a gentleman who asked for his autograph:

> "There are losses which exalt the soul, so that it forbears to whine, and walks silently under tall, black cypresses."

I am often asked to what causes I ascribe his insanity. Before I answer this question, I should like to point out that before the blow fell neither we ourselves nor any of his friends and acquaintances detected the slightest trace of mental disorder. Thoughtless adversaries have said that my brother's insanity was the natural outcome of his intellectual development, and they attempt to give an entirely false picture of his books and of his personality. Unpleasant motives generally underlie such statements. One must only believe the evidence of impartial witnesses who were associated with him for any length of time. I refer, for instance, to the account given by Dr. Paneth, and mention further the reminiscences of Baroness Plänkner-Seckendorff, who, as has already been mentioned, was at the same boarding-house as my brother in Nice during the winters 1886-87 and 1887-88. As in the case of all women whom he regarded as devout Christians, he had implored her not to read his books. Scarcely a year after she last saw him, she happened to read in a newspaper that a Professor Nietzsche had become insane, and that he had written books of consummate importance. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "is that the Professor Nietzsche whom I knew?" The same journal stated that the author of these wonderful books had been weak, sickly and neurotic. That same afternoon, a literary friend had asked her whether she had not been for two winters at Nice a fellow-guest of Professor Nietzsche, the author of *Beyond Good and Evil*. "No," she answered, "the Nietzsche whom I knew was neither weak nor sickly, and he was not at all subject to changes of mood. He was always in the best of spirits, and we often quarrelled as to who should sit near him at table, because such lively, interesting conversations always went on there." It was difficult to persuade her that the Nietzsche described in the article was the Nietzsche whom she had known so well.

Professor Kaftan, too, says of his intercourse with my

brother at Sils-Maria in the late summer of 1888: "We saw each other every day for three weeks; we took long walks together, and discussed everything fully and freely, just as if we had been old friends. At Bâle we had been on good terms with each other, but our acquaintance there was superficial. Hence it never ceased to cause me surprise that on this occasion he lost no opportunity of meeting me, and from the first put our relations on such an intimate footing. I mention this fact in order to show that I was in a position to judge accurately of his condition at the time. During the whole of those three weeks I never noticed in him the slightest trace of incipient lunacy."

Among the immediate causes of his insanity I include the enormous strain both on his intellect and on his short-sighted eyes. When we look at the notes and the manuscripts for that tremendous output of June—December, 1888, and consider how carefully he read the proofs in order to make further corrections, we are inclined to ask ourselves how he managed to get through the work at all. Those who are not short-sighted cannot realise how terribly exhausting it is to write under such conditions. After a time the stooping position comes to have an injurious effect on the nerves of the head and of the stomach. There is no kind of spectacles which allows of one's holding one's head up; the lens which my brother really ought to have worn makes the writing appear so small that it is of no use. This strain of the muscles of eye and neck I regard as one of the contributary causes. Besides these general conditions, we must mention a particular drawback. The terrible weather in the Engadine had brought on an attack of influenza, which tormented him for weeks and had a very lowering effect. It left behind it an "absurd insomnia," which made him once more have recourse to sleeping-draughts.

Above all I regard two sleeping-draughts, chloral and

Javanese narcotic, as responsible for his paralytic stroke. My brother had a real fondness for chloral, principally because it did not make him feel slack next morning, and thus enabled him to go on working. He writes to me: "I have such a gigantic task before me, that I must not lose a single hour, and must resort to all expedients that may increase my working-powers." He was under no delusion as to the dangerous nature of this drug, and had indeed observed from it a curious effect, which was perhaps quite individual, but which will be of interest to medical men. In the winter of 1882-3, owing to that terrible influenza, he had for the first time used chloral regularly, in large doses. He was so unfavourably impressed with its peculiar effects that in the spring of 1883 he did his best to cure himself of the habit. It was his opinion that under the influence of the drug he had written letters which afterwards seemed to him entirely misguided; when he took chloral before going to bed, it led next morning to a curiously excitable condition, in which men and things appeared to him in a totally false light. Towards noon, he thought, this condition vanished, and "more philanthropic sentiments" returned. Accordingly he had become very careful, although the sleep produced by chloral seems to have been remarkably pleasant—not dull and heavy, but filled with delightful dreams. When he was very busy, however, or had met with annoying experiences, he returned to the old habit. As he brooded over his sorrows on those dark, sleepless nights, they seemed doubly hard to bear, and the burden was too heavy for his sensitive soul. Thus in 1884 he writes regarding an unpleasant *contretemps*: "It was painful and horrible to me—at last I have gone back to the old remedy. I sleep well, but sleep is followed by misanthropy and dejection, though I am usually so well-disposed to all the world." I am convinced, by the way, that he would have given up chloral altogether, had not the doctors

repeatedly assured him that the drug was entirely innocuous. In the end my brother himself discovered its dangers, for instance that its effect varies in different cases. For those who eat heavily and drink alcohol, it is said to be relatively harmless; but for my brother, who, if indeed in later days he altered in this respect, was never a hearty eater and hardly ever drank wine or beer, the use of chloral was a most hazardous experiment.

If only he had kept to this one drug, however, the result might have been less serious. Unfortunately, in 1884 so far as I remember, he got to know a Dutchman, who recommended him a Javanese narcotic, and presented him with a fairly large bottle of this specific. The stuff tasted like rather strong alcohol and had an outlandish smell—and also an outlandish name, which I can no longer remember, since we always called it "the Javanese narcotic." The Dutchman impressed us with the fact that only a few drops should be taken at a time in a glass of water. I tried it, and observed a somewhat exhilarating effect. For all that, I disliked it very much, and implored my brother not to rely on such unknown, untried remedies. Later, in the autumn of 1885, he confessed to me that on one occasion he had taken a few drops too much, with the result that he suddenly threw himself to the ground in a fit of convulsive laughter. I am inclined to suspect that, when in a state of depression, he again resorted to this narcotic. Evidence may be found in the accounts of my brother's symptoms in the first stages of his insanity; just as he had described to me on the above occasion, he threw himself to the ground, laughing incessantly. Another proof, I think, lies in the letters to Overbeck and Peter Gast, where he betrays, after all his painful experiences, an entirely unnatural tone of forced gaiety. In one letter to Gast he speaks of his "grins," a term which he would never have used of his own laughter, but which must apply to the artificial laughter brought on

by the Javanese narcotic. Finally, my brother himself gave a hint that supports this theory. During the early days of his insanity he used often to say in confidence to our mother that he "had taken twenty drops" (he did not mention of *what*), and that his brain had then "gone off the track." Perhaps his short-sightedness led him to pour in too much, and this may account for that terrible stroke.

Dr. Paul Cohn, of Berlin, has made careful investigations as to the identity of this Javanese narcotic. I hope that the result of his researches, when complete, will be published. It is a pity that the bottle containing it has been lost. My brother, if I understand rightly, mentioned the name of the drug to Professor Wille, the director of the Bâle asylum. "Nietzsche," says Professor Wille, "used sleeping-draughts which have as yet not been fully tested by science. He was quite dazed when he came to Bâle, and this dazed condition lasted for three days. Perhaps the worst of it all was he used both chloral and the Javanese drug at the same time. Under ordinary circumstances these poisons might not have proved so injurious; but at a time when his mental powers were being taxed to the uttermost their effect was heightened a hundredfold.

The doctors afterwards diagnosed the case as one of atypic paralysis, but the atypic element is so strongly emphasised that the term "paralysis" seems quite out of place. The subsequent course of the disease shows *no* similarity to other cases of "progressive paralysis." The disease lasted nearly twelve years; and while it is true that the mental disability became physical as well, because gradually the strokes recurred, still Professor Ziehen of Jena, when he saw my brother after ten years of insanity (on an unfavourable day and at seven o'clock, when the weariness of evening was upon him), was struck with the fact that his appearance was so unlike that of an ordinary paralytic. It seems, therefore, that

the term " paralysis " cannot be applied to my brother's disease. The correct diagnosis, perhaps, would be this : a brain exhausted by overstrain of the nerves of head and eye could no longer resist taking drugs to excess, and thus became disabled.

I apologise for venturing on this diagnosis without expert knowledge of medicine. It is the diagnosis of an outsider, as I must remark in all modesty, but of an outsider who saw most of the invalid, knew all his doctors, and heard all that they had to say of his condition.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE LAST PHASE

My brother once said that he must have definite proof before he could believe that a good man could possess an extraordinary intellect. I suppose no one any longer denies Nietzsche's claim to an "extraordinary intellect," and thus we might be required to prove *per contra*, that this man of extraordinary intellect was a good man as well. If this needs proof, we may find the evidence in those long years of mental disability. What a touching invalid he was! His tender feeling, his magnanimity, his consideration for others and desire to give pleasure, all came out most strikingly. Even the doctors could only explain this unusual case by saying that his nature was so thoroughly refined and spiritualised, that even when the will failed and he could no longer act with set purpose, his general manner underwent no change.

I can form no judgment of the period immediately following the first stroke, when he was still under the influence of those baneful drugs; for my husband's death and the ensuing complications detained me in Paraguay. But in 1890, as soon as I had set things in order, I returned to Germany in order to fetch my mother and brother. I was moved beyond words when he used the old nickname "my dear Lama" at our first meeting in Naumburg. He had come to the station with flowers for me, looked very well, and carried himself like a soldier. No one would have taken this active walker for an invalid. He was still able to carry on a regular conversation; thus we talked of Dostoievsky and his *House of the Dead*, which we had both read in French. I thanked him for having recommended me this author, and added

that we had as yet no such psychologist among our German writers. "What about Gottfried Keller?" he objected.

In February, 1891, when I was in Berlin, our mother wrote to me: "I was reading aloud to him, and came upon Zola's name. 'Who is Zola?' I asked. 'Isn't his Christian name Emil?' said Fritz; 'he lives in Paris.' 'A writer of songs, isn't he?' I went on. 'No,' he answered, 'he's a novelist, of Italian extraction; his family comes from Bergamo.' . . . This evening Fritz was more inclined for conversation than ever. I asked him what he remembered of Röcken, his home. 'Wasn't there a summer-house,' he said, 'a fish-pond and a lot of fruit-trees?'—and named them all, including the quinces. Then he spoke of grandma and of his aunts, and then of the Ottos' house [where we first lived in Naumburg]. 'Wasn't there a gunpowder explosion,' he said, 'in which all the windows were broken—and didn't old Frau Otto stop a man taking straw through the Priestergasse, because she thought his overloaded waggon had broken the windows? And wasn't there once a fire in the Priestergasse?' . . ." All the memories of childhood were still present to his mind, and once when we were walking in the snow he described in detail how he and I, as children of twelve and ten respectively, had lost our way on an excursion to our grandparents. While I was in Berlin, as above stated, he wrote me a touching little letter, containing the following stanza:

> "The tie that sister binds to brother
> Is strongest of all ties, I hold:
> They're rivetted to one another
> More firmly than by lines of gold."

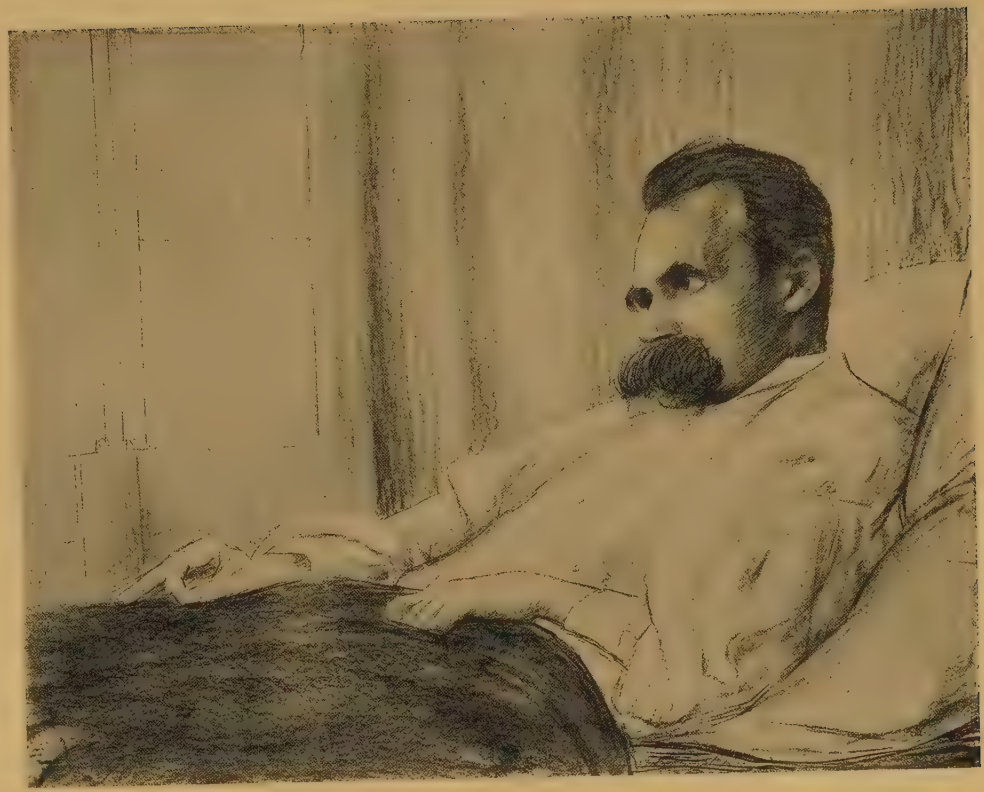
At this time our beloved invalid still took a lively interest in all that went on in the house. He was astonished, for instance, at the large number of visitors who came after my return from Paraguay. One day he turned to me and exclaimed, "Why are you so famous,

Lisbeth?" The question was so pathetic, yet comic, that I threw my arms round him, crying and laughing at once, and said, "I'm not a bit famous—it's only *you* who are famous! The people only come because they haven't seen me for so long." Yet he shook his head and remarked again and again, "Well, so the Lama is famous too." He was nearly always kind and amiable; and if at times he grew angry or sullen and stared vacantly into space, he had good reasons for so doing; he wanted to be treated with respect, and not as an irresponsible invalid.

I could not succeed in persuading our dear mother to come out with Fritz to me in Paraguay. I had to go there again alone, to set things in order, and did not finally return to Germany until 1893. I was very sorry that I could not take Fritz with me; my large, cheerful house, with its big verandahs, on the edge of the virgin forest and with a wide view of country and river, would have suited him admirably. He liked best of all to live, winter and summer, in the open air, which, of course, was impossible at Naumburg. My mother did indeed take him for long walks during the warmer half of the year, and even in winter she tried to go out with him, at midday at least; but from January, 1894, when she herself entered upon a long illness, she neither cared to undertake such long walks herself nor would let me join in them with Fritz, for she thought that they no longer did him good. From the summer of 1894 to the spring of 1897 was the worst period of my brother's illness. He was so tremendously fond of the open air, and my mother could not decide to grant my wish that we should buy another house, with a big garden. She could not bear to part with her little house; besides, a doctor had put it into her head that my brother would not notice the difference. These years were the unhappiest of my life, for I saw that Fritz was cramped by the narrow rooms in our little house and by the lack of fresh air.

Yet I was amazed to see how patiently my brother put up with these unpleasant conditions. He had always been a dutiful son, and his infirmity did not change him in this respect. He was, however, obviously getting worse; above all he could not find the right words for what he wanted to say, and this made him depressed. He also had painful yawning fits, and a difficulty in swallowing. When our mother fell ill again, in the winter of 1896-97, she felt that the small house was unsuitable and promised that when she was well again she would move into a house out in the country, "with a garden all round it." At Easter, 1897, however, our dear mother passed away, and my brother and I had to carry out the scheme alone.

The new house in Weimar was really beautiful, and lay on high ground. My brother seemed to gain a new lease of life, and I even hoped that he might become quite well again. How he enjoyed the lovely view of Weimar! There was no ugly house in front then, to intercept the view of the town and of the mountains behind. The wide horizon, with its cloud-forms and its sunsets, was his greatest delight. My friend Professor Hans Olde made a sketch of him in 1899, while he was enjoying one of these sunsets. My brother's happiest hours were spent on the front veranda. The lofty, sunny sitting-rooms and bedrooms, the comfortable bathroom and the winter veranda at the back of the house also pleased him immensely. He had always said that his constitution was made for light and air, and now his words proved true in surprising fashion. He began once more to hold conversations, made remarks on what was read to him, and even tried to write—a feat rendered impossible for years by the paralysis of his right side. The attempt was, indeed, not very successful. He retained his courtesy and affability to the end, understood all that went on around him, listened very attentively to what was read to him, and sometimes himself chose the



NIETZSCHE ON HIS DEATH-BED, FOLLOWING THE SINKING SUN, BY PROFESSOR HANS OLDE.

books he wished to have read. Yet his organs of speech did not always obey his thought, and this sometimes made him irritable and impatient. If I asked him, on such occasions, whether he would like this or that, he would answer, "No—quite different!" till at last I made him happy by guessing right. He showed a passionate fondness for music (I often got first-rate piano-players, such as Dr. Carl Fuchs and Miss Kate Bruckshaw, to play to him); above all he enjoyed the playing of his friend and disciple, Peter Gast, who had migrated to Weimar.

This condition lasted until the summer of 1898, when he had a slight stroke that brought about a change. After May, 1899, when a severer stroke befell him, he grew weaker and more taciturn. He now found great difficulty in speaking, and would not talk at all in the presence of others. "I don't speak prettily," he used to say, in a rueful tone. Still—just as during his last years at Naumburg—he could find words to voice some kindly thought or to express his thanks. His gratitude towards me was touching. How often he praised me for what I did, how often he comforted me when I looked sad. "Why do you cry, Lisbeth?" he would say, "we're quite happy." He liked to hear the storm roaring outside, but on those gloomy evenings, when we sat together in silence and the wind howled dismally round the house, bringing with it doleful thoughts and memories, his hand would slip into mine, as if he felt the secret sorrow in my soul, and he would say "Send the wind away, dear sister." Then I would draw the heavy curtains together, turn up the light and begin to chat with him. I tried to be cheerful with him as far as possible. He himself had forgotten all the griefs and burdens of his life, and one had to avoid reminding him of them in any way. He remembered only the pleasant side of things; thus, whenever we spoke of Wagner, he never omitted to add, "I loved him very dearly."

What right, indeed, had I to complain? Had he not himself taught me the terrible lesson that genius has always a hard lot to bear? "There are many kinds of hemlock," he writes, "and as a rule destiny finds an opportunity of making the free spirit drink a cup of this poison—in order to 'punish' him, as all the world explains. And what do the womenfolk about him do then? They cry and wail and perhaps disturb the thinker's sunset repose, as they did in the Athenian prison. 'O Criton, tell someone to take these women away!' said Socrates at last."—Well, I was not one of those wailing women—his eventide was to me too holy!

In general he did not care to have visitors, but whenever he expressed the desire, I asked some dear friend or other to come and see him. Those who saw him then can never forget the impression they received. Among them were artists who tried to paint or carve his portrait. The touching little statuette made by Arnold Kramer, in Dresden, gives a most vivid likeness of him as he sat in his armchair, looking down at the beautiful Thuringian Forest in the valley below.

Time had made him more and more beautiful; he beamed graciously at his visitors, and if he liked the look of them, shook hands with them warmly.

In the last weeks of his life, during the summer of 1900, a large number of visitors came to see him. Among them was the Baroness von Ungern-Sternberg, authoress of the excellent book *Friedrich Nietzsche in the Mirror of his Writings*, of whose meeting with my brother on her journey from Geneva to Genoa I have already spoken. Her book contains the following account of the 1900 visit:

> "At my urgent request, we were to meet again after so many years, amid a little circle of intimate friends, old and new. I longed for the meeting, yet dreaded it in a sense. The other visitors were Gast—that warm-hearted man and expressive

musician, whose acquaintance I had had the good fortune to make—and a young married couple who had recently become disciples, a highly-cultured pair, aristocrats not merely by birth, but in temperament. It was one of the invalid's good days, and so Frau Elisabeth took us up to her brother's rooms, which lay on the top story, far removed from all disturbing noises.

"How can I describe what I felt when I saw him then, with all the loftiness and beauty of his soul shining through his form! Above all, the beauty of his eyes, no longer veiled by spectacles, was simply overpowering. Those deep-set, melancholy, star-like eyes, that seemed to rove the distance and yet to look within, exerted a magnetic influence which could not fail to affect any sensitive nature.

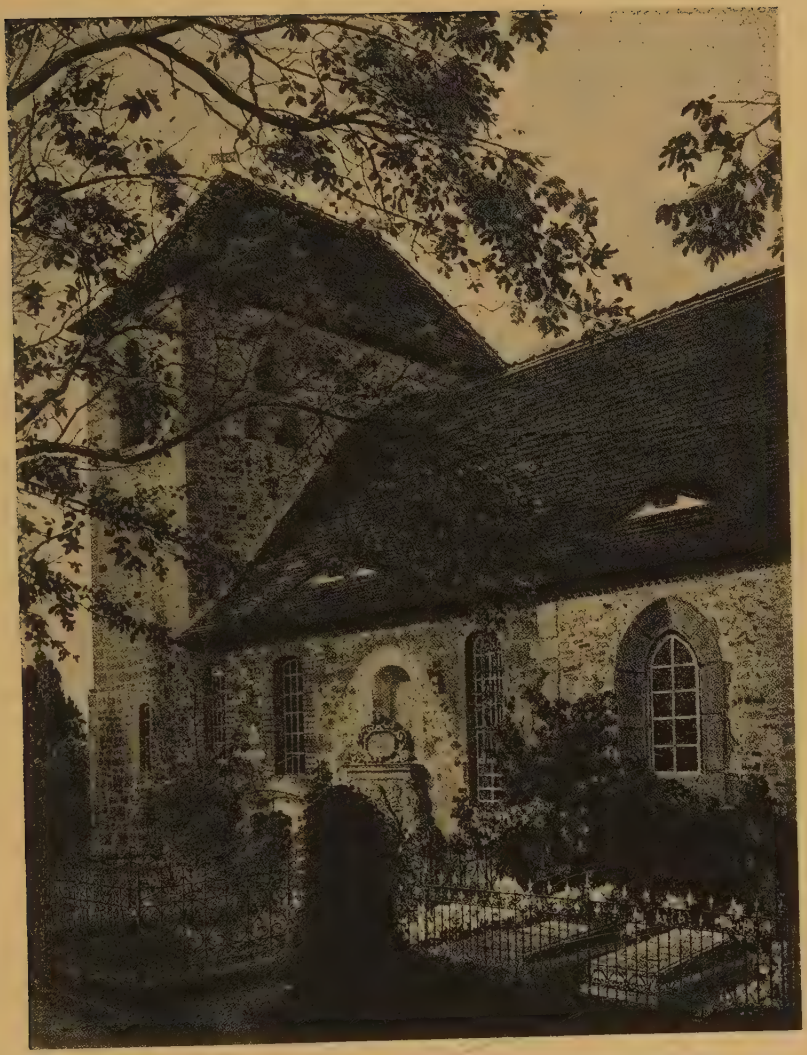
"He was dressed in flowing white robes,[1] and was resting upon a divan. I approached timidly, introduced by his sister thus: 'Dearest, I am bringing you a dear friend of whom we have often spoken.' With both hands I clasped his slender, wasted right hand—the hand that had recorded on paper such imperishable thoughts, *aere perennius*—and whispered: 'We met, long, long ago in Italy, in Genoa and Pisa.' He looked at me searchingly, shook his great head, and directed an inquiring glance at his sister, who spoke to him in soft, endearing words.

"Under the hands of Meister Peter Gast splendid chords, mighty waves of melody burst forth from the piano. The effect of this music on Nietzsche was magical; it thrilled his whole frame like some electric spark. His face beamed with rapture, his whole body quivered in feverish excitement, and a new current of life seemed to flow through those maimed, transparent hands. They broke through the fetters of paralysis, and were gently struck together in token of applause. He could not do enough to show his pleasure; the chords were already dying away, but, looking at his sister, seeking and finding her ready sympathy, he still trembled with excitement, and betrayed his delight in his eyes and in the ceaseless clapping of his hands. It was a sight for the gods. The witnesses of the scene withdrew with tears in their eyes, filled with inexpressible emotion. Handshaking and tears relieved the tension of our souls."

[1] During his last years he wore a long robe of thick white material similar to the dress of a Catholic priest.

On Monday, August 20th, he suddenly caught a feverish cold. His breathing became difficult, and it seemed as if inflammation of the lungs would set in. In a few days, however, with the able help of the doctor, the danger seemed to be removed; the doctor even thought that he would not have to come again. Yet, towards noon, on Friday, August 24th, while I was sitting opposite Fritz, his whole expression suddenly changed, and he sank back unconscious, seized with a paralytic stroke. A terrible storm came on, and it seemed as if his noble spirit sought to pass away amid thunder and lightning. Once more, however, he recovered, regained consciousness in the evening, and even tried to speak. At two o'clock in the morning, when I handed him a refreshing draught and moved the lampshade aside, so that he could see me, he cried out joyfully, "Elisabeth!" so that I thought the crisis was over. But his beloved face changed more and more; the shadows of death began to overspread it, his breathing grew more and more laboured. Once again he opened his glorious eyes: "He opened and closed his lips, looking like one who still has something to say and hesitates to say it. And those who watched him thought they saw his face redden a little." Then came a slight tremor, a deep breath—and softly, without a struggle, with a last solemn, inquiring glance he closed his eyes for ever.

"Such was the passing of Zarathustra."



FAMILY VAULT OF THE NIETZSCHES (WITH FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE'S GRAVE) AT ROECKEN.

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neurotics. *Similia similibus:* equals can only be recognised by their equals, and Gobineau was himself a type of the Renaissance flung by destiny into an age of low bourgeois and socialist ideals. In a century swayed by romanticism and democracy, Gobineau was a classic and an aristocrat. He is a forerunner of Nietzsche ("the only European spirit I should care to converse with," said Nietzsche of him in a letter), and as such is peculiarly fitted to deal with one of the few periods that was *not* dominated by the moral law. For this reason Gobineau cannot fail to attract the large and ever-growing circle of students of Nietzsche in this country and America.

"I can only add that this is a volume of serious import, worth reading from cover to cover, a book which even a jaded reviewer closes with a sigh of regret that he has not got to read it all over again."—G. S. LAYARD in the *Bookman*.

"We scarcely know whether to be more struck with the truth or liveliness of these portraits. Savonarola, for example, is something more than the Savonarola of history and tradition. Not only is the character of the man subtly brought out; not only are we made aware, for the first time, adequately, of that devouring egotism which could see nothing but self as God's instrument, self as the scourge of Florence, self as the inspired prophet; but beneath all this and vouching for it is the consciousness of the reality of the man, the consciousness that his cries of distress are real cries, and his moments of fierce aspiration and black despair genuine experiences. More touching and even more lifelike is the figure of Michael Angelo, a figure in the main familiar to us, but endowed with advancing years with a peace of mind, a lucidity of intelligence, and a breadth of sympathy such as were foreign to its young and stormy epoch. The last scene between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna is a noble one, and can be read more than once with pleasure."—*The Morning Post*.

"A debt is due to Dr. Oscar Levy for bringing before English readers this translation of that great work of Count Gobineau, in which, through the medium of the drama, he reveals his reverence for the spirit that inspired the Italian Renaissance. The plays constituting the book are five in number, 'Savonarola,' 'Cesare Borgia,' 'Julius II.,' 'Leo X.,' and 'Michael Angelo'—and nothing more brilliant has appeared in recent times. In scope we can only compare with it Mr. Hardy's 'Dynasts,' but no more striking contrast could be conceived than the creations of these two geniuses. Through the pages of these plays moves the whole glittering pageant of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a mob of soldiers, priests, artists men and women, slaying, plundering, preaching, poisoning, painting, rioting, and loving, while out of the surgent mass rise the figures of the splendid three, Borgia, Julius, and Michael Angelo, dominating all by the sheer greatness of their ideas and their contempt for other men's opinions. They are the great aristocrats of their time, and the five plays—really one in conception—are an assertion of the saving grace of aristocracy, of the glory of race, at a time when the democratic flood, whose source is Christianity, was beginning to pour over Europe, to the overwhelming of all greatness of thought and art. The translation, which is excellent, is by Paul V. Cohn."—*Glasgow Herald*.

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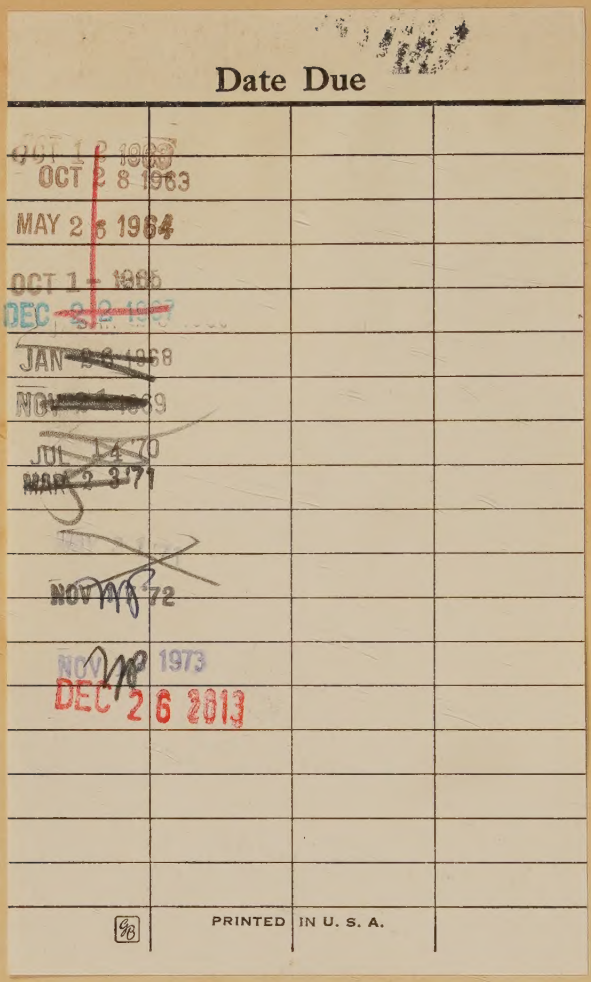
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